

G O L D E N A G E
SUB-MARINER®



MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

BY **BILL EVERETT**

WITH **PAUL GUSTAVSON & ALAN MANDEL**

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS
PRESENTS

GOLDEN AGE

SUB- MARINER

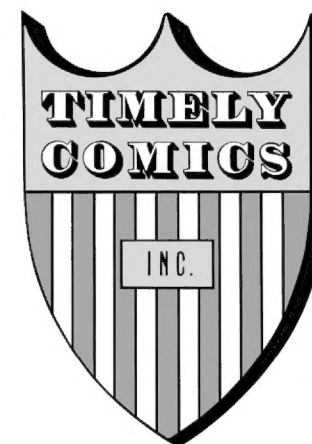
VOLUME 1

COLLECTING

SUB-MARINER COMICS Nos. 1-4

BILL EVERETT

WITH PAUL GUSTAVSON & ALAN MANDEL



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MARVEL MASTERWORKS

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*It was not industry standard in the Golden Age of comics to provide detailed credits for each strip. The artists worked with an ever-changing studio of assistants and secondary artists, while writers often did not sign their name to their work. The stories in this volume may have included contributions by these creators and others:

Bill Everett, Charles Nicholas Wojtkoski, Witmer Williams, Ben Thompson, Sam Gilman, George Mandel, Mike Roy, Al Fagaly & Jimmy Thompson

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Color Reconstruction: Michael Kelleher & Kellustration (Nos. 1, 2; Covers)
Nick Elkins (Nos. 2, 3)
Sheila Johnson (Nos. 2, 4)
Chris Leazer (No. 2)

Art Reconstruction: My Artists Co. Ltd. (Interiors)
Michael Kelleher & Kellustration (Covers)

Special Thanks: Dr. Michael J. Vassallo, Jim Vadeboncouer Jr., Hames Ware
& Roy Thomas

INTRODUCTION

BY ROY THOMAS

The first four issues of *Sub-Mariner Comics* all hit the newsstands in 1941. Still, when this longtime Marvel writer and editor looks at their contents, I am instantly reminded of other years: 1946...1953...1965...and, a bit sadly, 1973.

I first encountered Prince Namor in 1946, when I was five. I remember having several figures of Sub-Mariner and the Human Torch that I'd cut out of my precious comic books confiscated by my Lutheran School teacher, Mr. Schwark. I never brought such things to school again, since he didn't give them back! In 1949, both those heroes and Captain America all vanished virtually overnight—not to return for four years.

The second time, Namor stuck around from 1953-55, then sank again below the four-color surface. In real life, people talk about “going down for the third time”—but surely in comic books, I figured, twice was plenty.

During these two years, I was intrigued by an artfully lettered name that adorned most Sub-Mariner stories. It must be the artist's moniker, but I couldn't make out his second name. Its first letter was an “E,” surely—but what was the second? Looked like an “N” to me. Next came “E-R-E,” and then a—er, what was that pair of vertical lines crossed by a horizontal bar, anyway? Looked to me like an “H” with delusions of grandeur. So I decided the artist's name was “Bill Enereh.” I recognized his style from a number of (unsigned) Sub-Mariner stories I'd read in the late 1940s—as well as from Venus, Marvel Boy, the horror comics I never bought, and those *MAD* wannabes *Crazy*, *Wild*, and *Riot*. This Enereh fella was good—very good. He gave his heroes and villains real personality, and I was saddened when Sub-Mariner got deep-sixed again in 1955.

In 1961, I found out from a fellow high school English teacher that this guy had created Sub-Mariner back in 1939—and that his name was Bill Everett. I'd have figured it out sooner if I'd seen some of his early signatures, where the “V” and “TT” were far more legible. In 1964 he showed up again, drawing the first issue of a Marvel comic called *Daredevil*. His art still looked good, but he was gone by #2.

Then, one day around the end of 1965, a few months after I'd started work as Stan Lee's “left-hand man” at Marvel Comics, I was introduced to this tall, lanky, middle-aged guy who walked into the office. He was Bill Everett, and he was going to be a staff artist again, and so that he wouldn't have to commute all the way back to New England every night, could he possibly stay at Gary Friedrich's and my pad in Greenwich Village several nights a week? I said he sure could—because, as I informed Bill, he was one of my favorite comic-book artists ever!

We got along well, Bill and I—well, most of the time, anyway—from that day until he passed away, only in his mid-50s, in February 1973. I even got to work with him on a Sub-Mariner tale or two, and when I was editor in chief I was delighted to have him writing and drawing Sub-Mariner. I still miss him, every time I see a page of his art, or a drawing of his hero—no matter who drew it.

And that's just my longwinded way of announcing how happy I am to have been invited to write an intro to this volume collecting the first four issues of *Sub-Mariner Comics*.

Even though Namor was most likely the first of Timely/Marvel's “Big Three” super heroes to be created—probably before the Torch, and a least a year before Cap—he was the last of the trio to receive his own mag. Still, this undersea stalwart appeared in several other titles, as well—every month in *Marvel Mystery Comics*, in each quarterly issue of *The Human Torch*, and, before long, as one of the winners in *All-Winners Comics*.

If the first story in *Sub-Mariner Comics* #1 looks familiar to you, it may be because it was reprinted in 1975 in *Giant-Size Invaders* #1-and-only, the comic series I conceived to co-star Namor, the Torch, and Cap in new adventures set during the darkest post-Pearl Harbor days of the Second World War. Stan Lee had decided that my little brainchild should be launched as an extra-thick bimonthly with a new story up front and a reprint of my choosing as backup. Since, a few years earlier, we had stumbled across photostats of the art to both Namor stories in *Sub-Mariner Comics* #1, I started with the first one in the book—“Deep-Sea Blitzkrieg,” which was signed with the bold byline, “by Bill Everett.”

Intriguingly, although Adolf Hitler and his “Nazi warlords” actually appeared on page 2 of the story, this issue went on sale March 1, 1941—nearly a year before America entered WWII. Comics historians and the like make a big deal out of how Joe Simon and Jack Kirby's new hero slugged Der Führer on the cover of *Captain America Comics* #1 (on sale December 20, 1940)—but this volume's hero mixed it up with the Axis back in late 1939. And as you'll see, Namor wasn't going to let a mere “air-breather” take the lead in Nazi-bashing. Believe me, if the Antarctic icecap had been closer to Berlin, Bill Everett's Subby would've given Cap a run for his money as the first comic-book hero to punch Hitler in the jaw!

In an interview I did with Bill circa 1969-70 for my comics-history magazine *Alter Ego*, I asked him if he'd felt pressured, after our country went to war with Germany and Japan, to switch Namor from being a semi-villain who spent most of his time tearing up New York City to a warrior against the Axis. He responded that the switch to war-oriented material had been fine by him. “Most of us were flag-wavers,” he proclaimed, “and I was one of the biggest. I wanted to do some of that red-white-and-blue stuff as much as anyone did.” What I hadn't bothered to realize, of course, was that Bill had made the switch to anti-Nazi plots nearly a year before the U.S. and Germany declared war on each other! Maybe that was natural, since President Franklin Roosevelt was directing a virtual “undeclared naval war” against Germany in the Atlantic, in aid of Great Britain...but you'll find very few anti-Japanese stories in comic books before December 7, 1941, even though Emperor Hirohito's boys had been trying to conquer China since 1937.

Anyhoo: When we reprinted this story, we ran into a slight problem...because, therein, the Emperor of the undersea race is killed by Nazi deep-sea bombs. However, in 1953-55 stories which we also reprinted in the '60s and '70s, Bill had had him very much alive. So I added a facile footnote about how, actually, the Emperor had only been cast into suspended animation, to be revived later. (In 1968, though, I myself had killed off the Emperor—for keeps, this time—in that year's new *Sub-Mariner* #1.)

Even before *Giant-Size Invaders* #1 went on sale, though, it was decreed that with its second issue *The Invaders* would become a regular-sized, monthly mag. This effectively put the kibosh on reprints. Certainly one of the very next ones—after a pair of Torch and Cap stories for variety—would've been the other Namor tale from *Sub-Mariner Comics* #1. I liked that one, too...mostly because, in the end, Subby didn't mind absconding with the surface-men's radium for what he felt was a higher cause—namely, his own people! This was a super hero with a modern twist. Bill had clearly been ahead of his time.

However, lest I give the impression that Bill's work is the only good thing about *Sub-Mariner Comics* #1, I admonish you not to miss the Angel story that finishes out the issue. It's a good example of an early-1940s forerunner of the horror comics with which Timely and other publishers would flood the newsstands in the early 1950s, and it's excellently drawn by Paul Gustavson, another of the very best artists who drew for Funnies, Inc. What was Funnies, Inc.? It was the comics studio (or “shop”) which in those days produced much of the material that appeared in Martin Goodman's comics, and was run by one Lloyd Jacquet. Bill Everett and Human Torch creator Carl Burgos also worked for Funnies, Inc., which packaged entire issues of *Marvel Mystery Comics* and the like, rather than for Timely/Marvel directly. Not that you could tell that simply by reading one of the comics, of course. Nor were you supposed to.

As an extra fillip, there's even a two-page Sub-Mariner text story with an illustration, done to conform to postal regulations. It was written by Ray Gill, who was both a scripter and artist in comics from 1936 to 1953.

Sub-Mariner Comics #2 continues the Nazi-bashing, with both stories signed by Bill Everett, though only with his last name. The work in this issue looks a bit less like pure Everett to me—and since he, like most other top artists of the day, used assistants, it's quite possible these stories were not fully drawn, or even scripted, by Namor's creator. Even so, they're good yarns.

In the first, this hero who once hated all Americans for accidentally destroying his people's cities but who by this point has become a U.S. super-patriot suddenly discovers that—horror of horrors!—there's an actual foreign country to the north of the United States. Canada, as part of the British Empire, had been at war with Hitler's Third Reich since September 1939, and many German P.O.W.s were imprisoned there. What if they escaped and came south over the ill-protected border?

In his second story, Sub-Mariner fought “fifth-columnists” (enemies of a country who burrowed from within) who were out to hurt America's defense efforts by sabotaging its coal mines. Our hero got pretty landlocked in this one.

Again there was a Namor prose tale—a “story behind the cover” of the issue—this one written by a young man named Stan Lee. Wonder what ever happened to him!

The Angel story, probably drawn by Alan Mandel this time, is significant in its own way. It introduces a slithering, snakelike villain called the Python. The Python would reappear in at least one more Timely Comic—namely, *Human Torch* #8 (Summer 1942), in which he’d fight not the Angel, but the combined forces of the Torch and Sub-Mariner!

The 40-page two-parter in *Sub-Mariner Comics* #3, while still somewhat resembling Everett’s work, is unsigned, which suggests that, at most, he may have contributed rough pencils, if anything. Yet the stories in this issue, even more than in #1-2, are, as they used to say, “ripped from today’s headlines”—“today,” of course, being 1941. Behind a cover on which a battleship sporting both the American and British flags is being christened (something which would never have happened in real life, not even under Lend-Lease), we see British Prime Minister Winston Churchill addressing the House of Commons—and almost immediately, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, and Parliament are all bombed by the Luftwaffe. A secret base in Ireland is theorized about—though Irish leader Eamon de Valera denies it—and Namor goes to Dublin to investigate, winding up at “Rockhenge.” Despite the obvious stand-in for Stonehenge, this is real-politics-with-a-vengeance, since recently independent Ireland’s neutrality (or oft-alleged lack of it) was a sore point between the Brits and the Irish for the entire war. To young readers of the day, this stuff must’ve read as realistically as a story today in which Middle Eastern terrorists attack a national monument.

That “front-page” trend continues in the Angel story. It deals with the murder of the publisher of Anti-Nazi Comics (which could’ve been the name of any mag published in 1941 by Martin Goodman!). The killer later boasts he was once a “writer for the Nazi paper of the notorious Julius Streicher.” Streicher was a real-life propagandist, described in historian John Keegan’s *Who Was Who in World War II* as “one of the most violent and crude Jew-baiters of the Nazi Party,” and founder of the virulently anti-Semitic newspaper *Der Stürmer*. (In 1946 he would be tried and executed for war crimes.)

Sub-Mariner Comics #4, which winds up this volume, is a bit of an anomaly. Neither of its (unsigned) Sub-Mariner stories, which still resemble Everett’s work but clearly aren’t his alone, if his at all, is oriented toward the Nazi threat that had dominated the preceding three. Nor is the Angel story. Instead, we get a “haunted hospital,” a Frankensteinian monster with a gangster’s brain, and a tale of the twisted revenge of a mad accountant named Goom (a name that would pop up two decades later as the name of a Stan Lee-Jack Kirby monster—wonder if he, too, had a son named Googam?!). Perhaps Timely’s writers and editors felt they needed a rest after so many issues of Nazi-crushing...or maybe publisher Goodman was feeling uneasy about putting all his company’s eggs in one basket. Hey—what if peace suddenly broke out? Timely Comics might’ve been ruined!

All the same, the three stories are entertaining ones—and don’t worry, there was plenty of Nazi-bashing to come, both before and after war was declared.

One footnote before I turn you loose on the 200-plus pages of wonderment to come. None of #4’s comic tales was signed, but its text story was—by a guy named Mickey Spillane, who also worked on staff at Funnies, Inc. He’d go on to write lots of actual comics stories for Timely and other companies, and then become a fighter pilot during the war. A few years later, he’d write a spicy detective novel titled *I, the Jury*, starring two-fisted private eye Mike Hammer—and became one of the best-selling authors of the entire 20th century.

Now there’s a real super hero!



2005

Roy Thomas was a writer and editor for Marvel Comics from 1965-80, serving as editor-in-chief from 1972-74, and has written more tales for Marvel since 1986. He is most noted for his work on Avengers, X-Men, Conan the Barbarian, Dr. Strange—and The Invaders, which in 1976-79 and again in 1993 co-starred Sub-Mariner, Captain America, and the Human Torch in new stories set during the Second World War. He says it was one of the most fun times he ever had in comics or anywhere else, and he’s sorry it ever came to an end. The Invaders, he means—not World War II!

ALL NEW FEATURES

THE SUB-MARINER

also
The ANGEL

SPRING **10¢** ISSUE

No. 1

A
MARVEL
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Feature



INVASION
of
BRITAIN...
SUB-
MARINER
AGAINST the
NAZIS

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IN ACTION!

20
PAGES OF
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of LIBERTY and
THEREBY HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA AND
BUCKY IN THEIR GREAT WAR AGAINST
SPIES IN OUR COUNTRY!

CAPTAIN AMERICA and the
WAX STATUE THAT STRUCK DEATH
CAPTAIN AMERICA and the
Mystery of the Deathless Monster
TRAPPED IN THE NAZI STRONG-HOLD
ALSO:
HURRICANE, MASTER of Speed
in THE DEVIL and the GREEN PLAGUE
TUK, CAVEBOY, in the VALLEY
OF THE MIST

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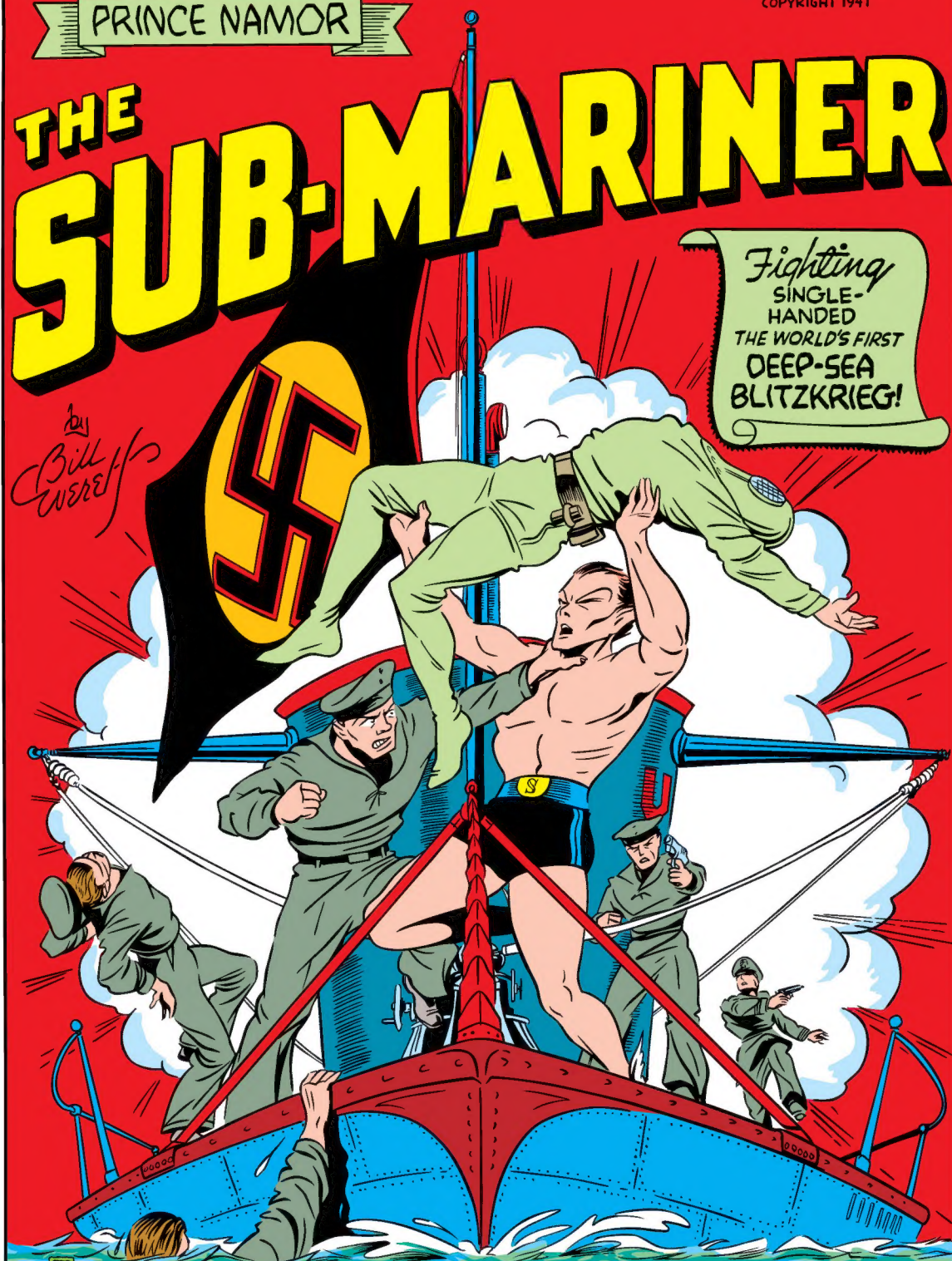
PRINCE NAMOR

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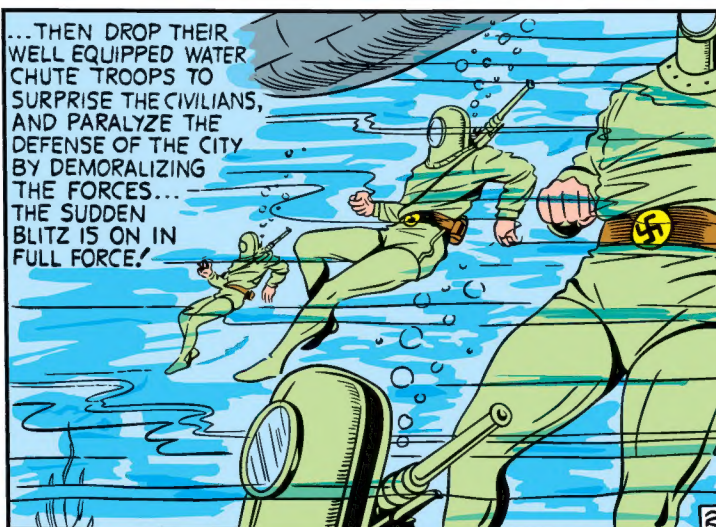
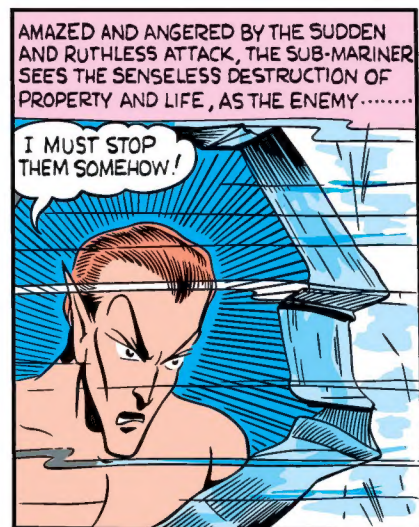
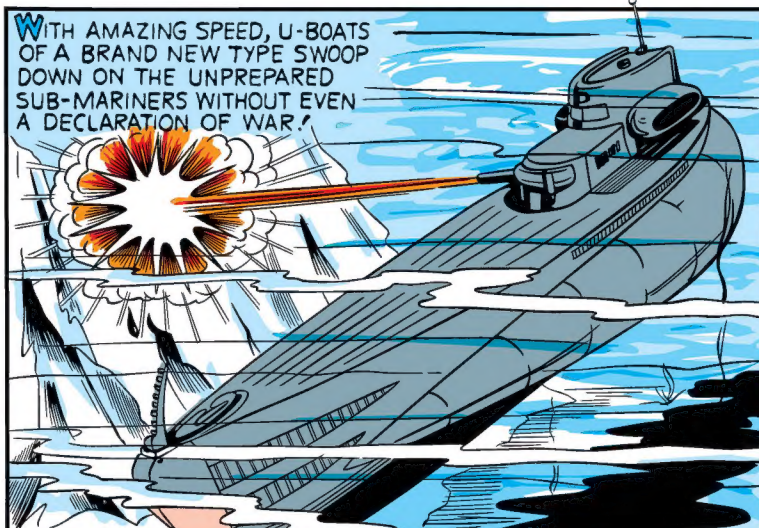
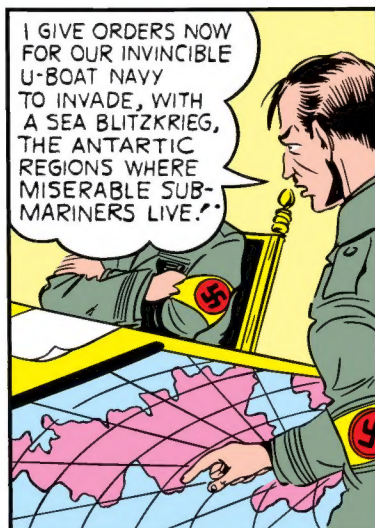
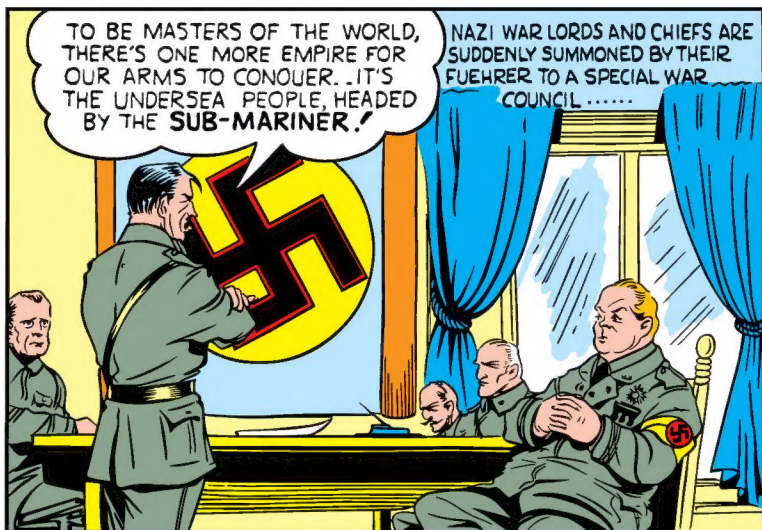
THE SUB-MARINER

by
Bill Werel

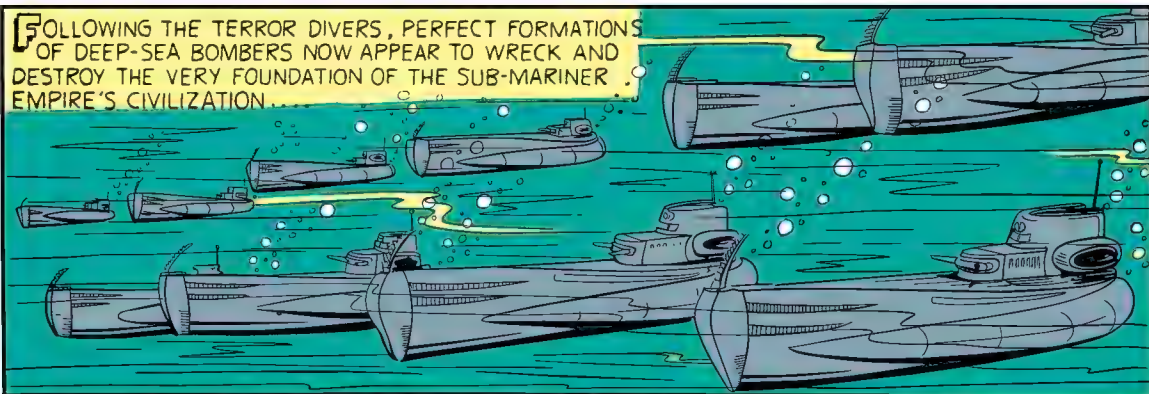
Fighting
SINGLE-
HANDED
THE WORLD'S FIRST
DEEP-SEA
BLITZKRIEG!



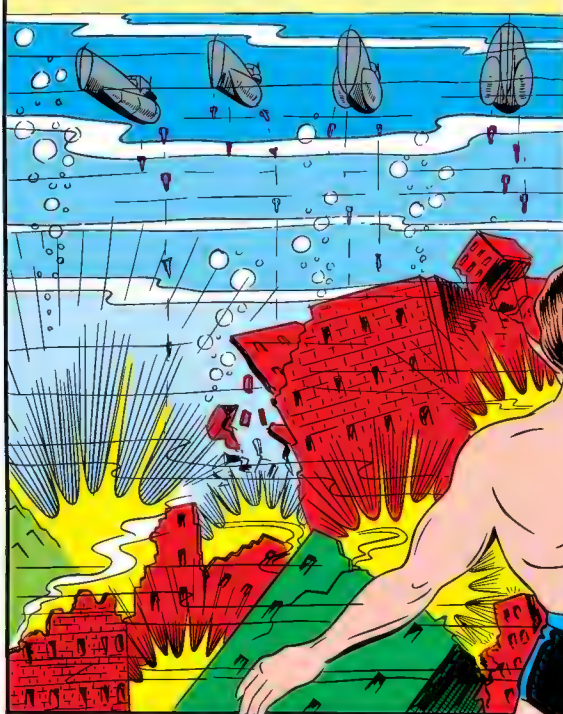
DEAFENING DEPTH-BOMBS...DESTRUCTIVE CHUTE-DIVERS...TERRIFYING U-BOATS--
ALL MOBILIZED AND IN ACTION...THE NAZIS' DARING AND DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO DES-
TROY THE SUB-MARINER! LISTEN IN ON A SECRET MEETING CALLED BY THE FUEHRER---



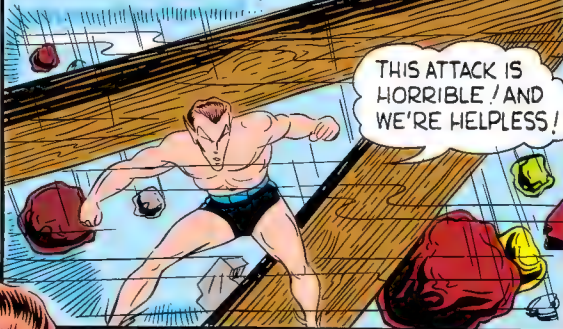
FOLLOWING THE TERROR DIVERS, PERFECT FORMATIONS OF DEEP-SEA BOMBERS NOW APPEAR TO WRECK AND DESTROY THE VERY FOUNDATION OF THE SUB-MARINER EMPIRE'S CIVILIZATION.



A CONTINUOUS STREAM OF HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMBS SPEWS FROM EACH CRAFT AS IT COMES OVER ITS OBJECTIVE..THE UNDERSEA CAPITOL!

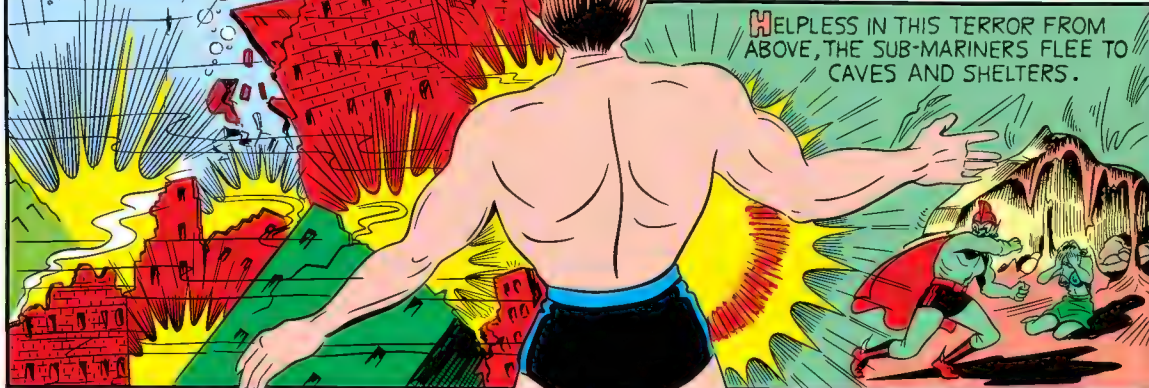


BUILDING AFTER BUILDING CRASHES DOWN UNDER THE TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT!

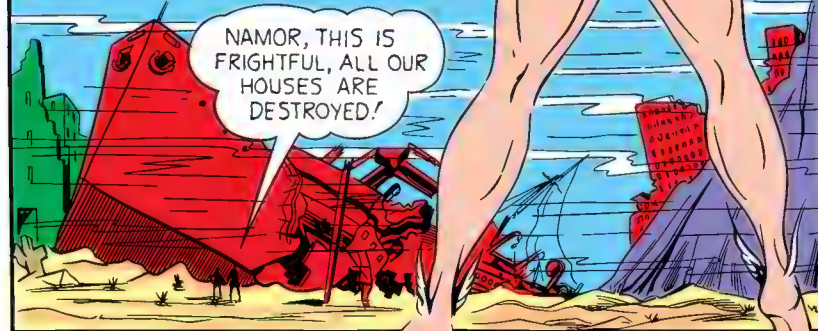


THIS ATTACK IS HORRIBLE! AND WE'RE HELPLESS!

HELPLESS IN THIS TERROR FROM ABOVE, THE SUB-MARINERS FLEE TO CAVES AND SHELTERS.



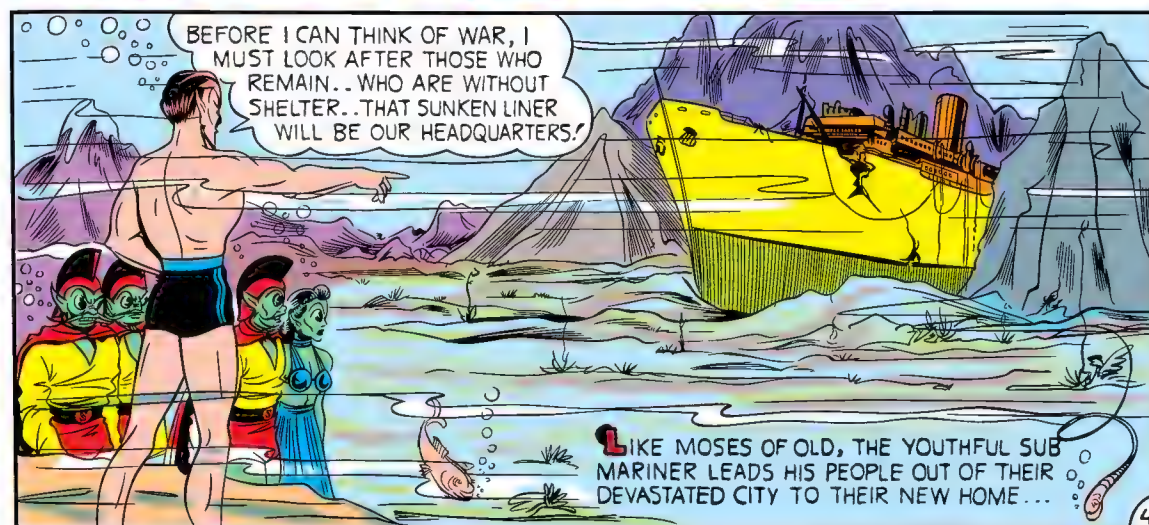
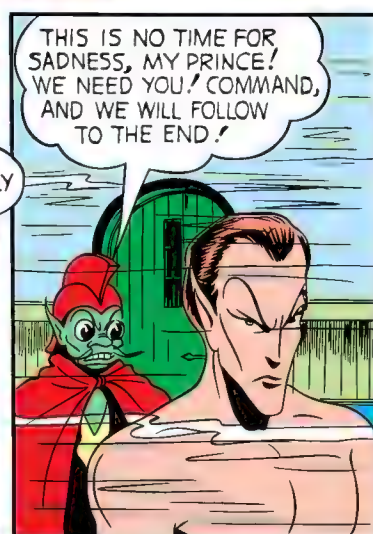
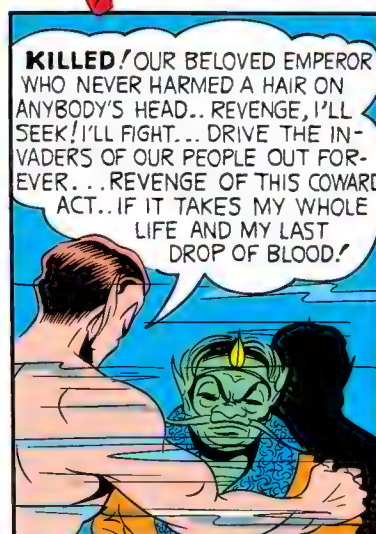
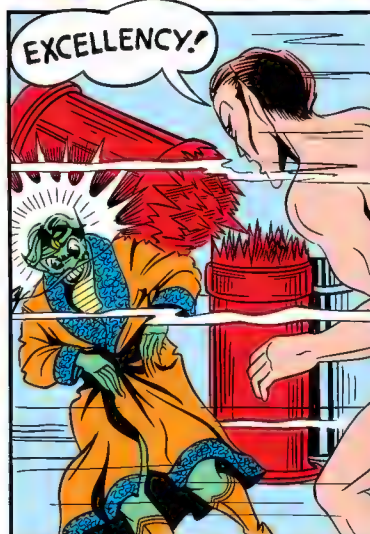
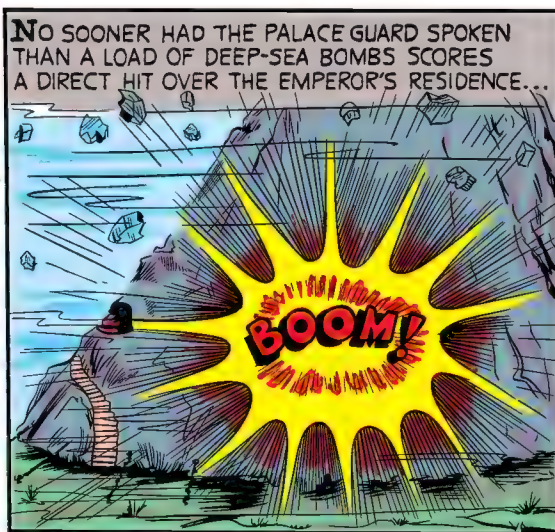
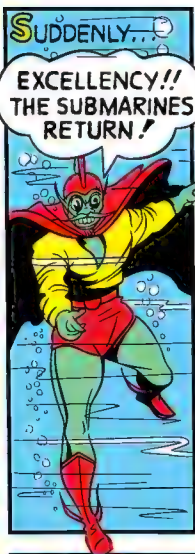
THE FIRST WAVE OF RAIDERS IS OVER.. A FEW OFFICERS SURVEY THE TERRIFIC DAMAGE.



NAMOR, THIS IS FRIGHTFUL, ALL OUR HOUSES ARE DESTROYED!

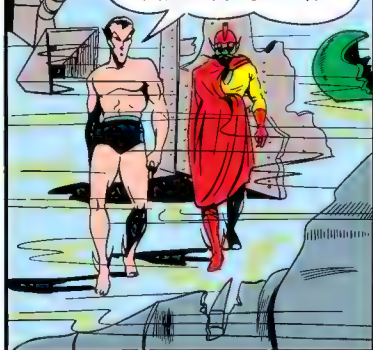
I STAND AGHAST AT THIS WANTON ATTACK ON OUR PEACEFUL NATION..IT MUST BE CHECKED! I WILL SEE OUR EMPEROR AT ONCE!



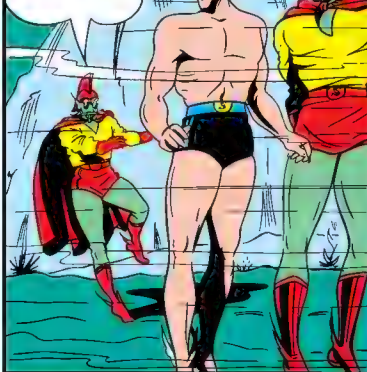


SUBMARINER TAKES COMMAND OF THE NATION'S SMALL MILITARY FORCES.

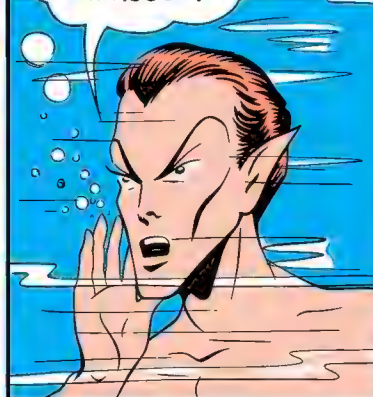
WE MUST FIGHT... WE'RE ONE AGAINST HUNDREDS... BUT WE MUST WIN... LET'S START!



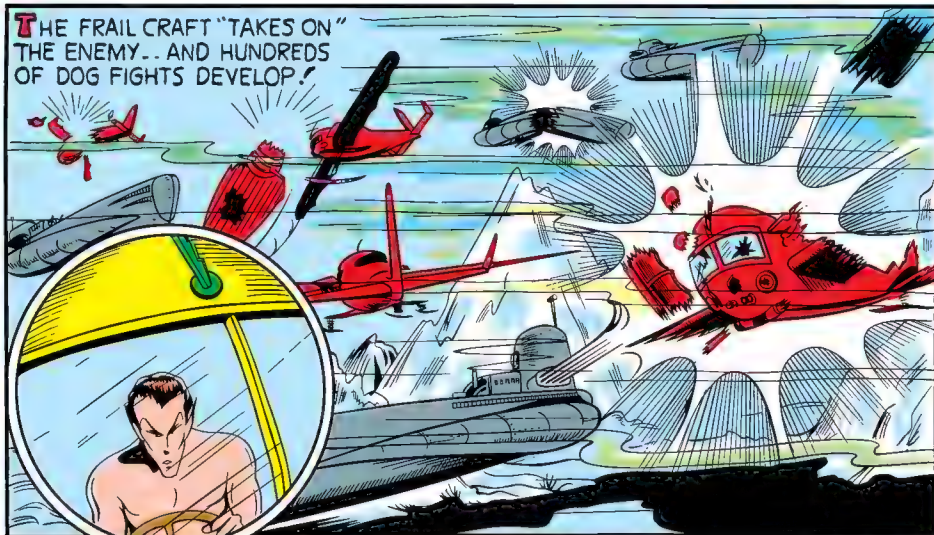
PRINCE NAMOR, OUR SUBMARINE DETECTORS HAVE PICKED UP THE PROP SOUNDS OF A HUGE APPROACHING U-BOAT FLOTILLA!



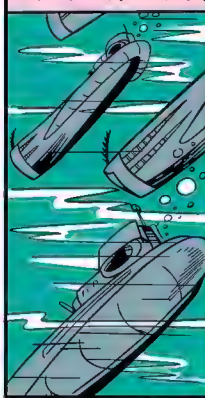
CALL OUT THE UNDERSEA PLANES! FORMATION "F"... THEN EVERY PILOT TO HIMSELF AND TREAT 'EM ROUGH!



THE FRAIL CRAFT "TAKES ON" THE ENEMY... AND HUNDREDS OF DOG FIGHTS DEVELOP!



THE REMAINING SUBS RUN AWAY FROM THE SPEEDY AND DEADLY UNDERSEA PLANES.

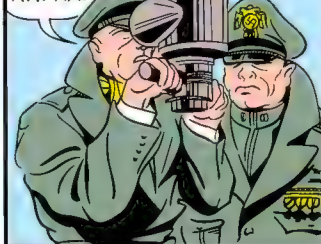


THAT GOT THEM OFF OUR NECK... AND THEY THINK THEY'LL BE SAFER ON THE SURFACE... WELL, MAYBE... MAYBE, BUT I'LL NOTIFY THE WHALE COMMAND TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT!

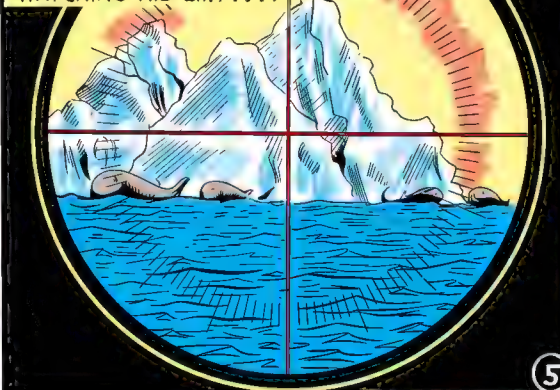


MEANWHILE, IN THE FLAGSHIP OF THE ATTACKER FLOTILLA...

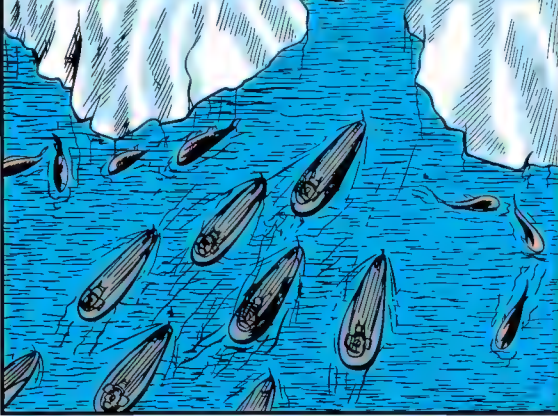
STRANGE AND DANGEROUS SEAS THESE, HERR ADMIRAL... WE CAN GAIN THE OPEN SEA THROUGH THESE TWO ICE-BERGS AHEAD... NOTHING CAN STOP US... NOT WHAT'S AHEAD... HA! HA!



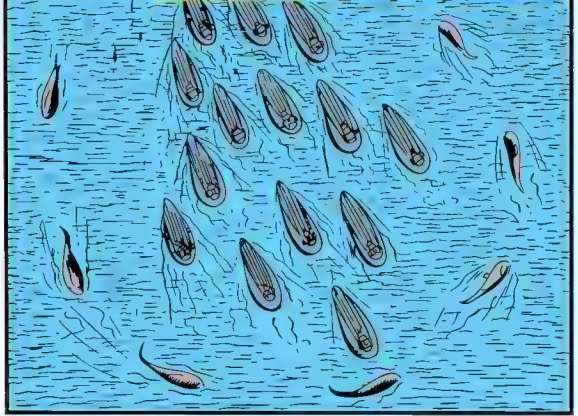
THROUGH HIS PERISCOPE, THE U-BOAT COMMANDER SEES A SCHOOL OF WHALES IN REGULAR FORMATION WATCHING HIS EXIT....



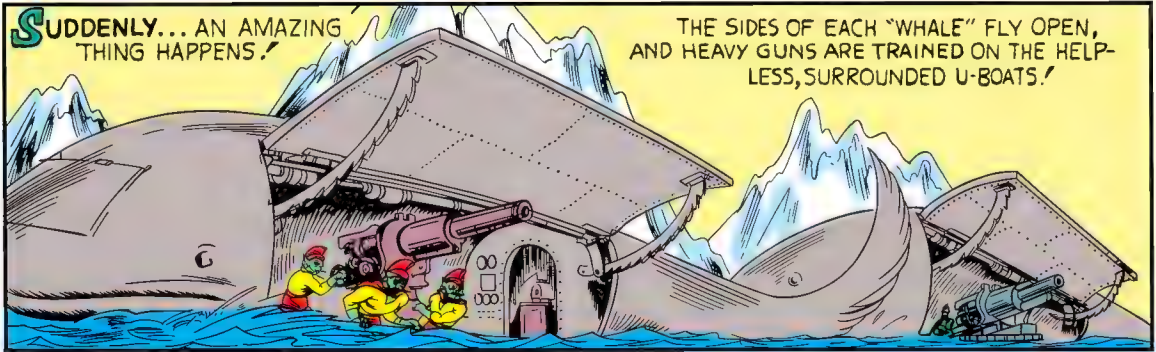
THE HUGE NAZI ARMADA, FOLLOWING THE FLAGSHIP SUB, HEADS FOR ONE OPENING, PAYING NO ATTENTION TO THE GROWING NUMBER OF CRUISING WHALES...



...WHO, ON A GIVEN SIGNAL, BEGIN TO ENCIRCLE THE U-BOATS WHO COULD NOT SUBMERGE IN THE SHALLOW WATERS OF THE STRAIT... HERDING THEM CLOSER AND CLOSER...

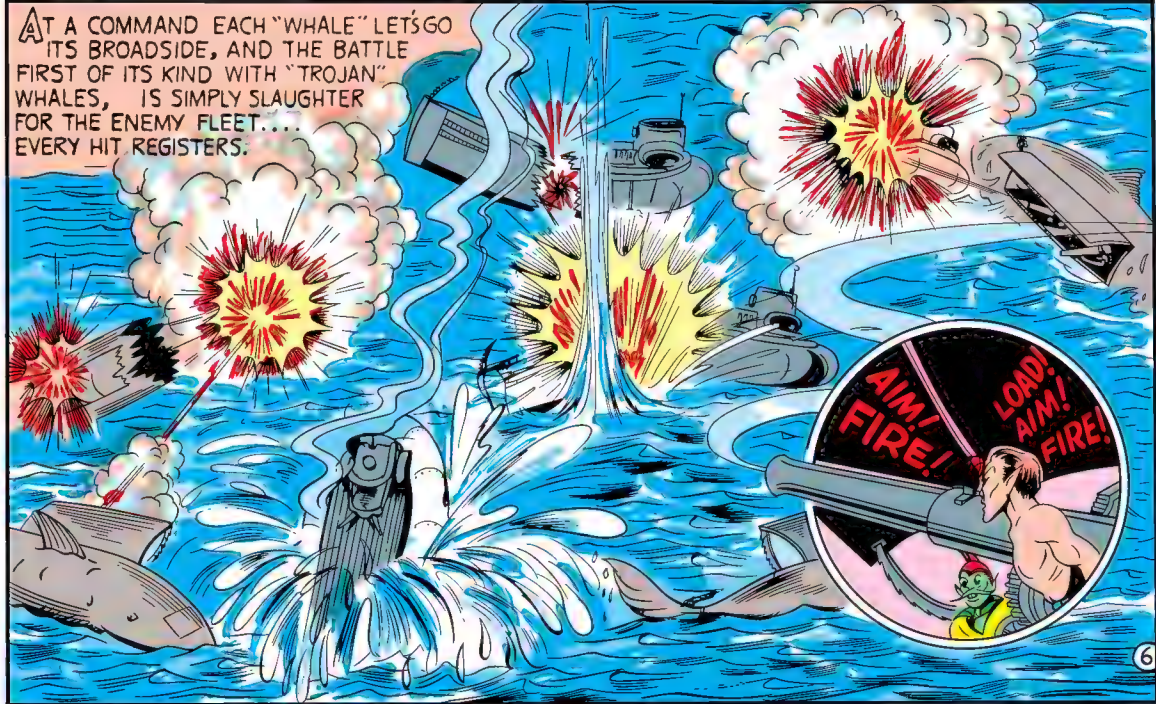


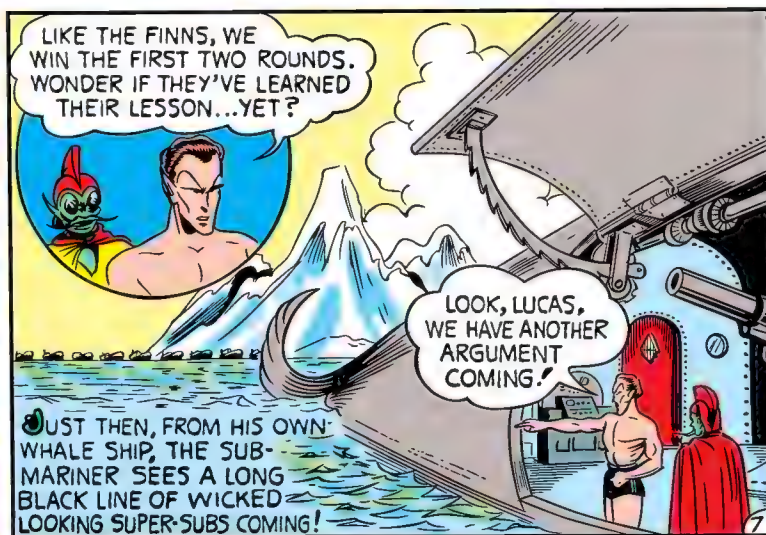
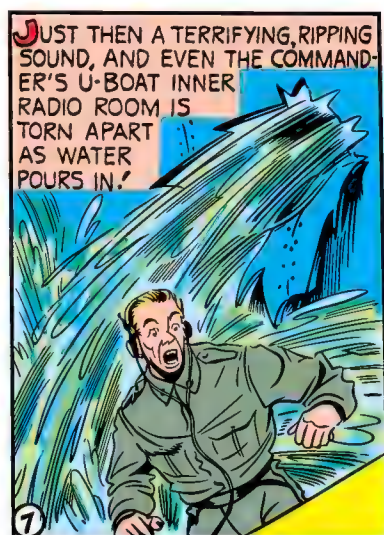
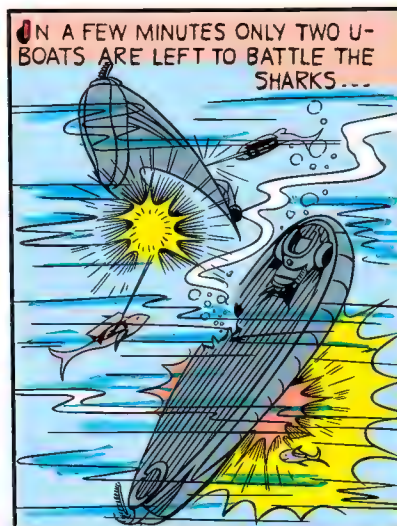
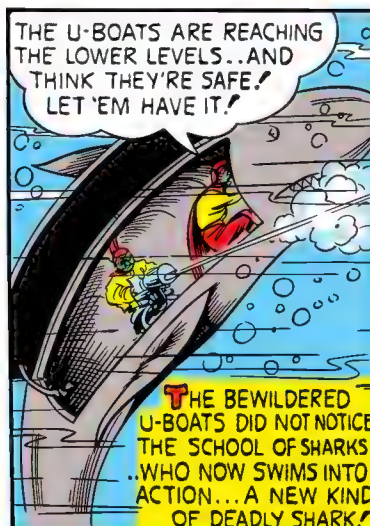
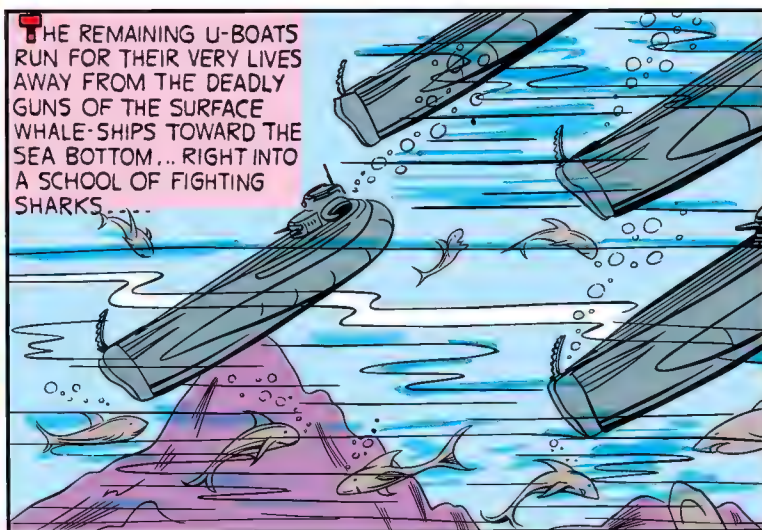
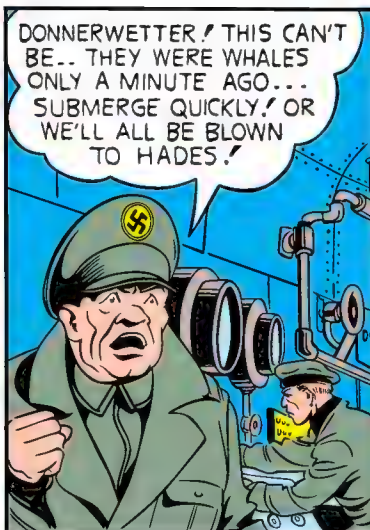
SUDDENLY... AN AMAZING THING HAPPENS!

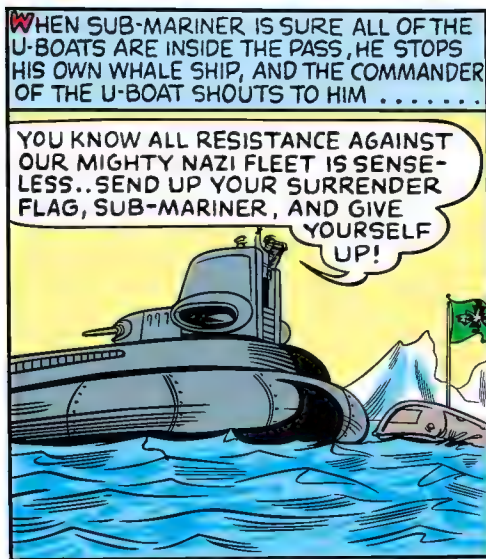
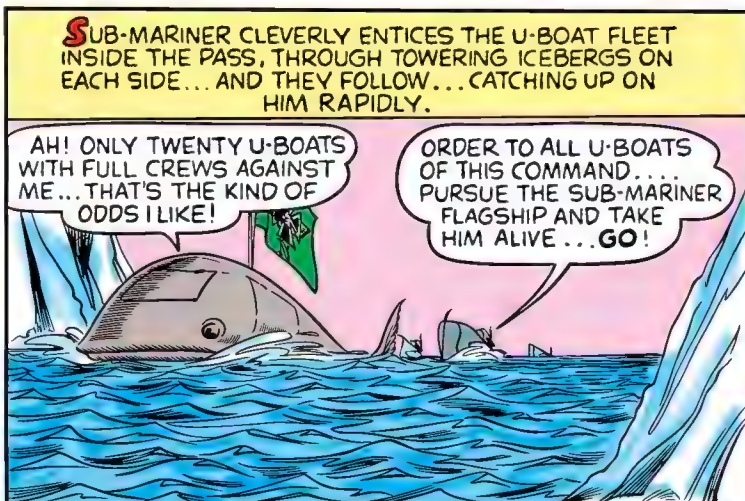
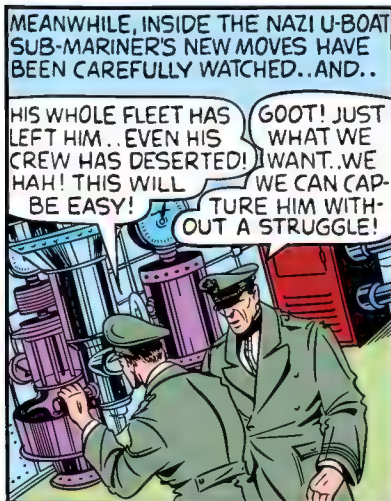
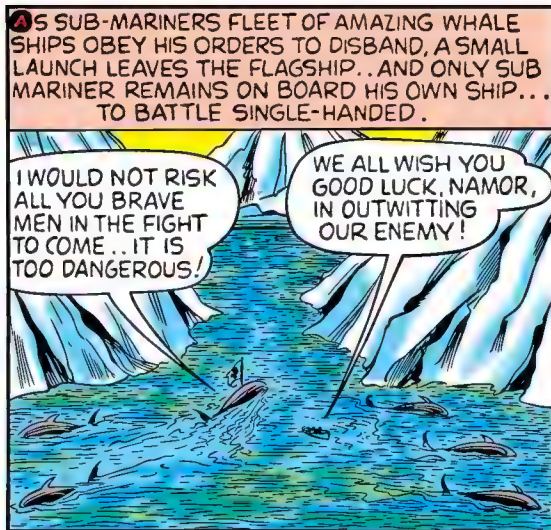
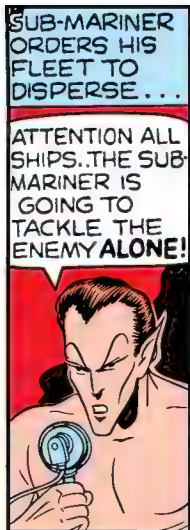
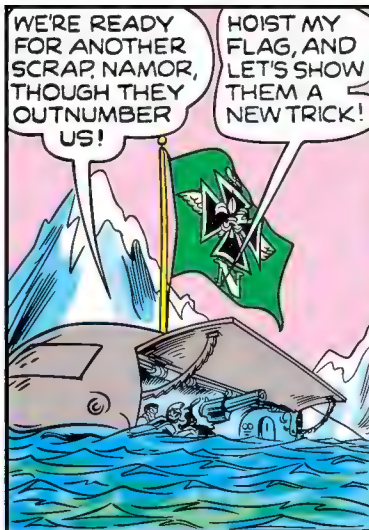


THE SIDES OF EACH "WHALE" FLY OPEN, AND HEAVY GUNS ARE TRAINED ON THE HELPLESS, SURROUNDED U-BOATS!

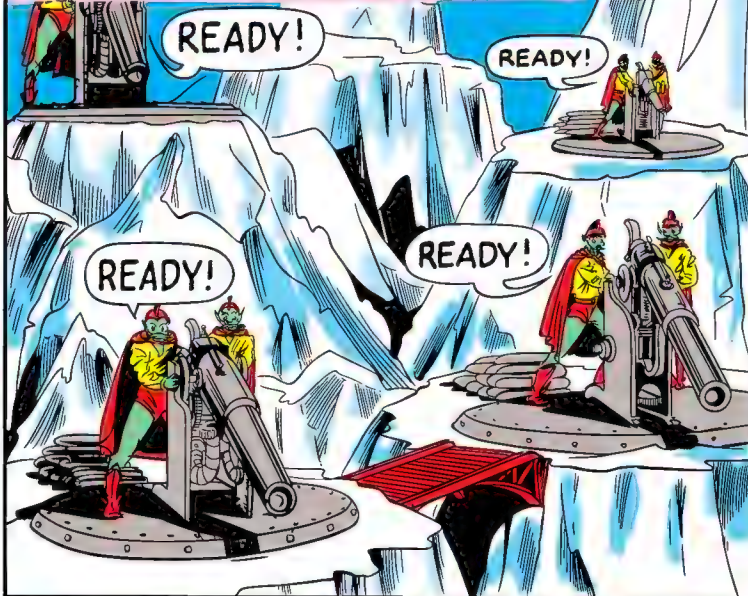
AT A COMMAND EACH "WHALE" LETS GO ITS BROADSIDE, AND THE BATTLE FIRST OF ITS KIND WITH "TROIJAN" WHALES, IS SIMPLY SLAUGHTER FOR THE ENEMY FLEET... EVERY HIT REGISTERS.







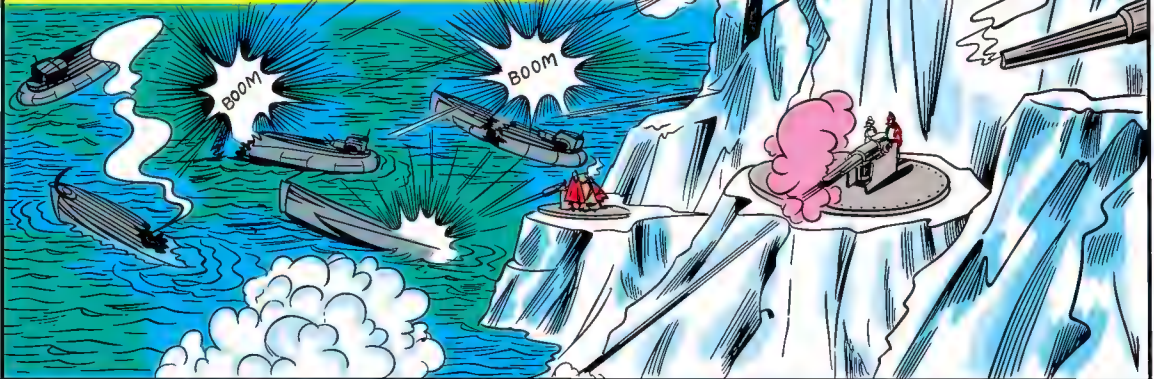
AS THE BERGS WHEEL AROUND, BLOCKING THE EXIT FROM THE PASS, THEY REVEAL SUB-MARINER'S MEN SET ON NEAT PLATFORMS, WITH GUNS TRAINED ON THE NAZI U-BOAT FLEET BELOW THEM



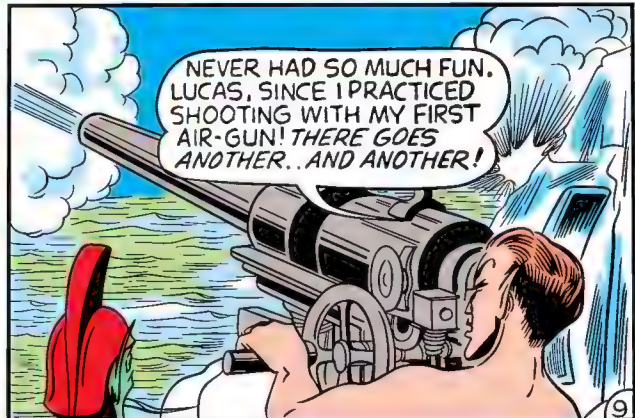
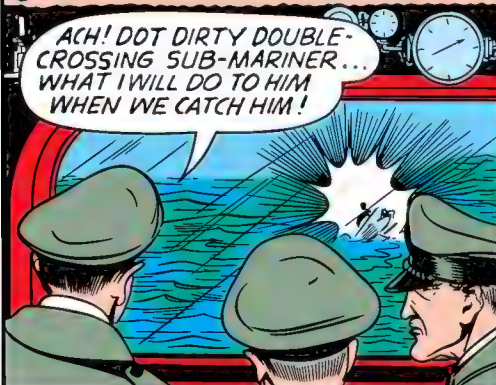
BECAUSE HIS OWN WHALE-SHIP IS IN THE LINE OF FIRE, SUB-MARINER LEAPS INTO THE SEA.. WHICH IS THE PRE-ARRANGED SIGNAL FOR HIS MEN TO BEGIN FIRING .



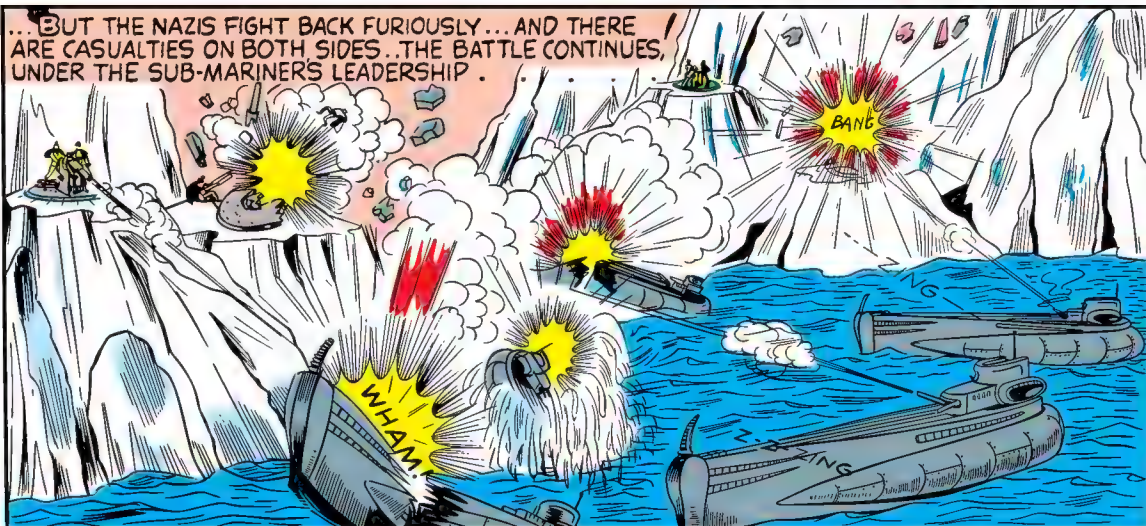
WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE MOUNTAIN CANNONS LET GO A TERRIFIC BROADSIDE . . . AND THE NAZI FLEET IS CAUGHT IN A MURDEROUS CROSSFIRE .



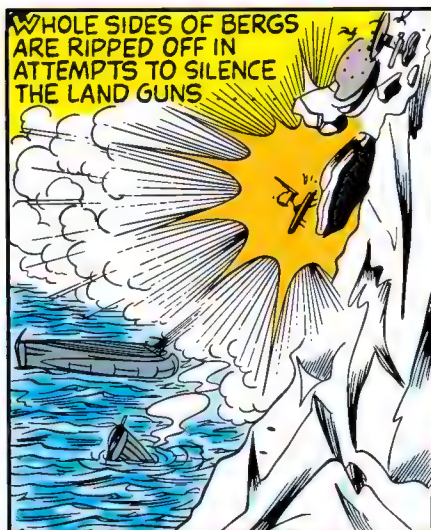
INSIDE THE U-BOAT COMMANDER'S SHIP .



... BUT THE NAZIS FIGHT BACK FURIOUSLY... AND THERE ARE CASUALTIES ON BOTH SIDES..THE BATTLE CONTINUES, UNDER THE SUB-MARINER'S LEADERSHIP.

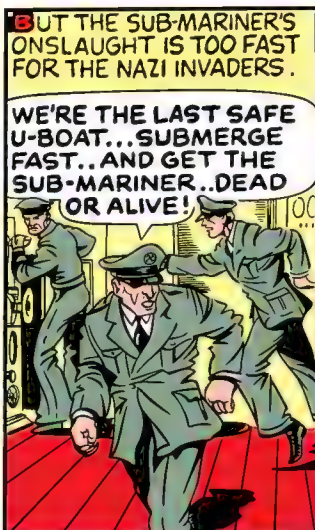


WHOLE SIDES OF BERGS ARE RIPPED OFF IN ATTEMPTS TO SILENCE THE LAND GUNS

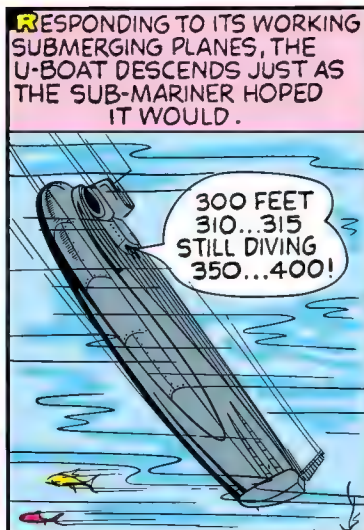


BUT THE SUB-MARINER'S ONSLAUGHT IS TOO FAST FOR THE NAZI INVADERS.

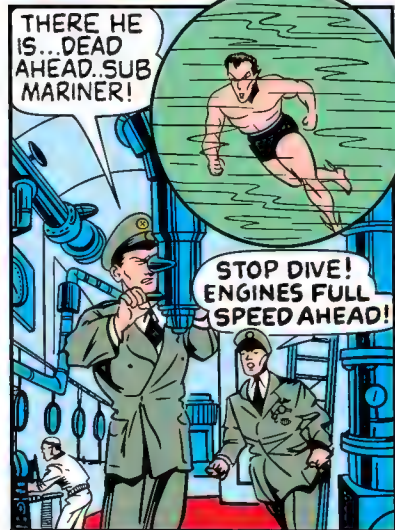
WE'RE THE LAST SAFE U-BOAT... SUBMERGE FAST... AND GET THE SUB-MARINER..DEAD OR ALIVE!



RESPONDING TO ITS WORKING SUBMERGING PLANES, THE U-BOAT DESCENDS JUST AS THE SUB-MARINER HOPED IT WOULD.

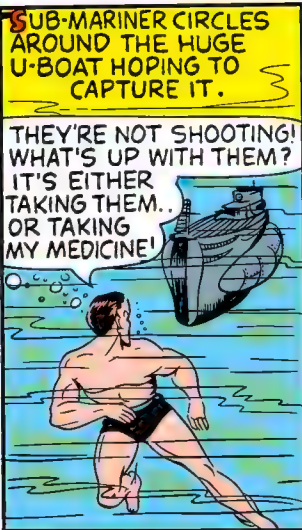


THERE HE IS...DEAD AHEAD.SUB MARINER!



SUB-MARINER CIRCLES AROUND THE HUGE U-BOAT HOPING TO CAPTURE IT.

THEY'RE NOT SHOOTING! WHAT'S UP WITH THEM? IT'S EITHER TAKING THEM.. OR TAKING MY MEDICINE!



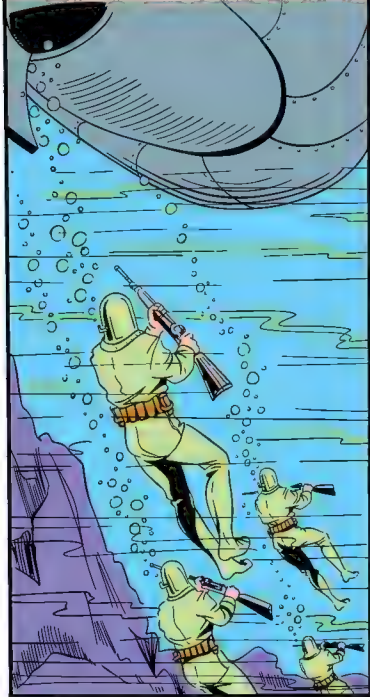
IN THE U-BOAT, MEANS ARE DIS- CUSSED AS TO HOW TO CAPTURE SUB- MARINER .

THERE'S ONE WAY TO GRAB HIM ... HEINRICH... OUR NEW WEAPON !

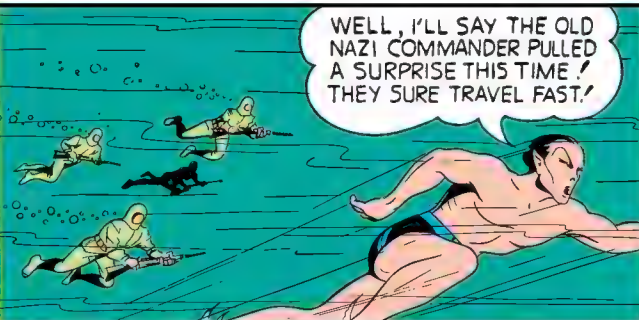
YES,CAPTAIN, THE UNDERSEA DIVERS SQUAD, EH? RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



QUEER SHAPES DROP FROM THE HIDDEN HATCHWAY UNDER THE U-BOAT'S BELLY. HEAVILY ARMED MEN PUSHED AHEAD LIKE RUNNERS.



THE LIGHTNING SQUAD, SWIMMING AHEAD WITH AMAZING SPEED, TRIES TO STOP THE SUB-MARINER.



WELL, I'LL SAY THE OLD NAZI COMMANDER PULLED A SURPRISE THIS TIME! THEY SURE TRAVEL FAST!

SUB-MARINER TRIES TO LEAD THEM INTO ICY CAVERNS, BUT IS CORNERED.

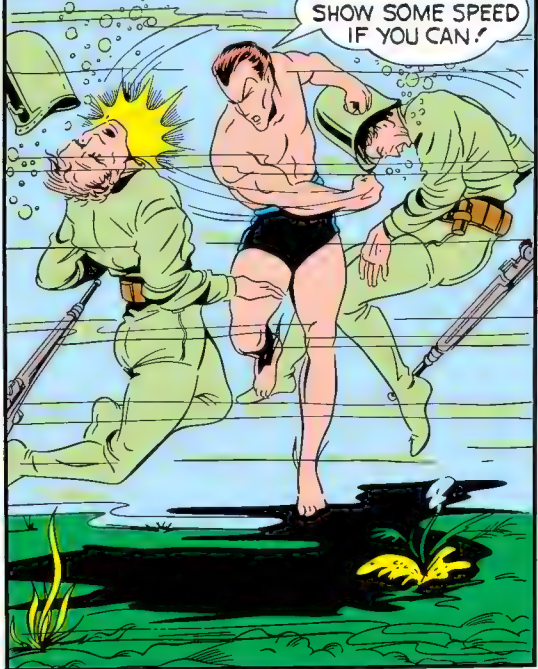


SUB-MARINER, YOU ARE OUR PRISONER!

ALL RIGHT... SEEMS THE JIG'S UP... BUT NOW THAT I GET A CLOSE-UP OF YOUR SECRET WEAPONS, I GUESS I KNOW WHAT TO DO...

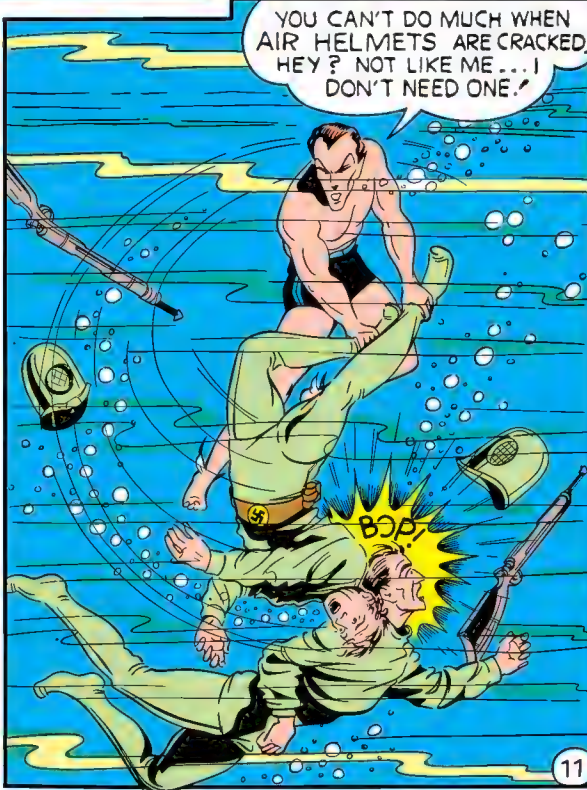


DISCOVERING THAT THE U-BOAT MEN ARE HAMPERED BY THEIR HEAVY EQUIPMENT, AND THAT HE CAN MOVE MUCH FASTER IN HIS OWN ELEMENT THAN THEY CAN, SUB-MARINER GOES INTO ACTION...



SHOW SOME SPEED IF YOU CAN!

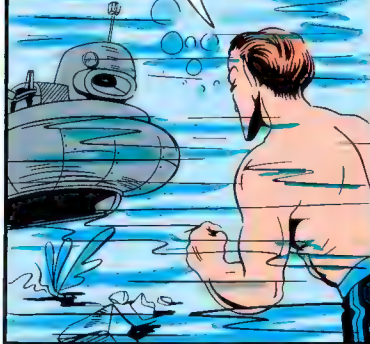
YOU CAN'T DO MUCH WHEN AIR HELMETS ARE CRACKED, HEY? NOT LIKE ME... I DON'T NEED ONE!



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE SUB THE COMMANDER SEES WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON. DONNERWETTER! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! HE GOT FOUR OF THEM NEVER MIND GETTING HIM ALIVE MAN THE CONCUSSION GUNS WE'LL DESTROY THAT SUB-MARINER!



OH OH THAT CONNING TOWER AND ITS GUN-MOUNT ARE SWINGING AROUND AND THE CONCUSSION CHUTE IS POINTING STRAIGHT AT ME



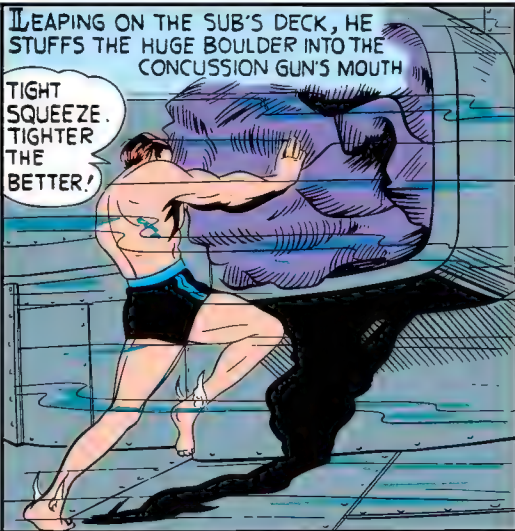
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, SUB-MARINER SEIZES A HUGE BOULDER IN THE OCEAN BOTTOM, AND SWINGS UPWARDS

IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHO WORKS FASTEST



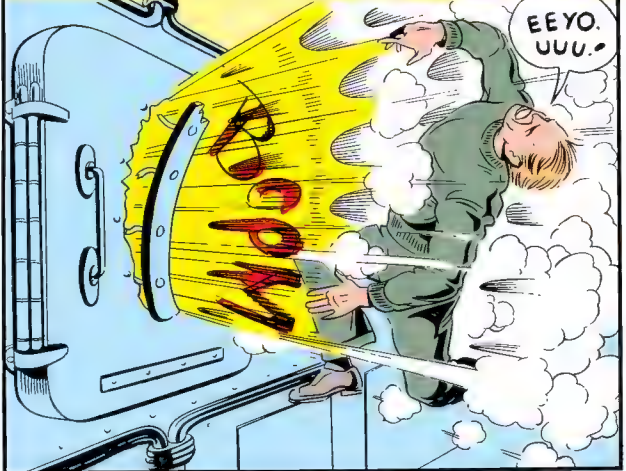
LEAPING ON THE SUB'S DECK, HE STUFFS THE HUGE BOULDER INTO THE CONCUSSION GUN'S MOUTH

TIGHT SQUEEZE. TIGHTER THE BETTER!

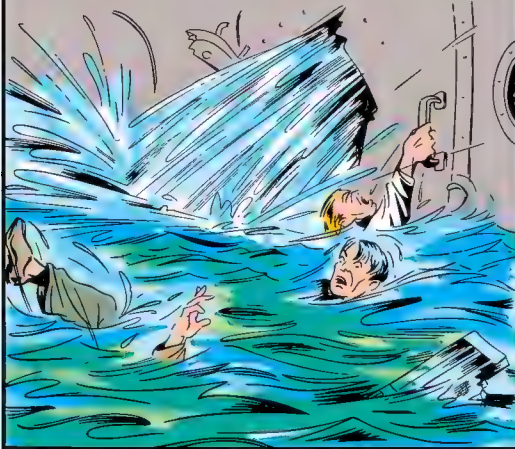


AT THAT VERY MOMENT, INSIDE THE SUB, THE COMMAND IS GIVEN TO FIRE... AND THE WEAPON BACKFIRES!

EEYO. UUU.



THE SEA RUSHES IN AND THOSE IN THE GUN CHAMBER WHO WERE NOT KILLED BY THE DEADLY BLAST ARE TRAPPED LIKE RATS

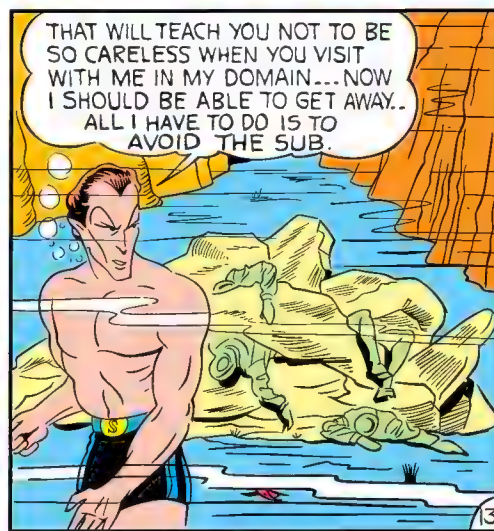
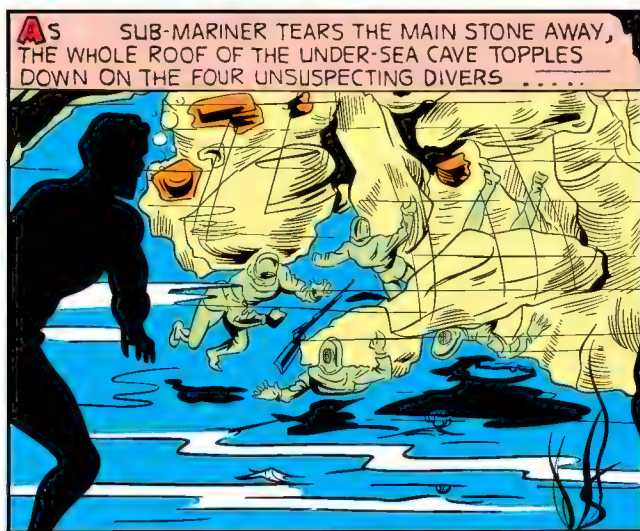
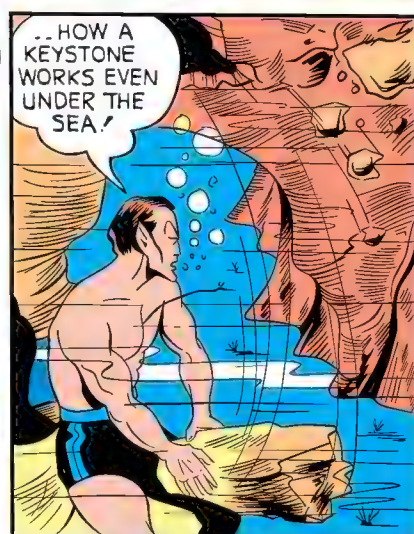
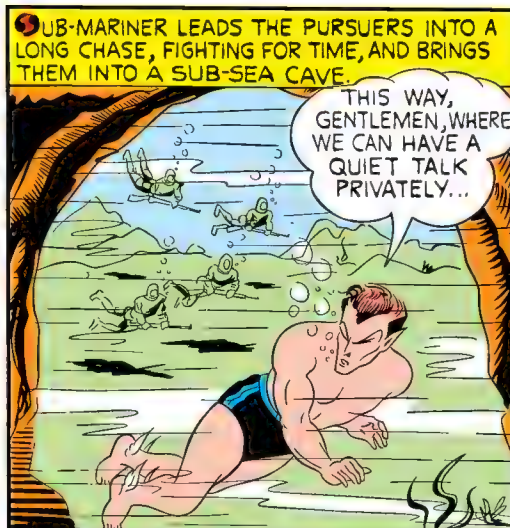


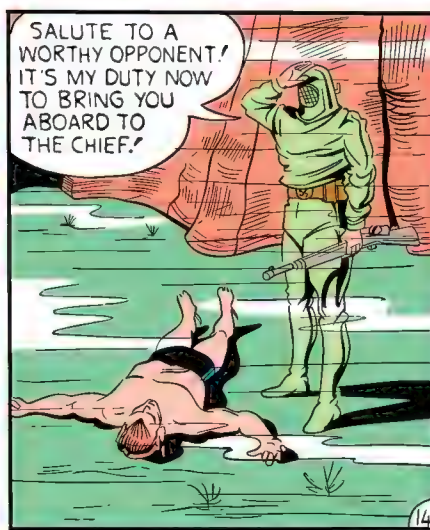
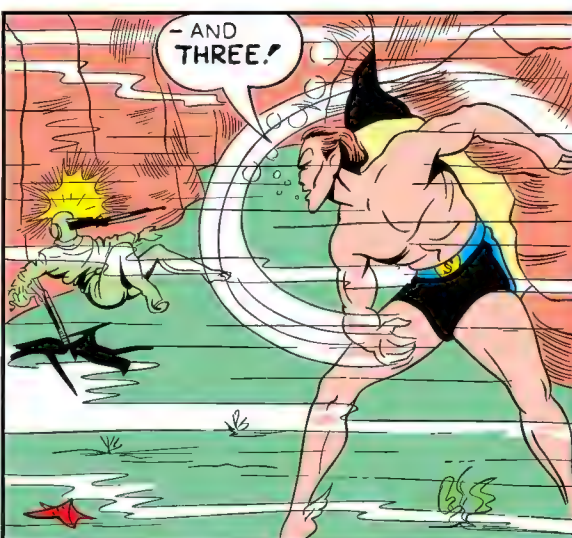
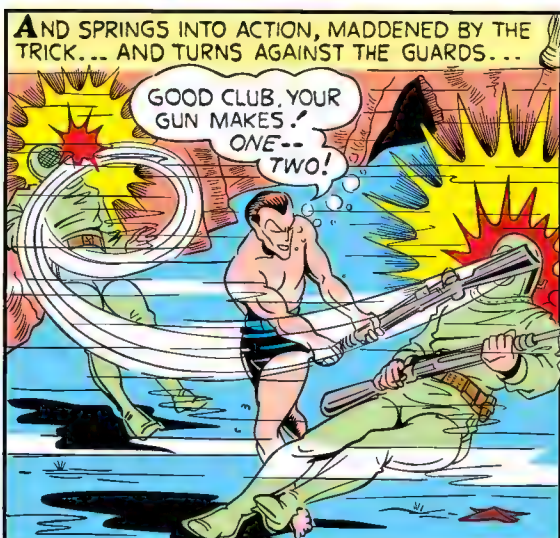
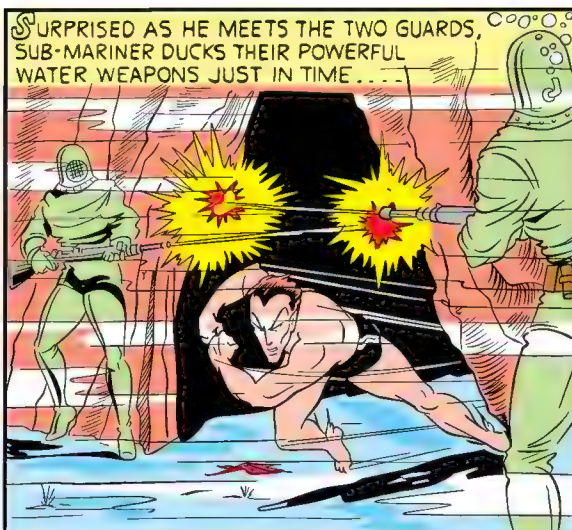
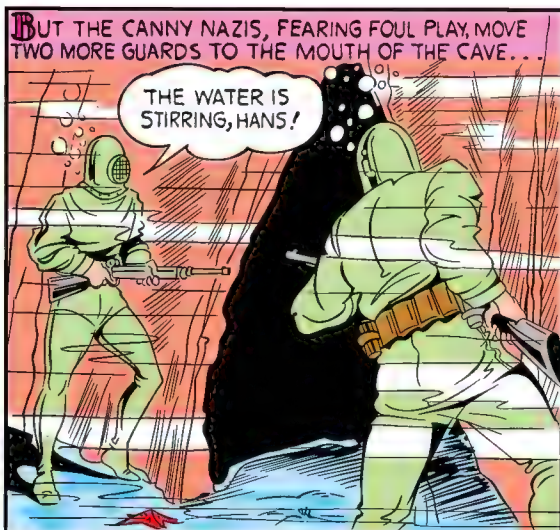
IMMEDIATELY, THE AUTOMATIC WARNING SYSTEM IN THE U-BOAT FUNCTIONS AS ORDERS ARE BARKED OUT

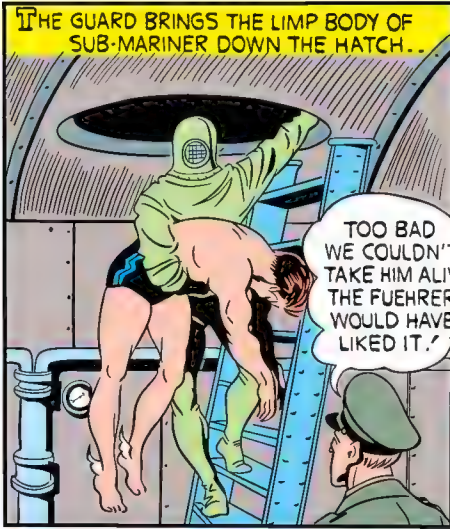
SHUT OFF ALL WATERTIGHT COMPARTMENTS ALL HANDS TO THE LIGHTNING SQUAD DECK, WE HAVE ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR THE SUB-MARINER!

AYE, SIR.

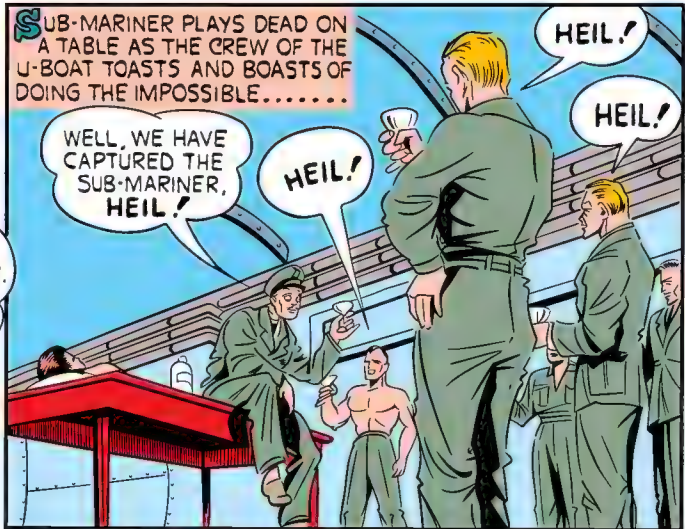








TOO BAD WE COULDN'T TAKE HIM ALIVE. THE FUEHRER WOULD HAVE LIKED IT.

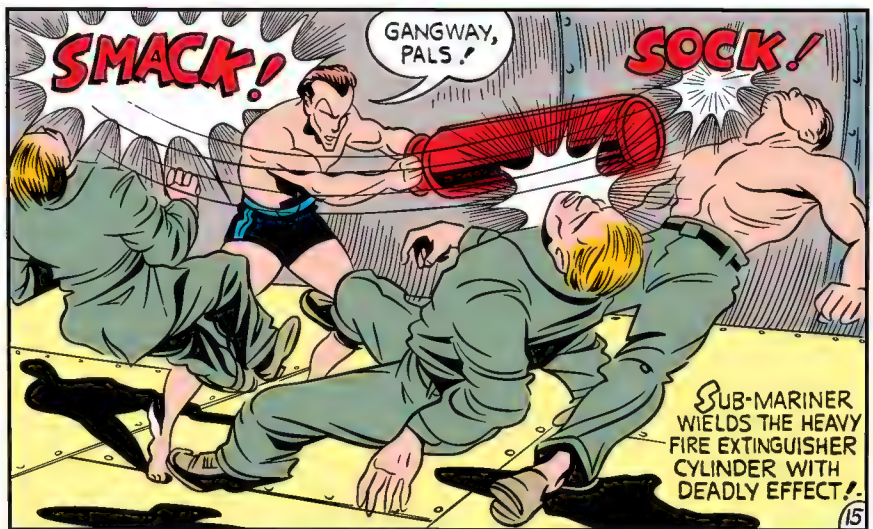


WELL, WE HAVE CAPTURED THE SUB-MARINER, HEIL!

HEIL!

HEIL!

HEIL!



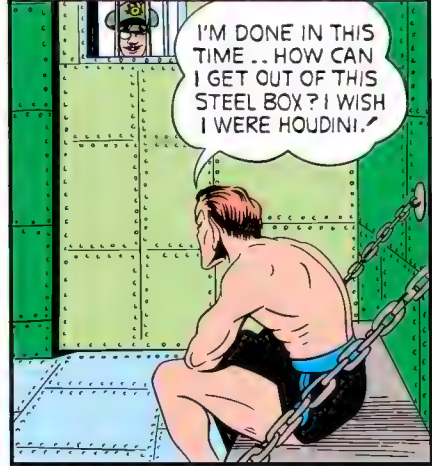
BUT FROM BEHIND..A CREWMAN
SOCKS SUB-MARINER A TERRIBLE BLOW!



HIMMEL! I THOUGHT
THE SUB-MARINER
WAS DEAD! HOW CAN
A DEAD MAN DO SO
MUCH DAMAGE? LOCK
HIM UP IN THE BRIG!
THE STEEL CABINET
FOR HIM..SCHNELL!



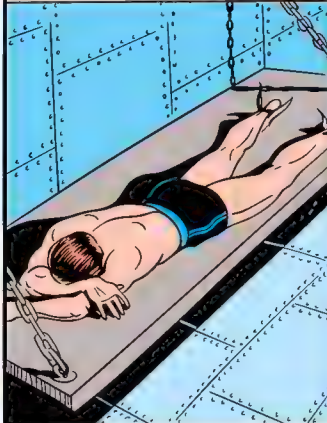
SUB-MARINER IS PLACED IN SOLITARY.
CONFINEMENT, IN THE BRIG, BELOW DECK.



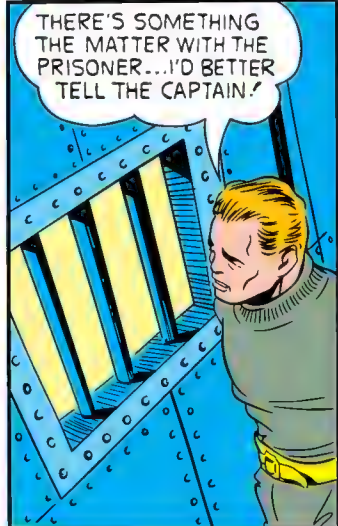
I'LL COURT MARTIAL ANY
GUARD THAT FAILS IN DAY AND
NIGHT WATCH OF SUB-MARINER
WHILE WE'RE ON OUR
WAY TO EUROPE!



CONFINED TO HIS SMALL,
POORLY VENTILATED CELL, THE
BAD AIR SAPS SUB-MARINER'S
VITALITY AND ENERGY.....



THERE'S SOMETHING
THE MATTER WITH THE
PRISONER...I'D BETTER
TELL THE CAPTAIN!



THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN GRUFFLY
TALKS WITH SUB-MARINER....

SO YOU DON'T
LIKE THE WEATHER
DOWN HERE?

CAPTAIN, I
NEED SOME
WATER..SEA-
WATER..LET
ME OUT JUST
FOR A SWIM!



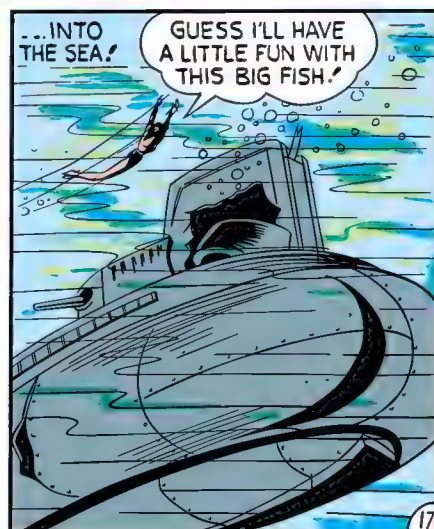
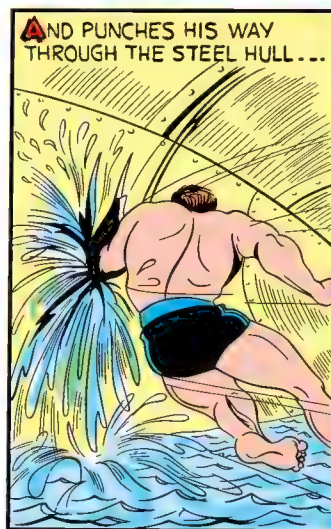
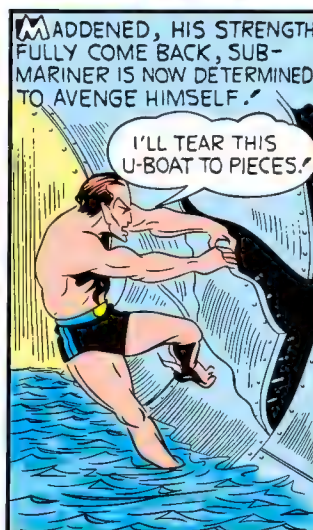
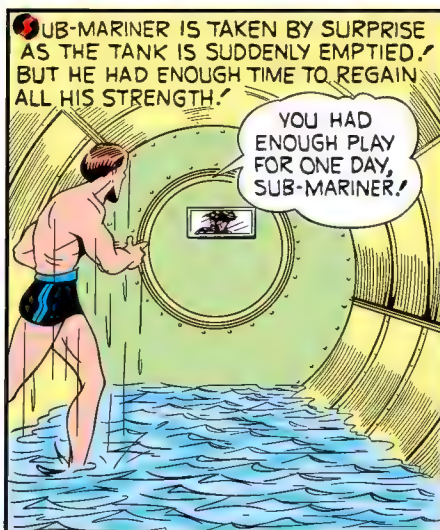
HAHA! DOT'S A FUNNY
ONE..DO YOU THINK I'M
CRAZY? HAH..I'M NOT
LETTING YOU OUT OF
THIS U-BOAT TILL WE
REACH THE VATERLAND!

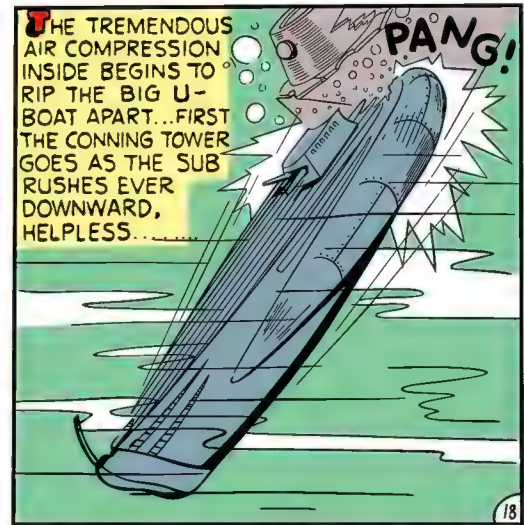
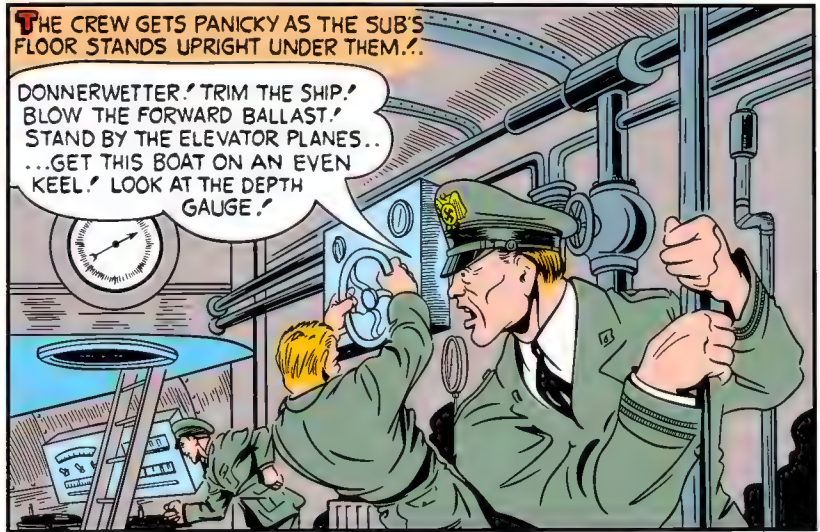
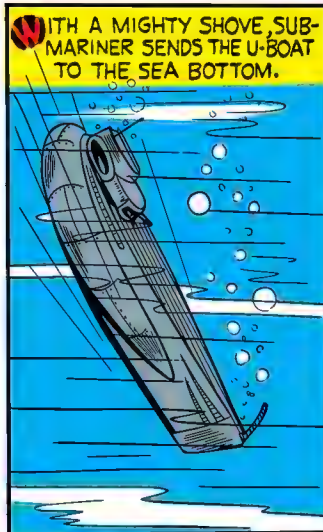
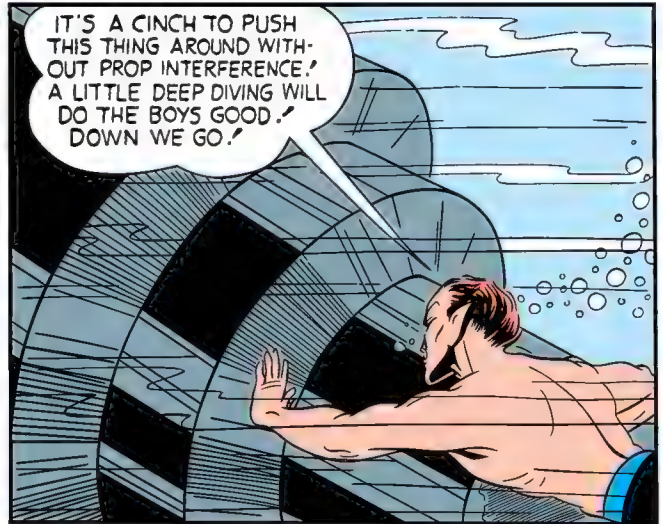
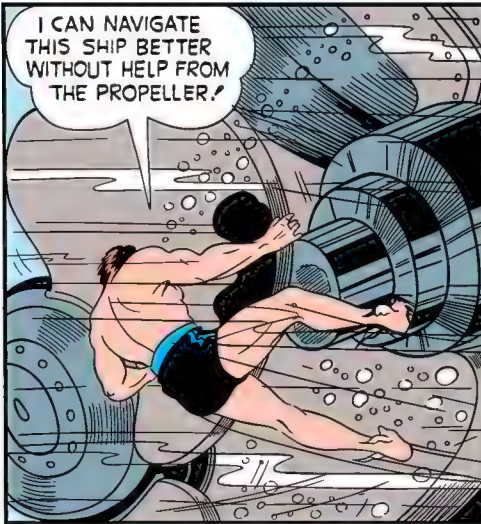


YOU WANT TO GET ME
THERE ALIVE, DON'T
YOU? WELL, PUT ME
IN ONE OF YOUR BALLAST
TANKS..THAT'LL KEEP
ME ABOARD AND GIVE
ME THE WATER I CRAVE
TO KEEP ALIVE!

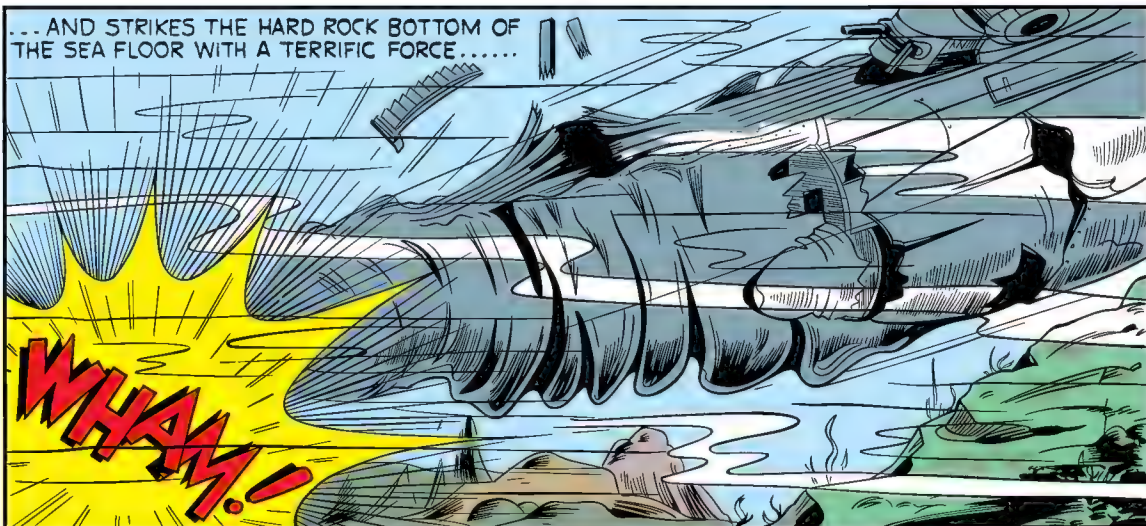
MAYBE SO..BUT
NO TRICKS, NOW,
SUB-MARINER...
WELL, I'D LIKE TO
SEE YOU GET OUT
OF A BALLAST TANK
HA! HA!



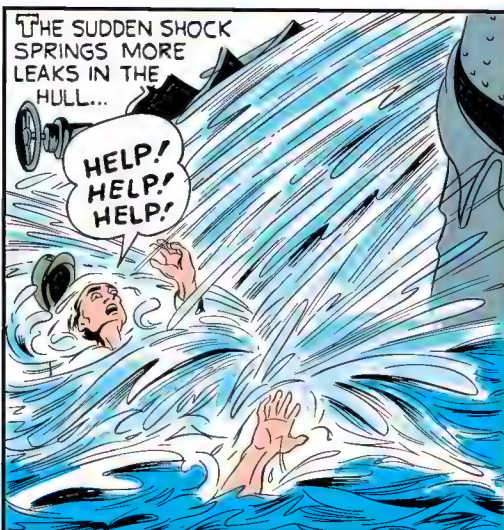




... AND STRIKES THE HARD ROCK BOTTOM OF THE SEA FLOOR WITH A TERRIFIC FORCE.....



THE SUDDEN SHOCK SPRINGS MORE LEAKS IN THE HULL...



IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT THOSE POOR DEVILS CAUGHT LIKE RATS, BUT IT WAS MY LIFE OR THEIRS... NOW, THE OTHERS WILL SUFFER!

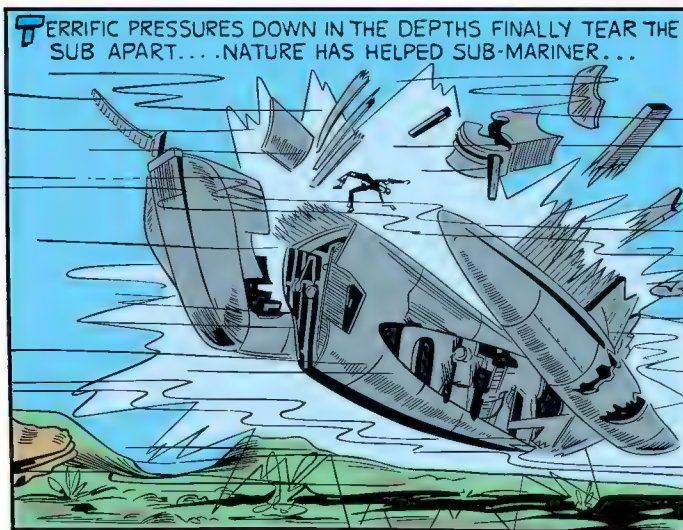


OPEN ANOTHER OXYGEN TANK, HANS... THE AIR IS AWFUL IN HERE!

WE USED UP THE LAST ONE LONG AGO, SIR... AIR... ..AIR...

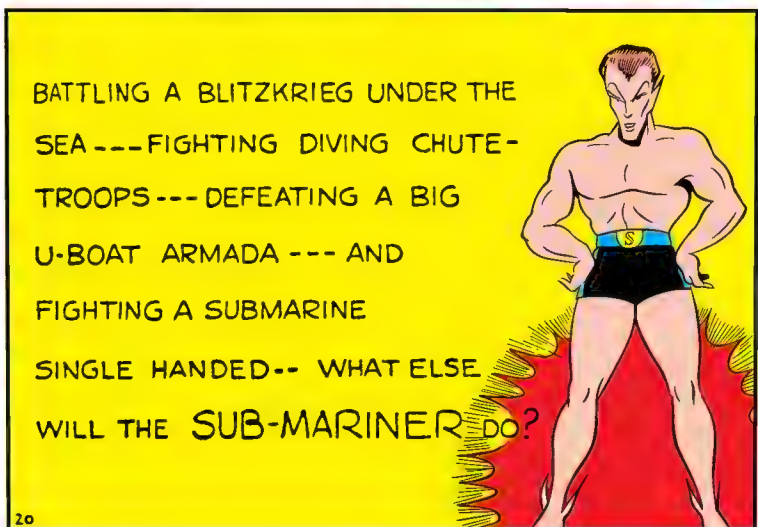
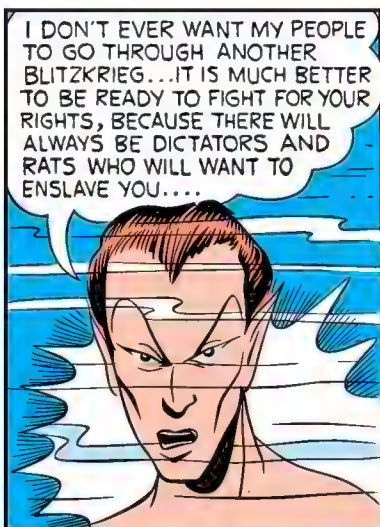
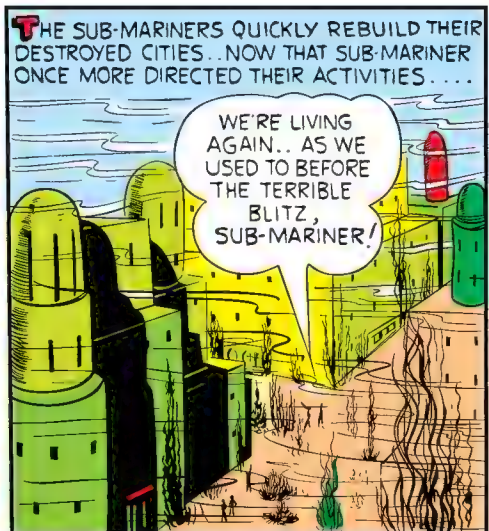


TERRIFIC PRESSURES DOWN IN THE DEPTHS FINALLY TEAR THE SUB APART... NATURE HAS HELPED SUB-MARINER...



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF A BAD DAY... NOW, I'D BETTER GET BACK HOME AND SEE HOW THINGS ARE...







Get a Winner!

DON'T MISS THE NEW
ISSUE OF THE BEST,
MOST THRILLING COMIC
BOOK OF ALL TIME!!

BUY...

CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS

AND FOLLOW THE ADVENTURE
OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND HIS YOUNG PAL, BUCKY
AS THEY SMASH BACK AT
THE VILLAINS WITHIN AND
THE TRAITORS TO THE
GOOD OLE U.S.A.

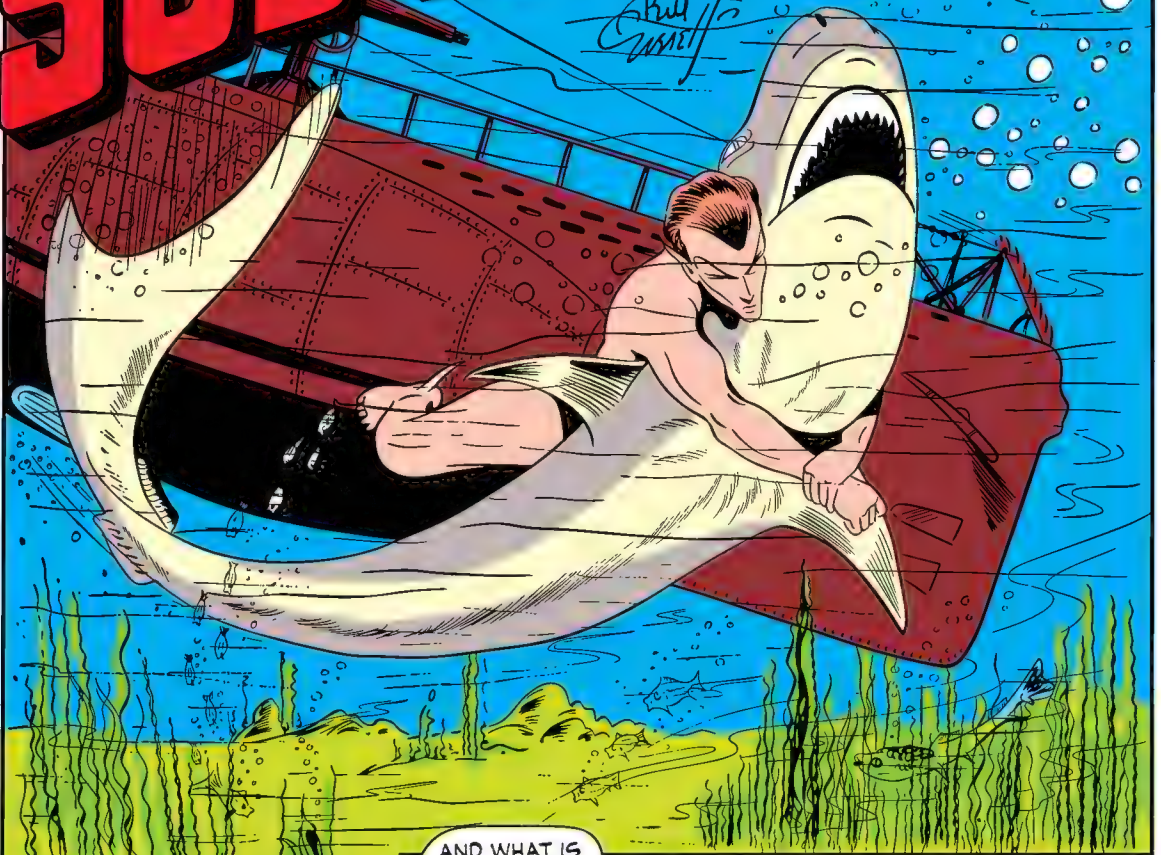


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THE SUB-MARINER

By
Bill
Walters



COMPLETE EXTERMINATION OF THE SMALL RACE OF UNDER-SEA PEOPLE LIVING IN THE SUB-ARCTIC THREATENS WITH THE DISCOVERY OF A TERRIBLE DISEASE THAT KILLS PERSONS INSTANTLY-----

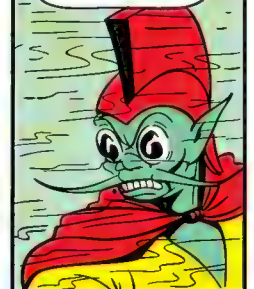
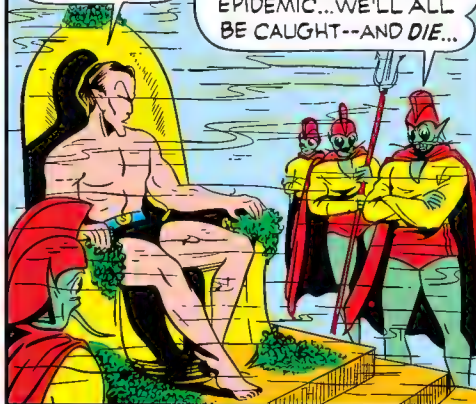
SUB-MARINER

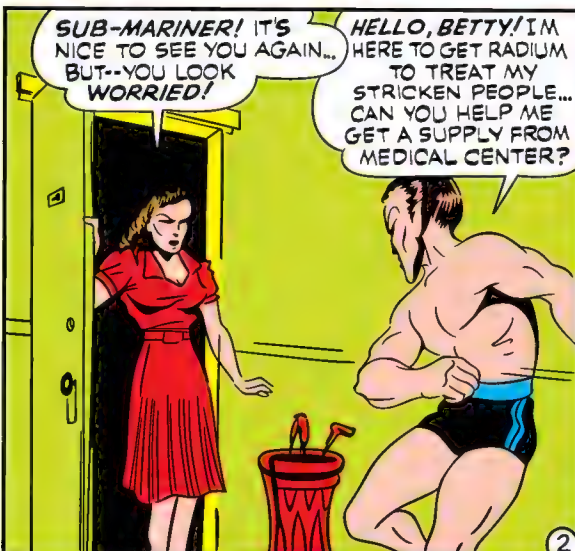
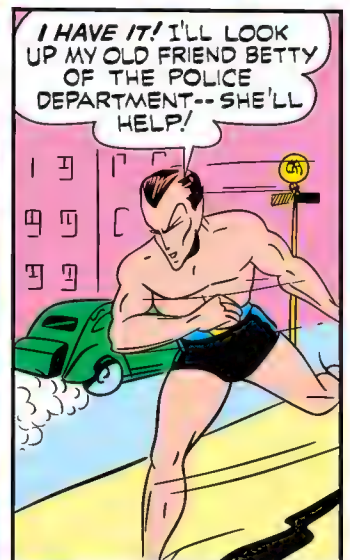
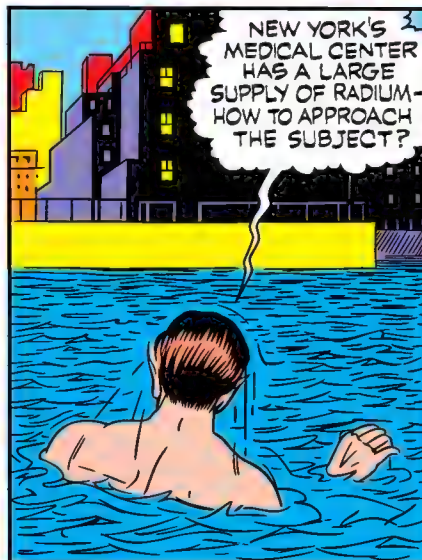
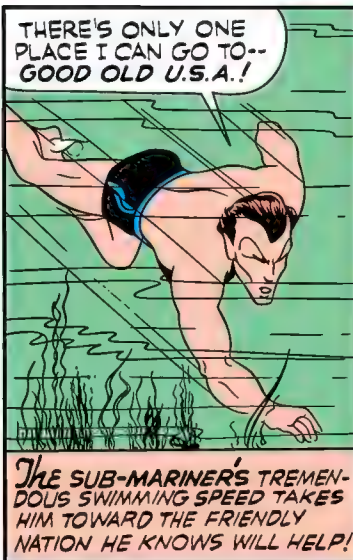
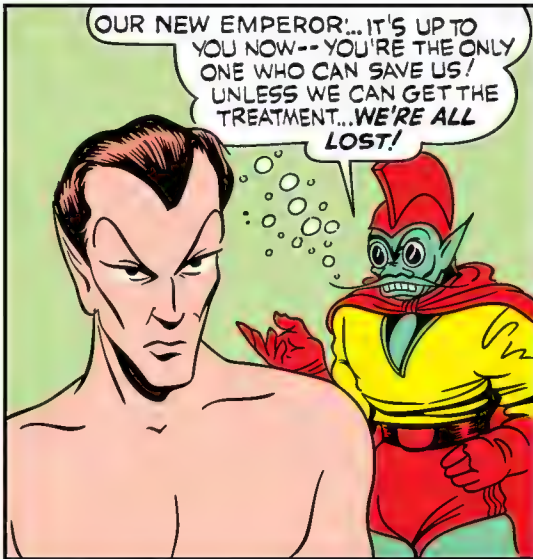
MUST SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM SURE DEATH!

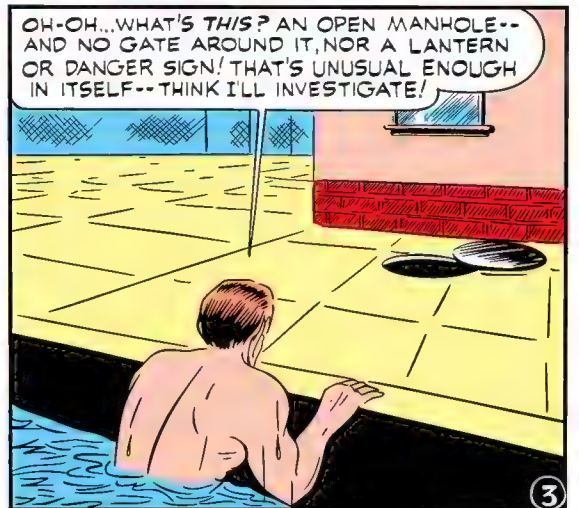
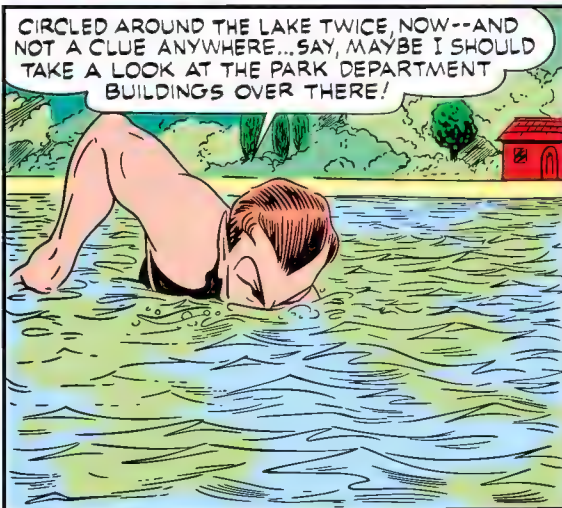
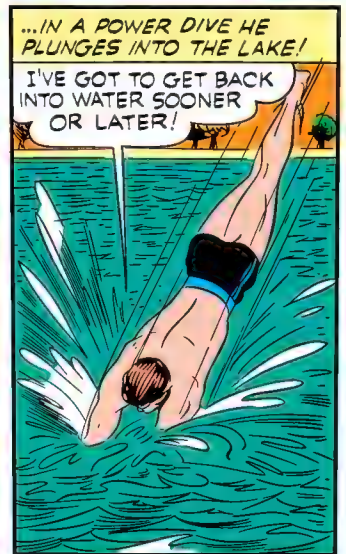
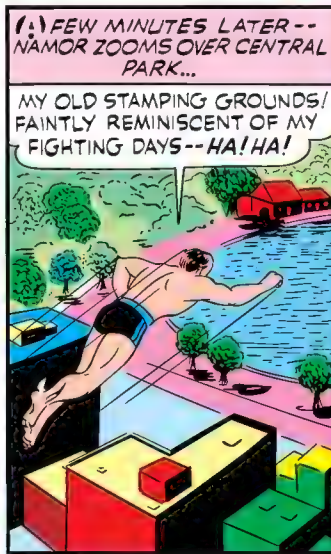
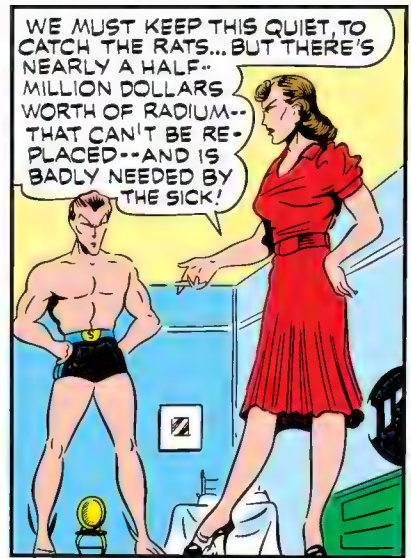
AND WHAT IS THE LATEST REPORT ON THE SICKNESS?

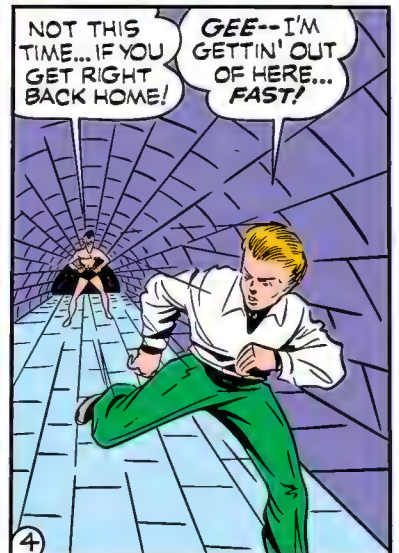
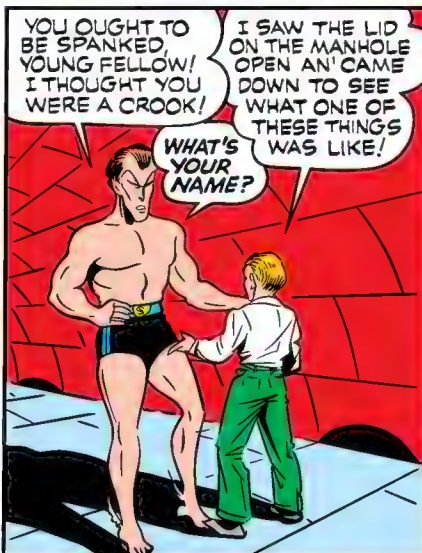
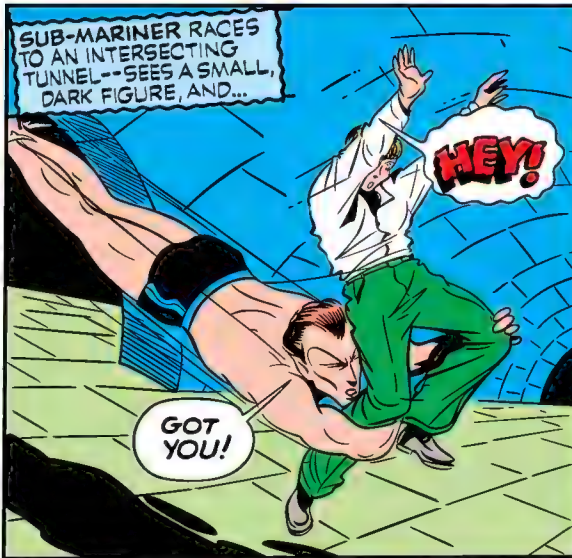
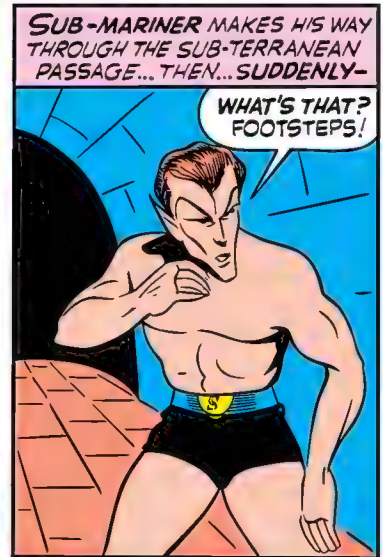
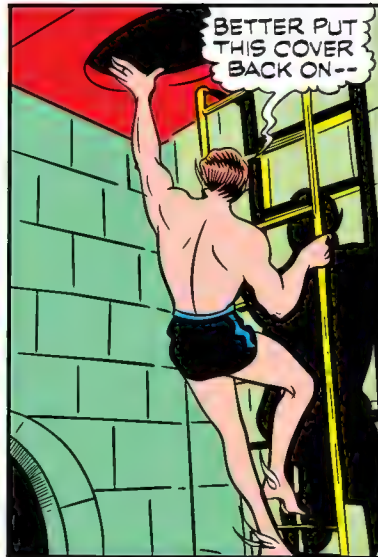
IT'S RAPIDLY GROWING! UNLESS WE CHECK THE EPIDEMIC...WE'LL ALL BE CAUGHT--AND DIE...

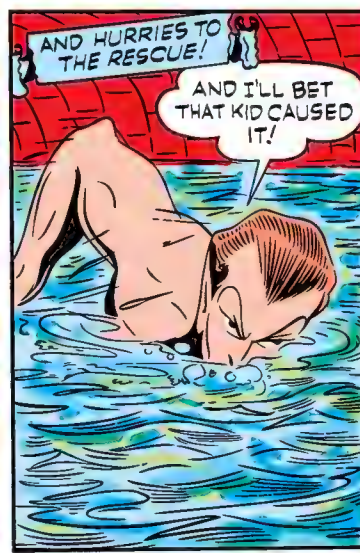
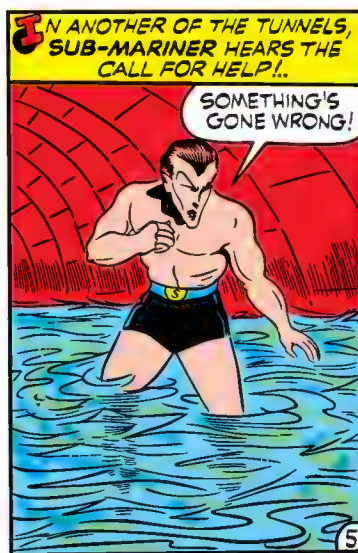
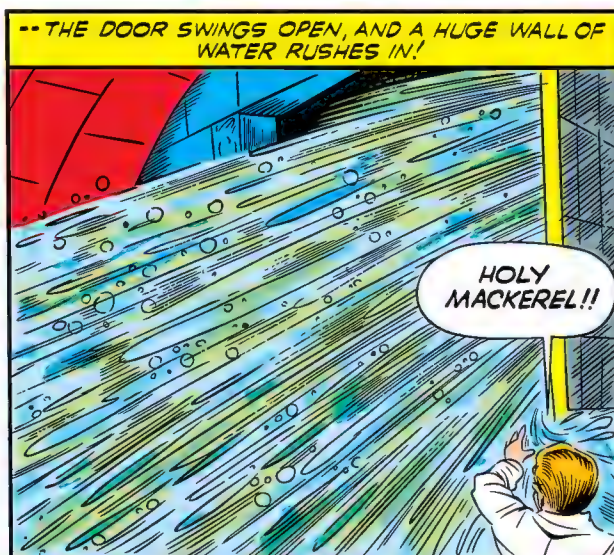
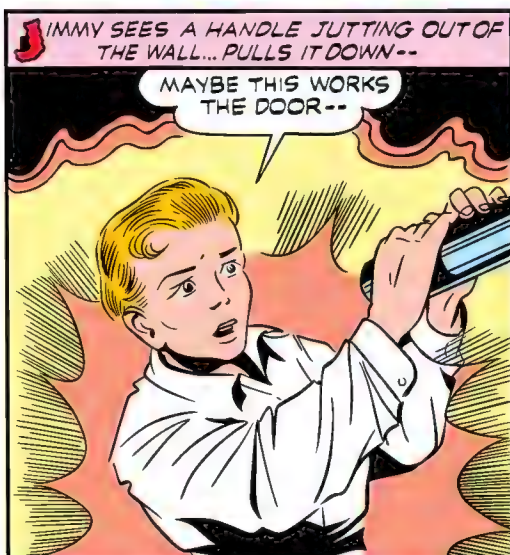
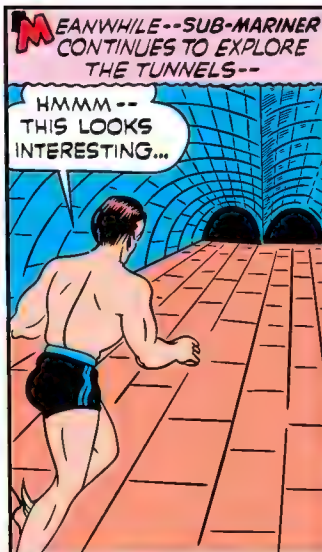
ONLY ONE THING CAN STOP AND CURE THE TROUBLE... **RADIUM!** AND WE HAVE NONE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

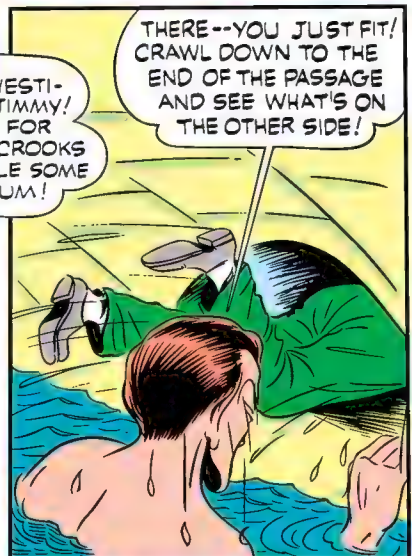
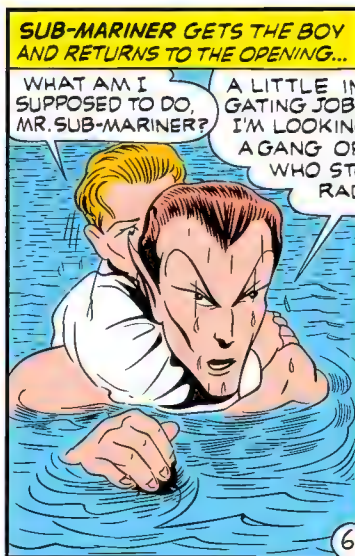
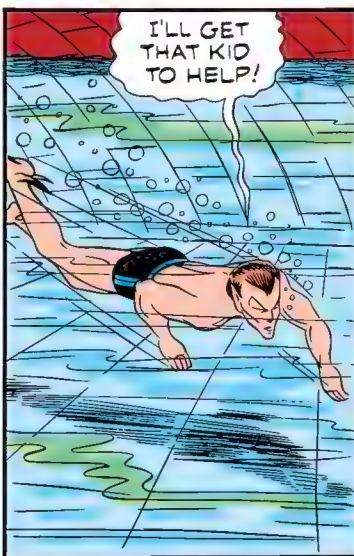
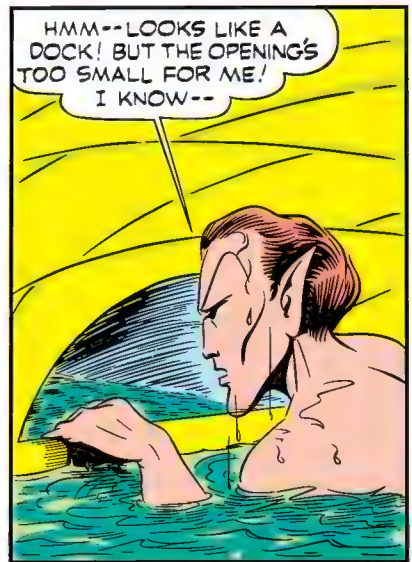
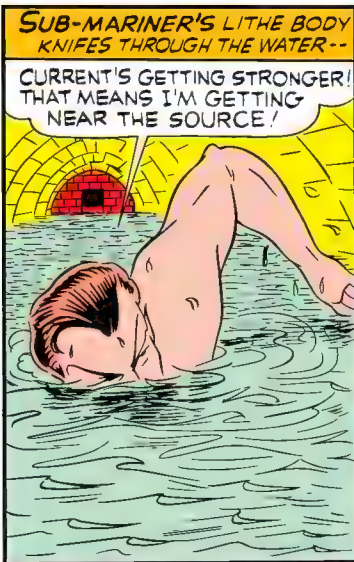
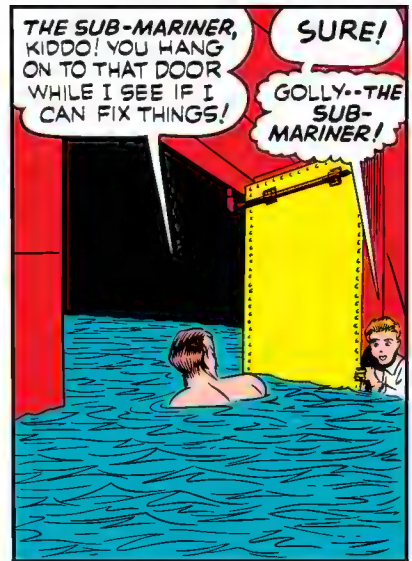
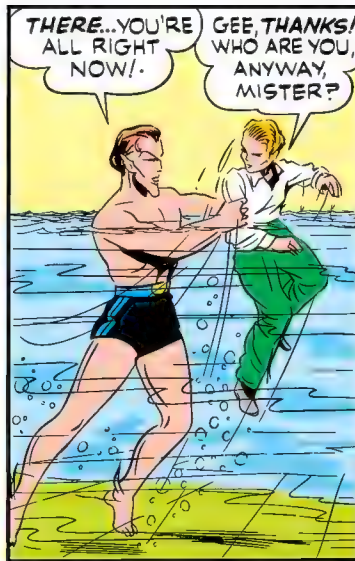
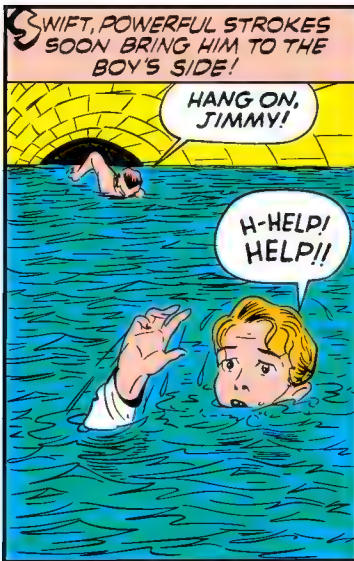




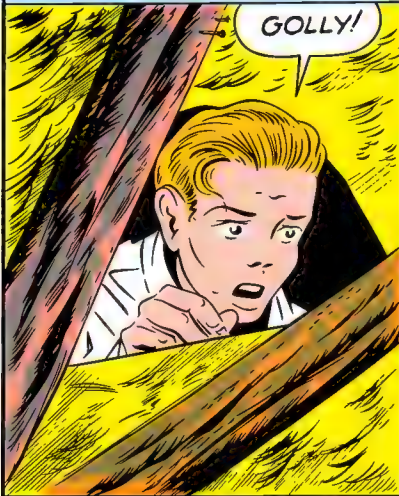




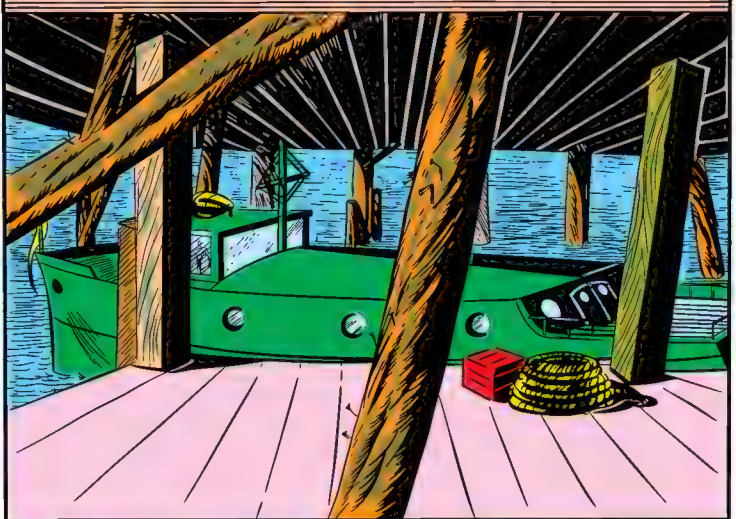




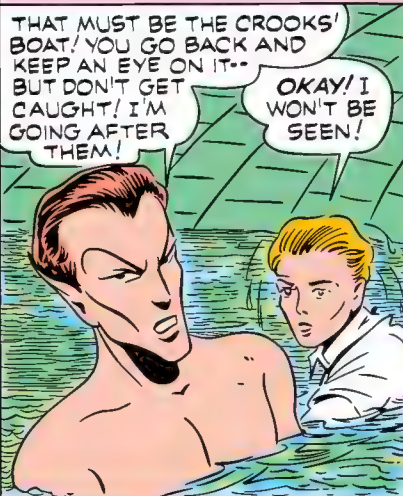
JIMMY CRAWLS DOWN THE NARROW TUNNEL TO ITS END, AND SEES---



--A RACY LAUNCH TIED UP A SMALL, HIDDEN DOCK...



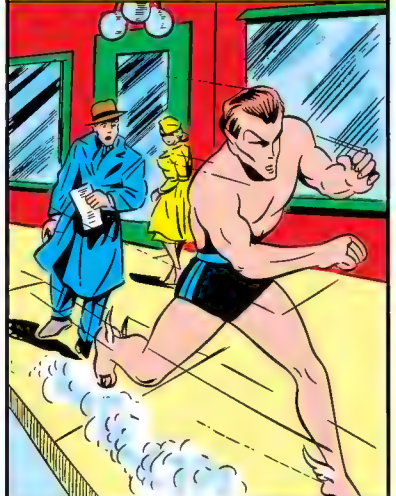
JIMMY RETURNS TO SUB-MARINER WITH HIS INFORMATION...



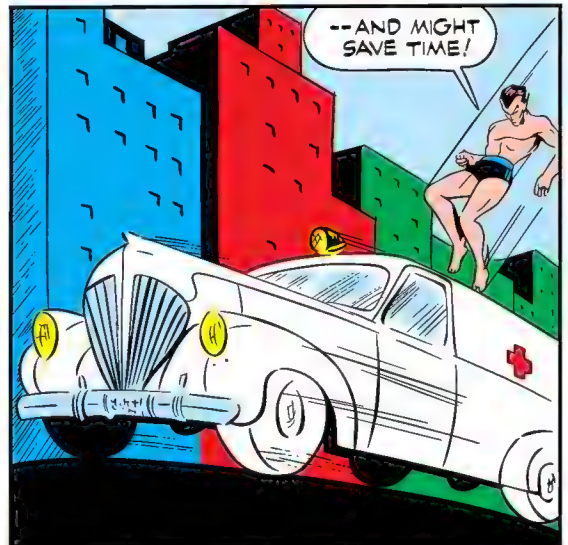
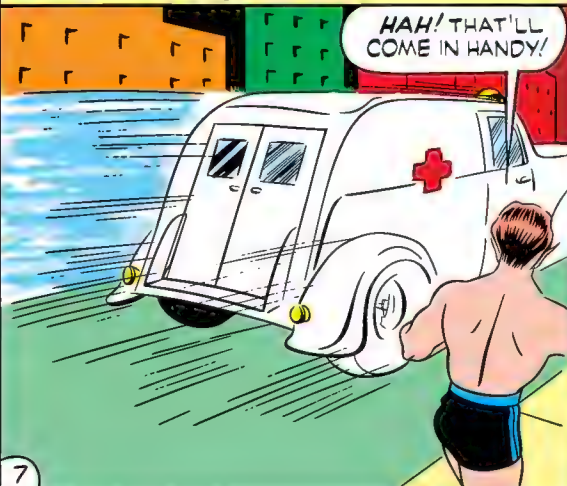
AS JIMMY INCHES BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL--

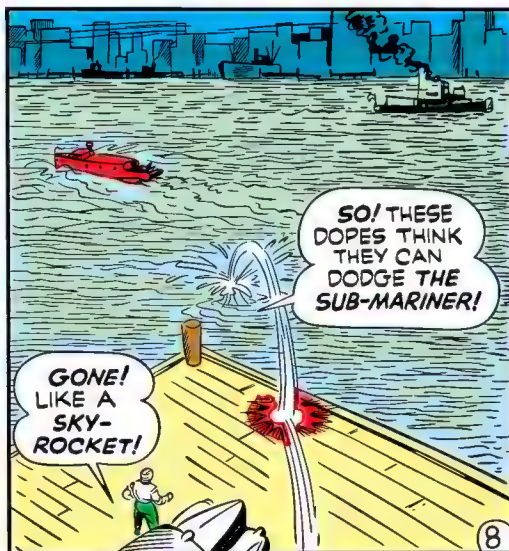
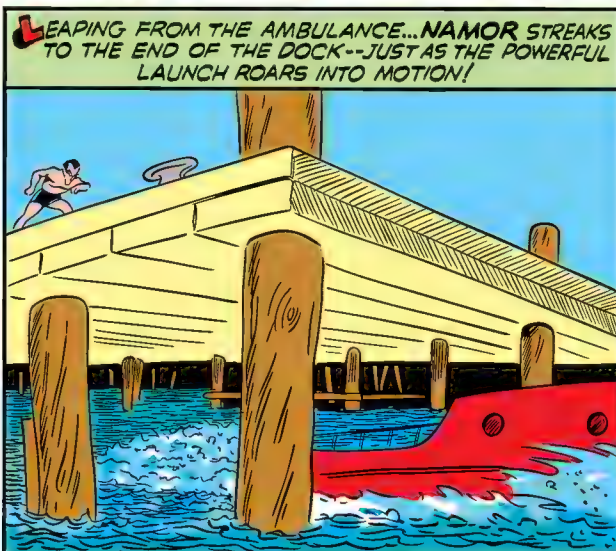
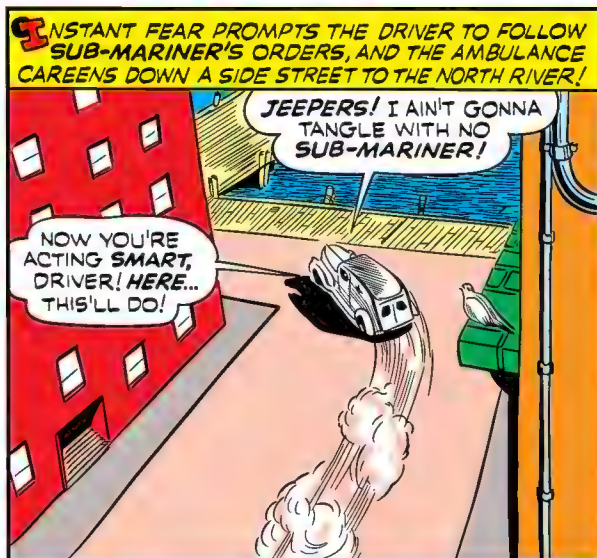
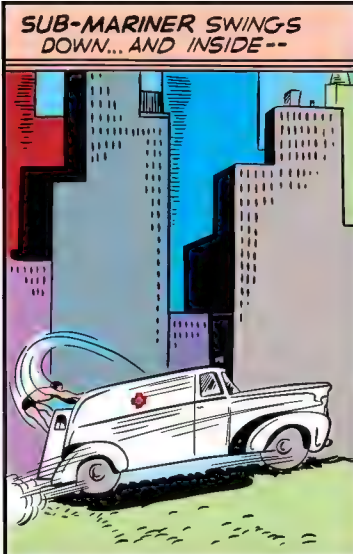


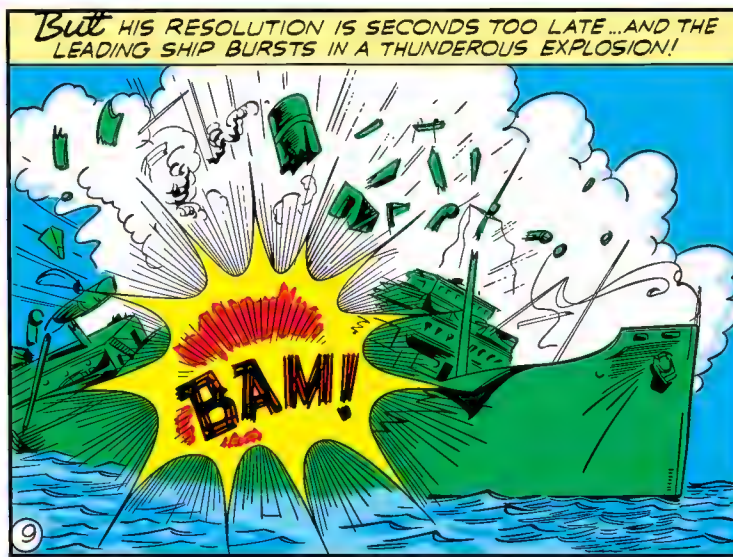
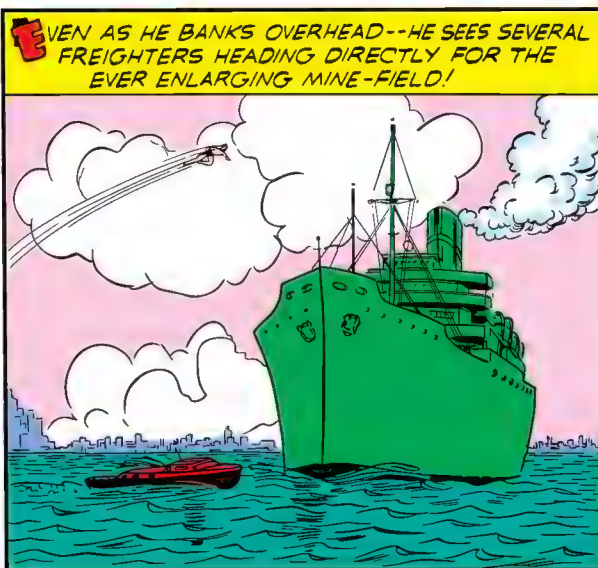
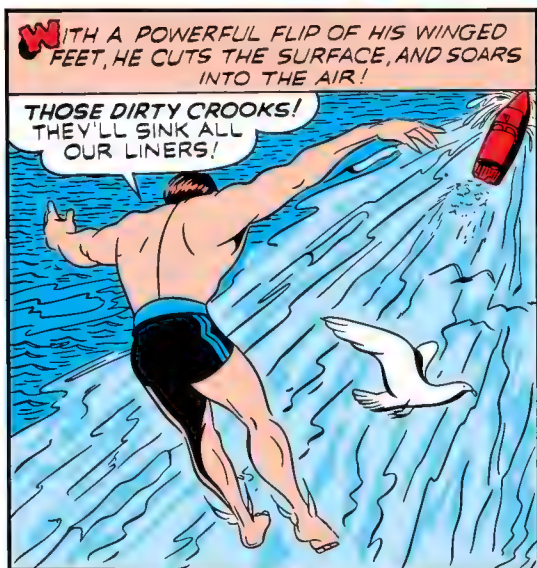
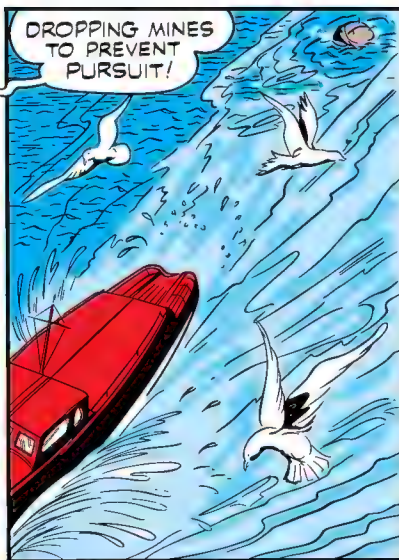
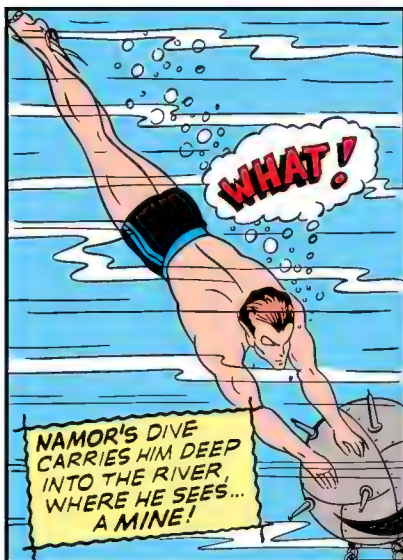
--AND HEADS FOR THE RIVER-- AND THE HIDDEN SPEEDBOAT!



AS HE NEARS THE DOCK...AN AMBULANCE ROARS BY!



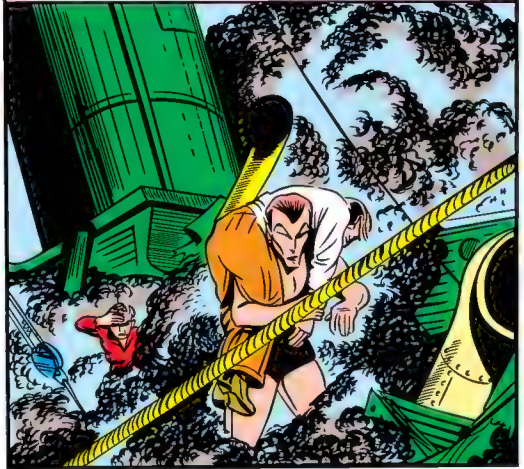




AS THE CRUMPLED HULL SLOWLY KEELS OVER, NAMOR DIVES DOWN TO ASSIST THE PANICKY CREW!

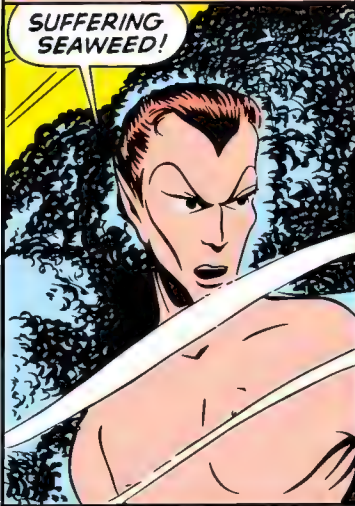


WITH SUPERHUMAN SPEED AND STRENGTH, HE GATHERS UP UNCONSCIOUS AND DISABLED SEAMEN--PLACING THEM IN LIFE-BOATS, AND SWIMMING ASHORE WITH THEM!



SUDDENLY HE STOPS...LOOKS UP...AND SEES--

SUFFERING SEAWEEED!



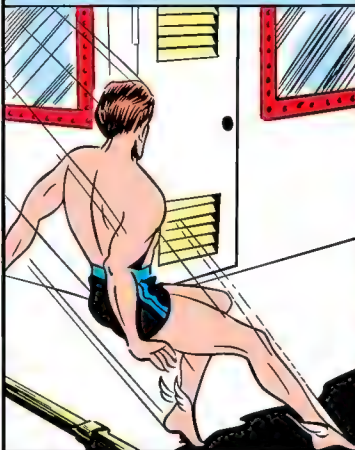
...A LUXURIOUS OCEAN LINER HEADING TOWARD THE MINES!



SKYROCKETING INTO THE AIR, HE LOOPS AROUND THE SHIP, SCREAMING A WARNING...



BUT TO NO AVAIL! THE LINER CONTINUES BLITHELY ON ITS WAY! SUB-MARINER DIVES TO THE BRIDGE...

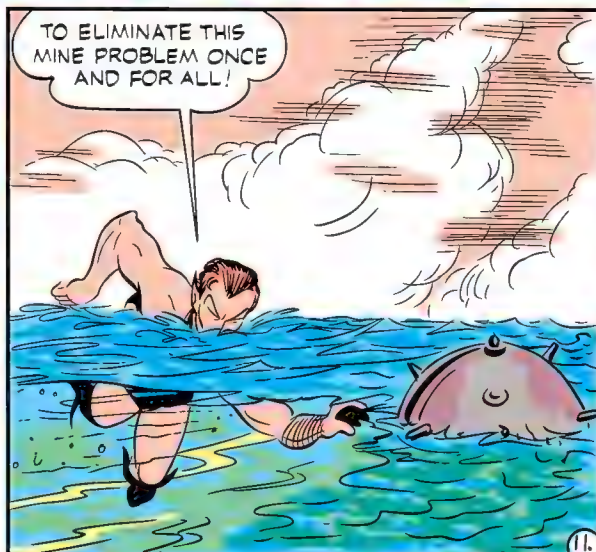
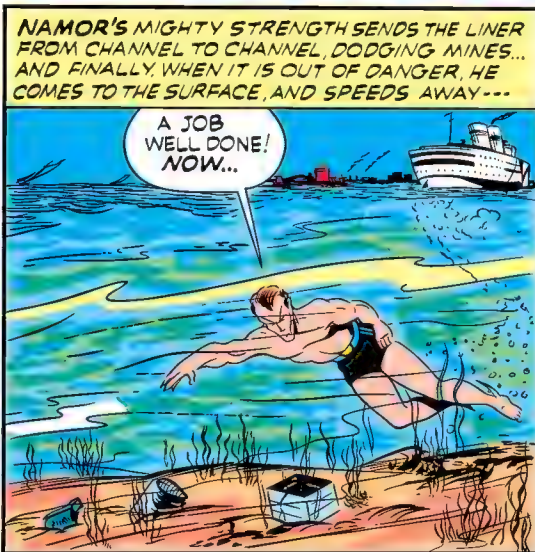
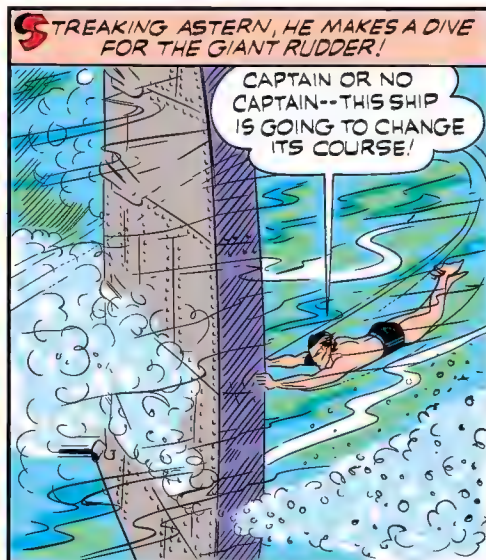
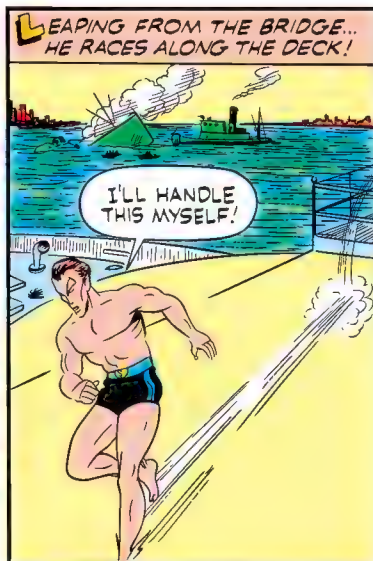
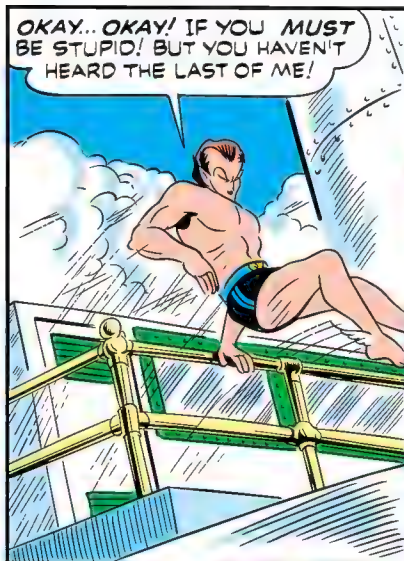


...TO PLEAD WITH THE MASTER...

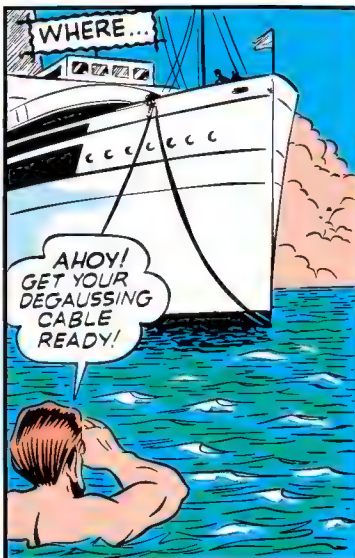
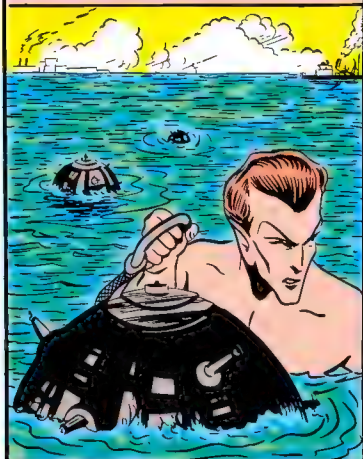
BUT LISTEN, SIR! I'M THE SUB-MARINER... AND I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE!

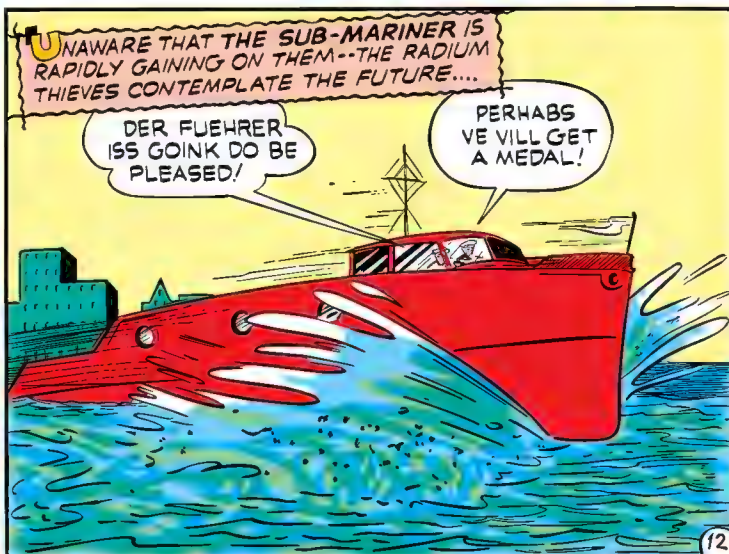
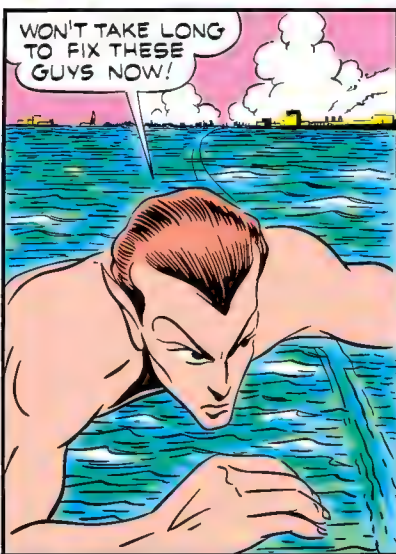
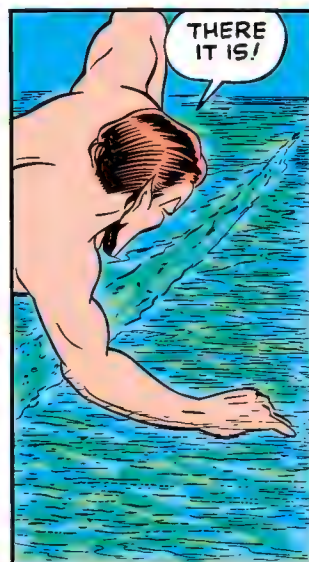
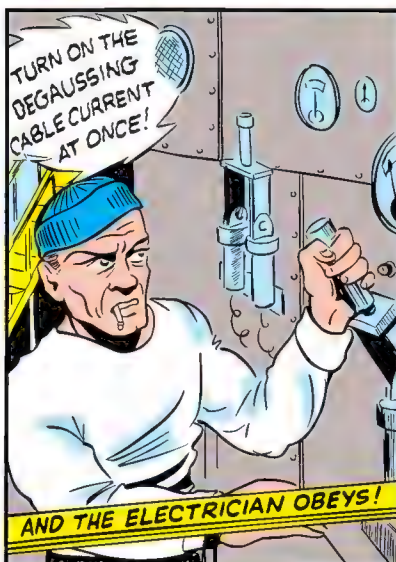




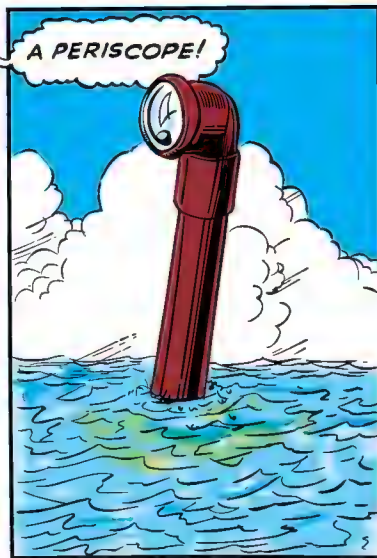
LINKING THE MINES TOGETHER BY THEIR ANCHOR CABLES, SUB-MARINER TOWS THEM BACK TO THE LINER!



FRIGHTENED BECAUSE OF THE CLOSE ESCAPE FROM DISASTER, THE CAPTAIN GIVES ORDERS TO SEND CURRENT THROUGH THE CABLES THAT ARE USED TO EXPLODE MINES...



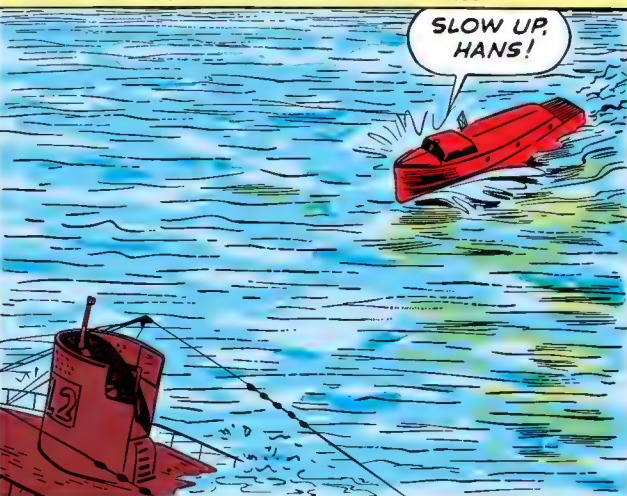
But **SUDDENLY...SUB-MARINER
DETECTS A STRANGE OBJECT...**



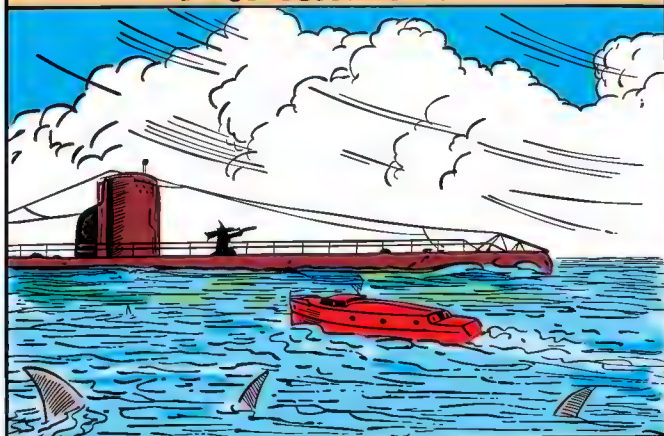
Meanwhile... **ABOARD THE CRUISER--**



As **THE CRUISER NEARS THE SUBMARINE,
THE LATTER RISES TO THE SURFACE...**

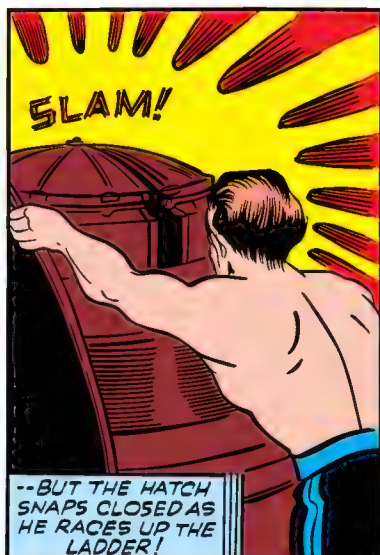
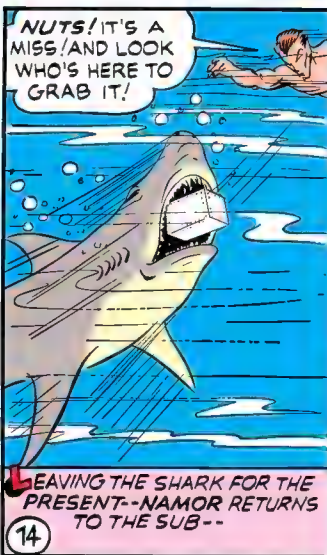
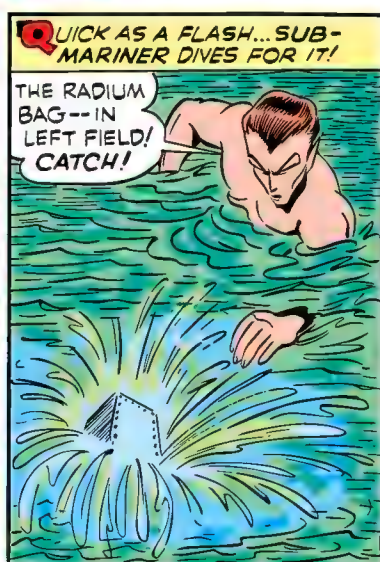
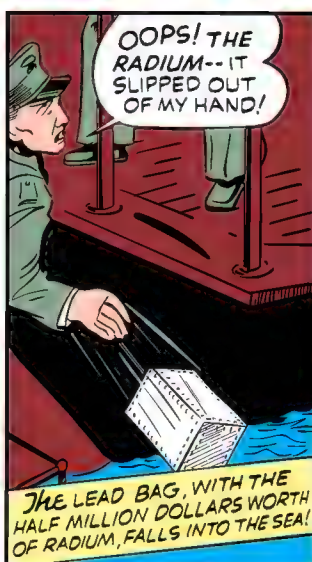
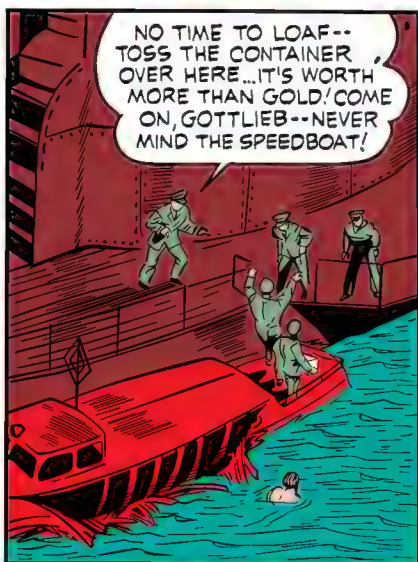
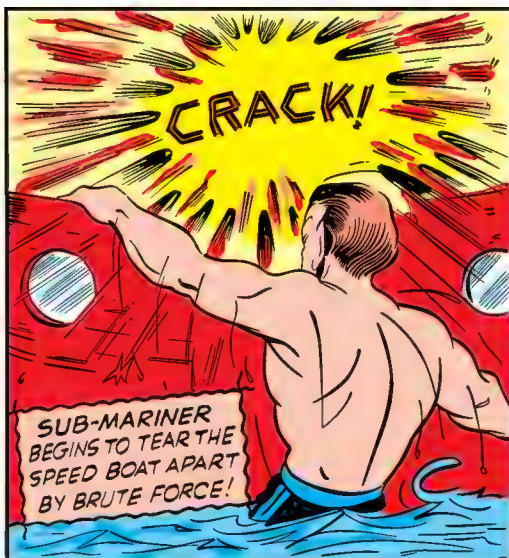
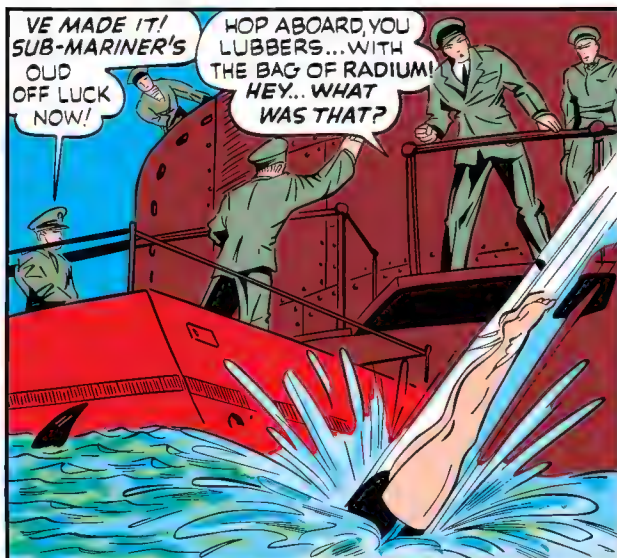


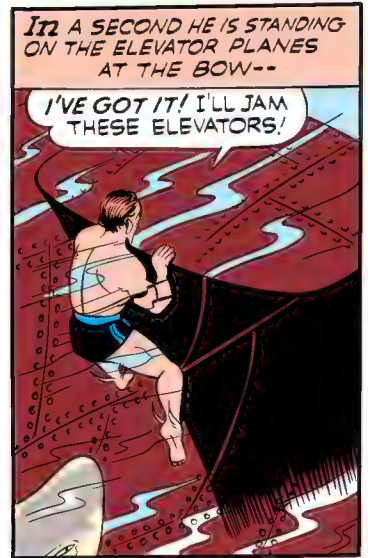
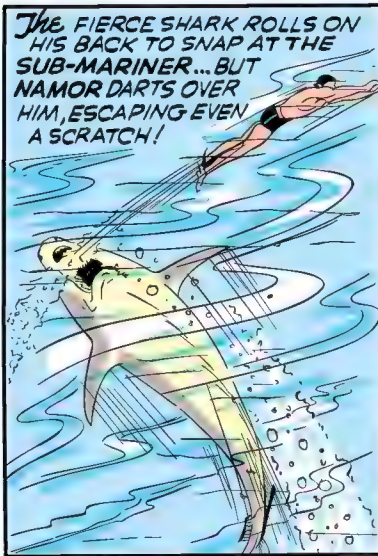
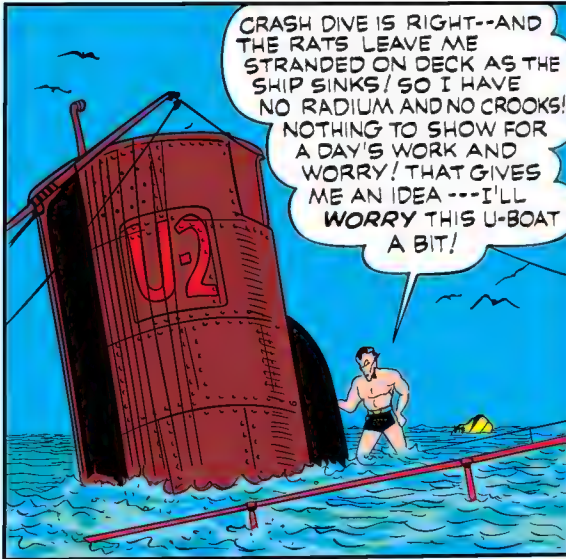
SLOWLY THE CRUISER APPROACHES THE UNDERSEA CRAFT--AND NEITHER CREW IS AWARE OF THE SHARP, GRAY FINS THAT SLICE THROUGH THE WATER, DANGEROUSLY NEAR!



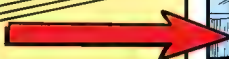
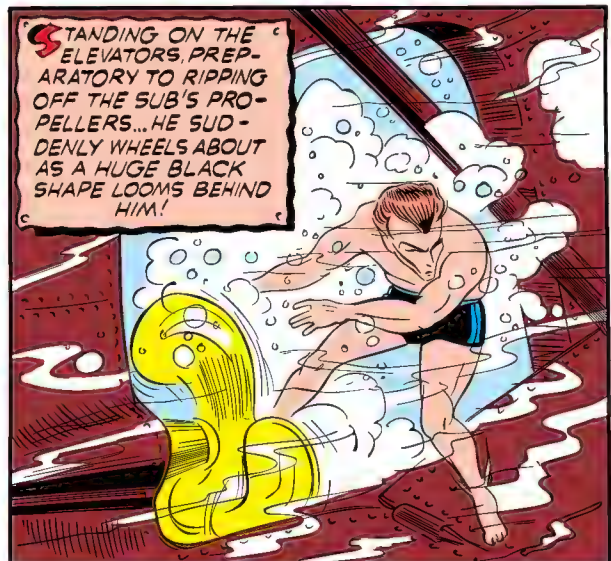
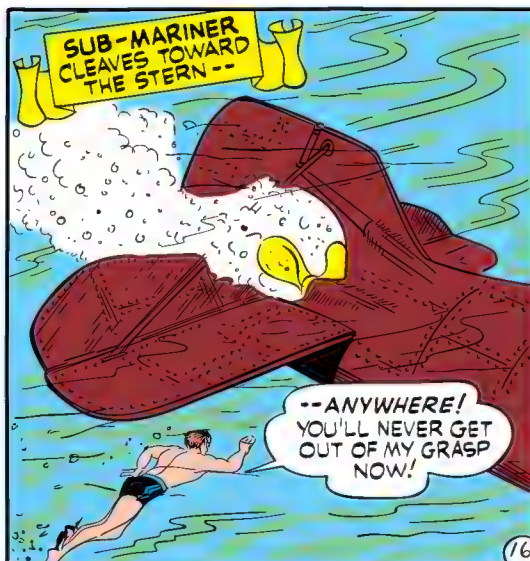
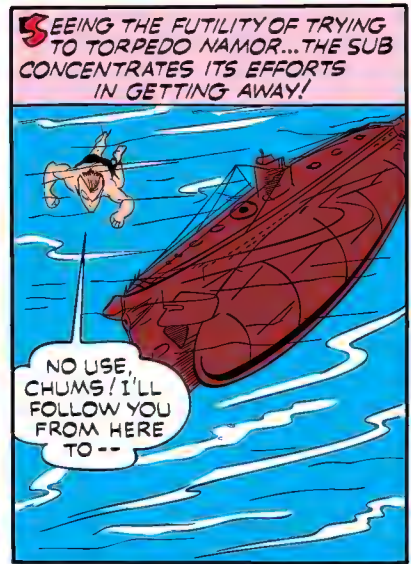
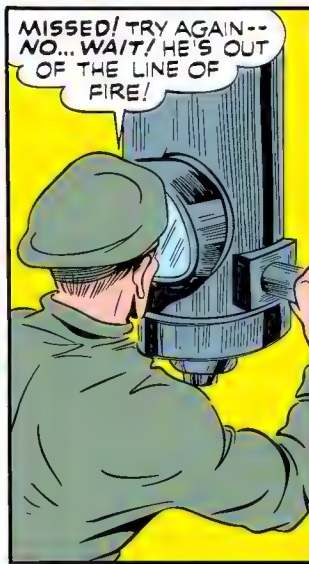
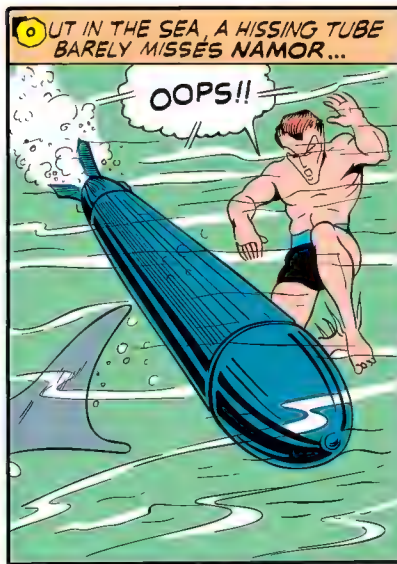
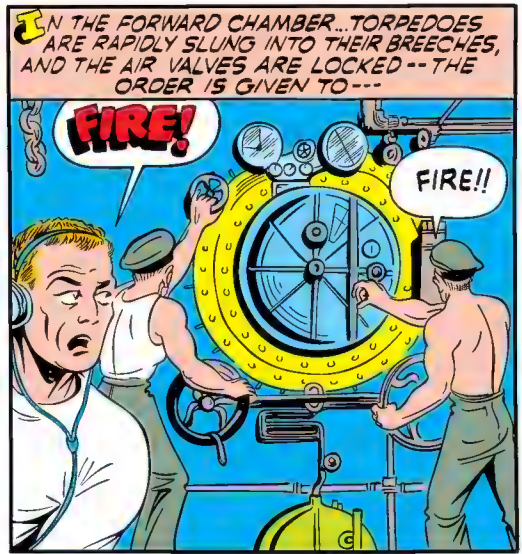
Not **DOES SUB-MARINER
SUSPECT THE PRESENCE
OF SHARKS...THIS FAR
NORTH...**

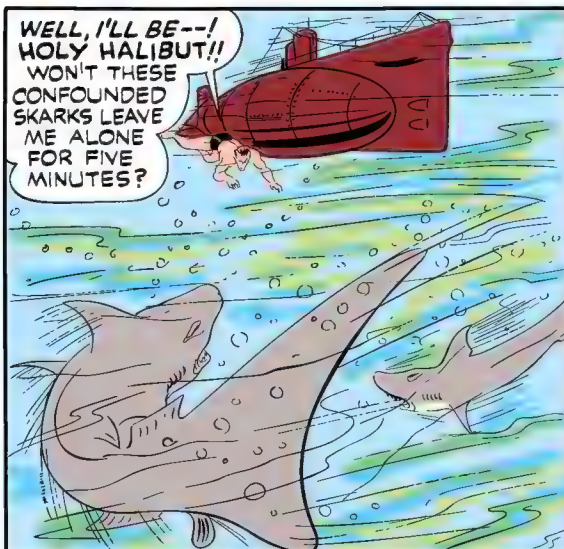
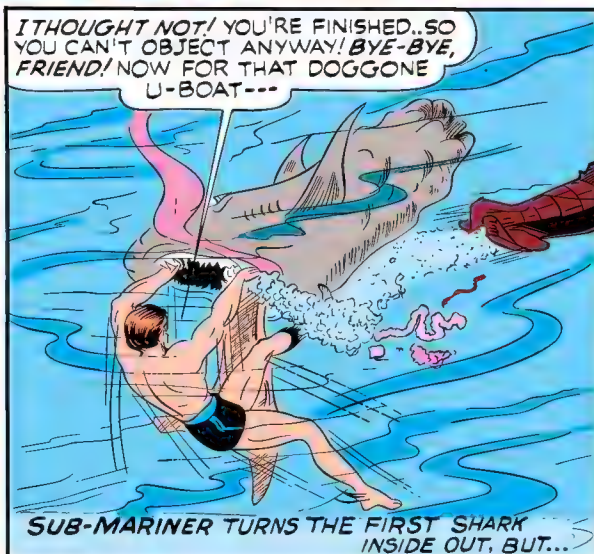
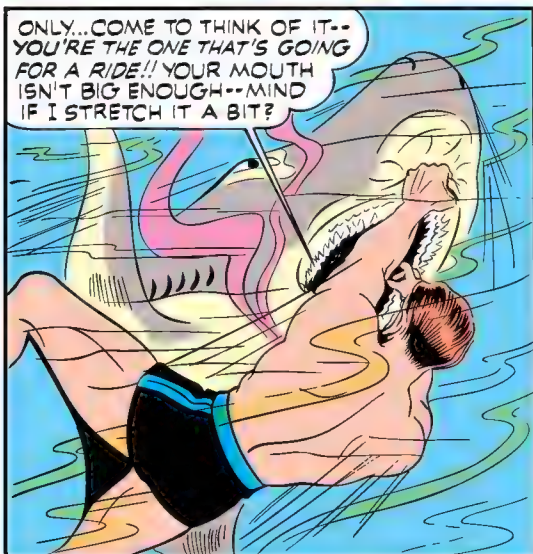
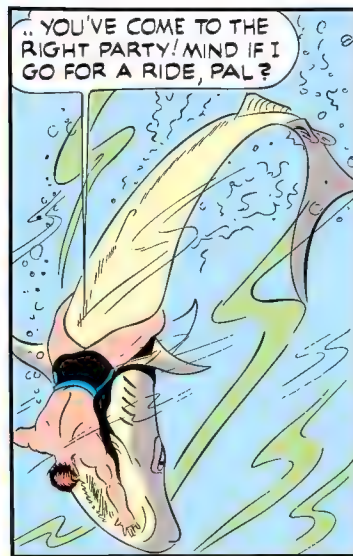
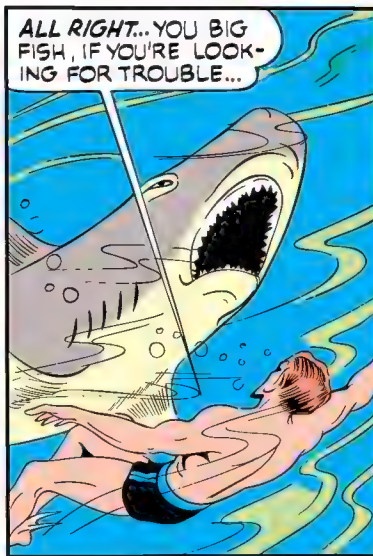


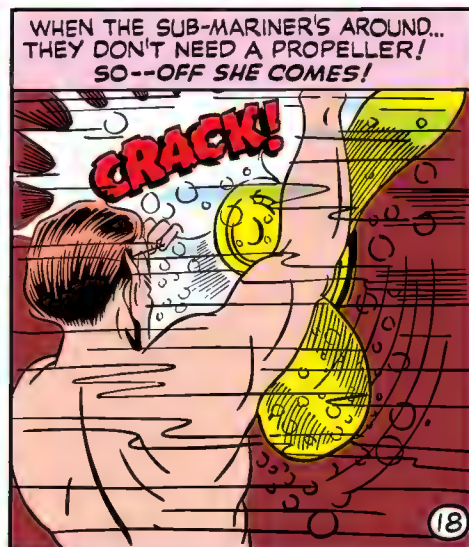
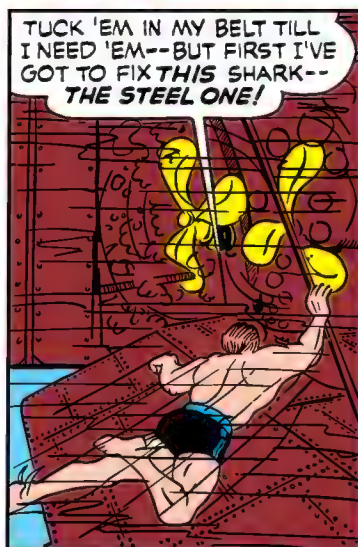
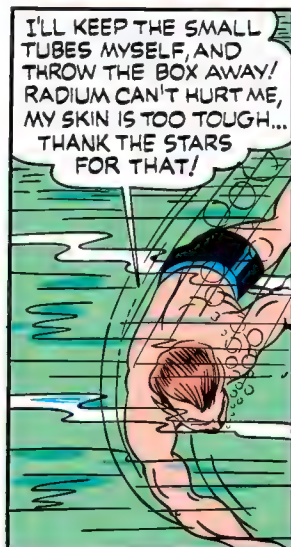
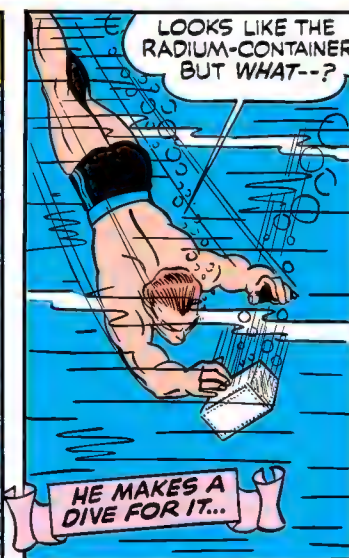
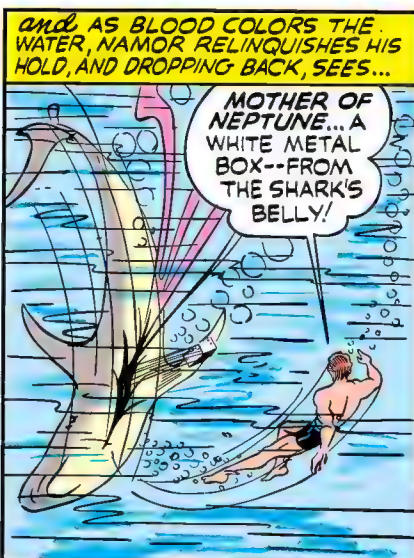
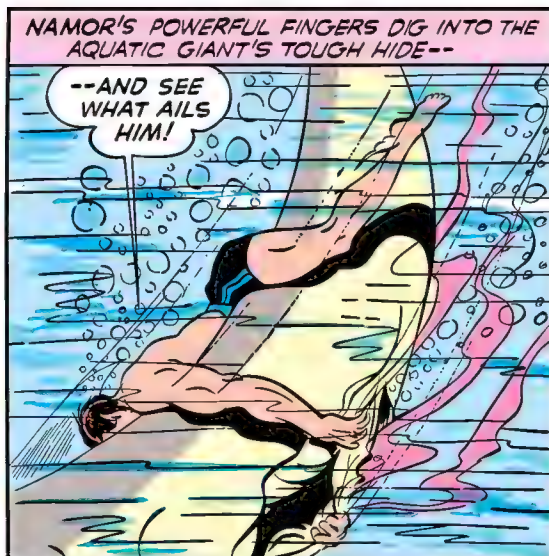
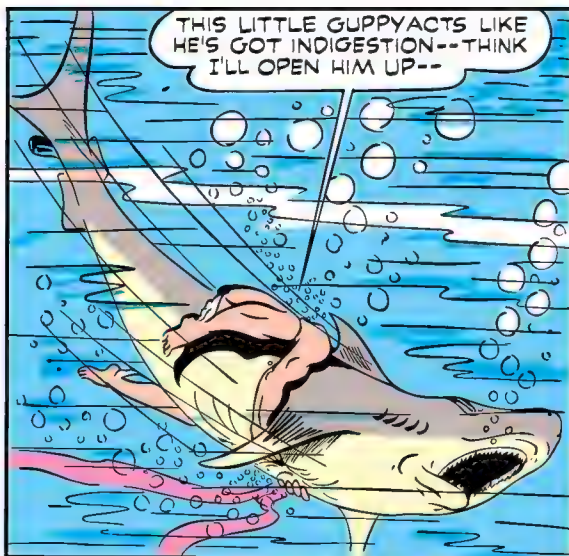


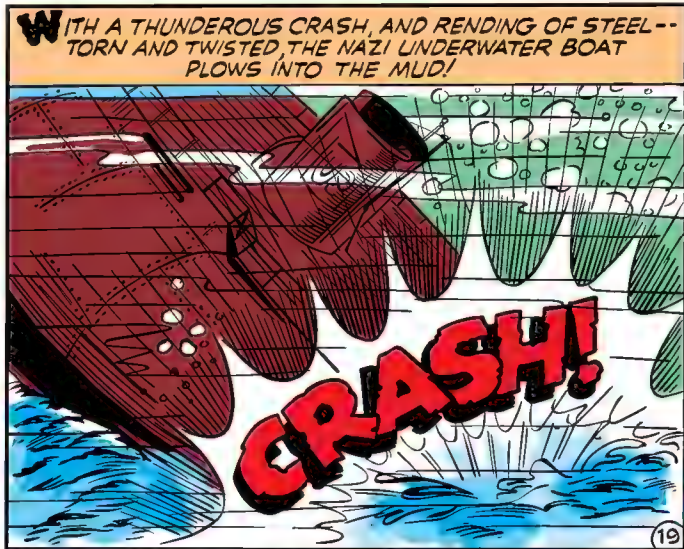
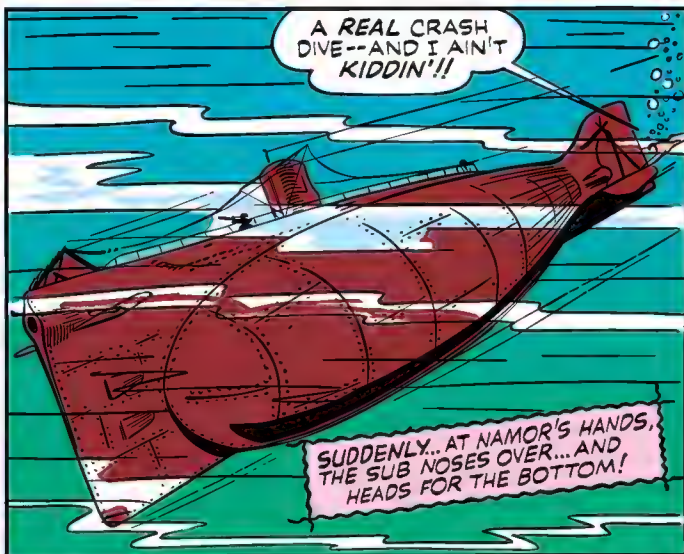
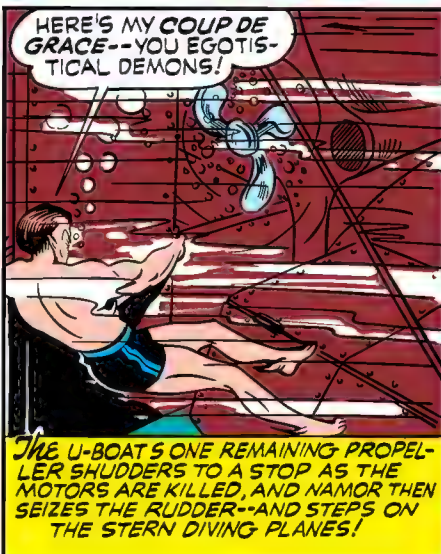
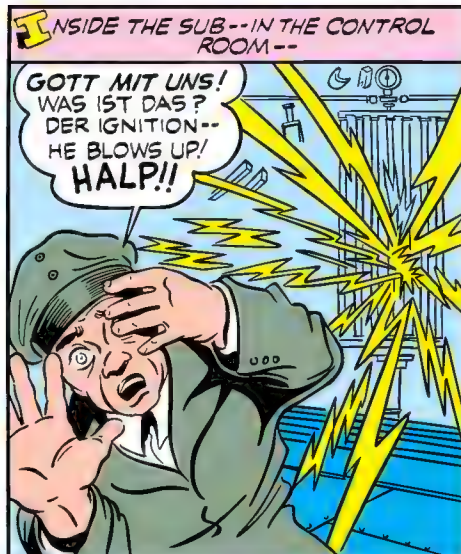
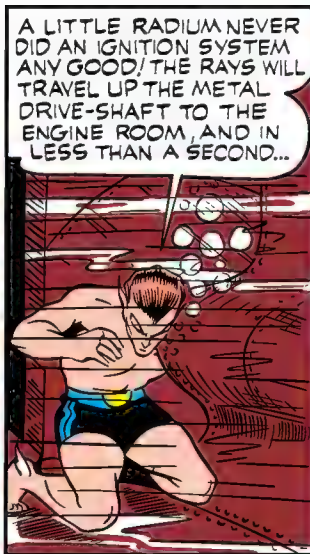
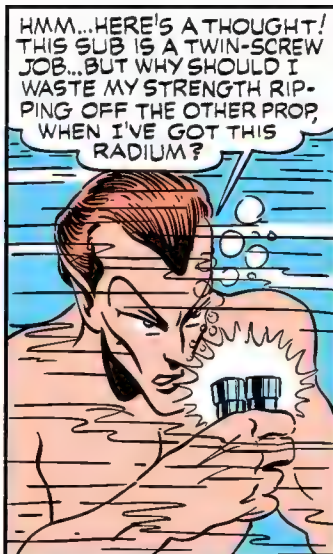


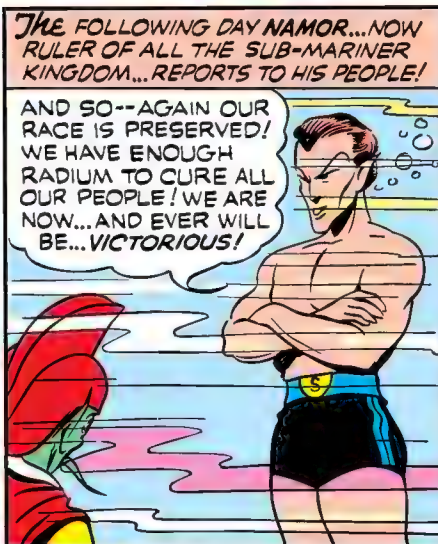
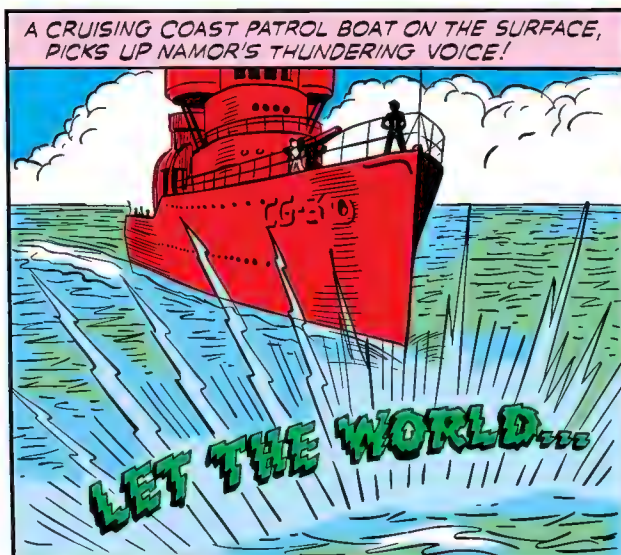
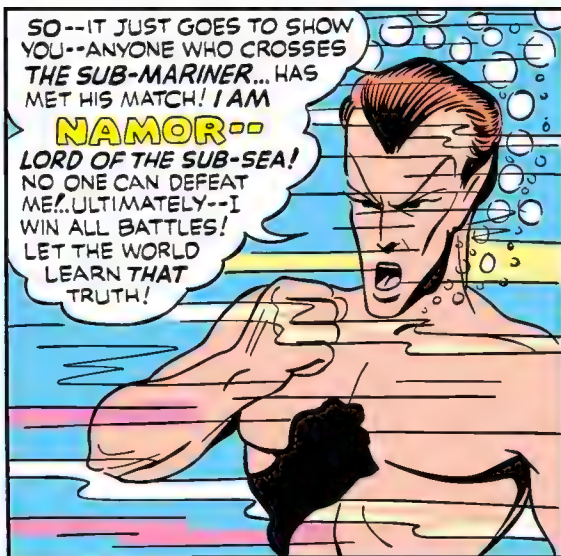
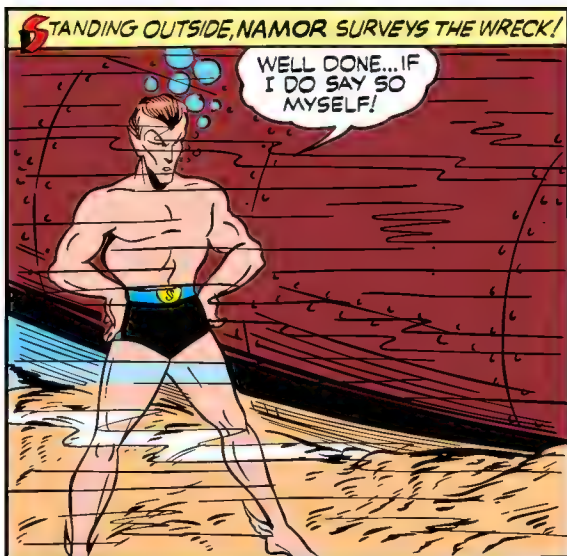
NAMOR
SWINGS BACK TO THE
U-BOAT
and COMMENCES HIS
ATTACK...
Thus ==
Begins ANOTHER
BATTLE ROYAL!
The SUB-MARINER
VERSUS
U-BOAT!







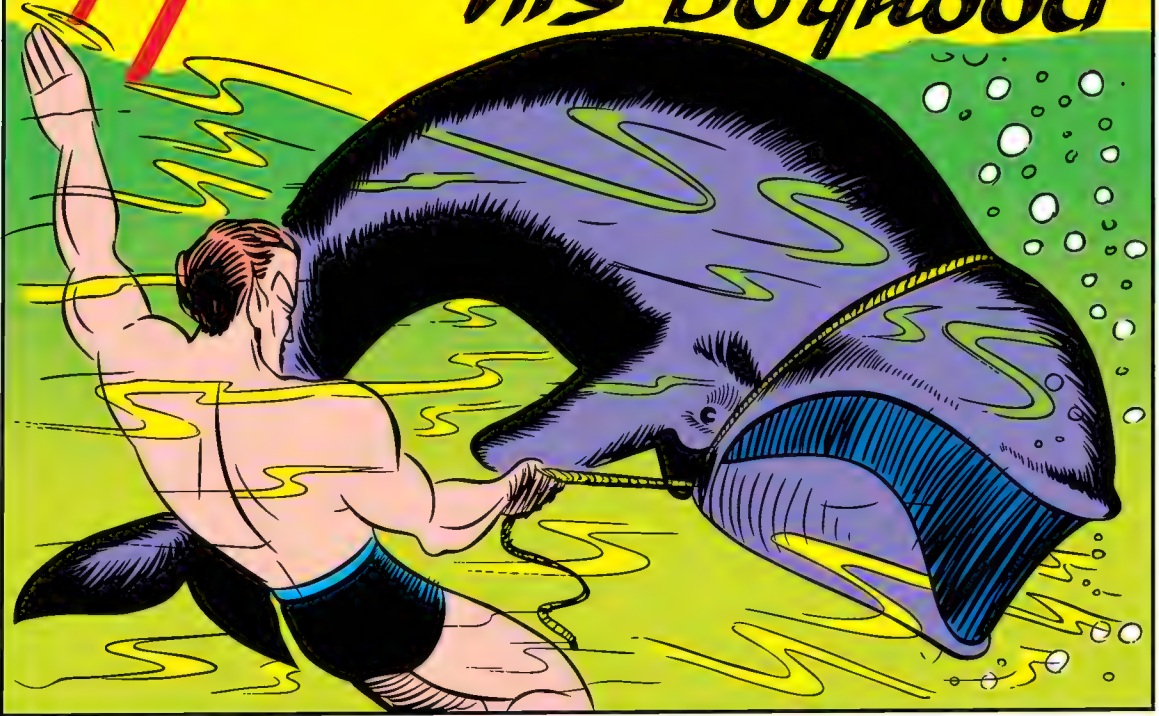


NEXT MONTH--
IN
MARVEL
Comics
THE
SUB-MARINER
COMES BACK TO
THE SCENE OF HIS
MOST
EXCITING
Adventure
NEW
YORK!

Namor...

his boyhood

Namor maneuvered the rope until it was directly in front of the killer whale's head — and then jerked it back while he swam quickly for the surface!



PRINCE NAMOR, the Sub-Mariner, swam silently through the clear, green waters of the Antarctic, happy to be alive. He had just passed his fifteenth birthday — though he didn't celebrate it with a party as we would. Instead, he celebrated by swimming from the underwater kingdom of the Sub-Mariner people to the outside waters, in search of adventure.

Sub-Mariner, though still a boy, was possessed of great strength and ability. Many times he had raced large fish, and stolen rides on the backs of giant turtles . . . but now, being all of fifteen,

he was seeking something greater to accomplish!

"I don't know what this great deed will be," Namor mused as he cut through the water, "but I will know it when I chance upon it! When I have done this thing, I shall be able to accept my place in life in proportion to my years — but not until!"

Suddenly Prince Namor ceased his swimming, and instinctively dove for the protection afforded by a group of undersea rocks. Ahead of him loomed the dim outline of a giant "killer whale"!

"HOLY Catfish!" Namor remembered a story his mother once told him about a giant whale that killed twenty Sub-Mariner hunters before he had been subdued. "If I've been looking for trouble — here it comes!"

Namor deliberated. Should he follow his mother's advice about staying away from killer whales — or should he show his approaching manhood by swimming up to meet the giant single-handed?

He slowly unhooked the long length of tough rope he had been carrying, and suddenly darted

A Sub-Mariner Story

By Ray Gill

toward the huge animal.

"I'll do it!" he cried, filled with the excitement that lay ahead. He swam straight up and under the whale, who was staying strangely close to the surface. He set his trap—simply a large coil of rope with two small bladders, or balloons, on the sides of the loop. These balloons he filled with air from his lungs (he was equipped with the strange Sub-Mariner underwater lungs afforded by nature), and let them carry the loop to the surface.

He maneuvered it until it was directly in front of the whale's head—and then jerked it back while he swam quickly for the surface!

The rope's end stayed loose in his hands for a brief moment but suddenly it jerked so hard he thought his arms were going with it! He felt himself being pulled through the water so fast that it hurt his tough skin!

Namor raised his face and peered ahead through the swirling water. What he saw surprised him. There was another rope on the whale!

"What is it?" He wondered. "Is it possible that others have ridden this whale before me?"

He crept forward on his rope and soon was standing, as on an underwater aquaplane, on the back of the whale close to the other rope. He examined it and found that it was attached to some sort of spear, imbedded in the skin of the mammal.

"This is strange—I have never seen such a spear before!" He grasped the spear (it was a large harpoon) and gave it a strong pull. It came out, sending him spinning backwards off the whale's back!

The killer whale dove deeply, leaving Namor high . . . and wet!

"Oh! oh! He'll turn and come straight at me now!" Namor tried to figure a way of fighting the great underwater beast. "I'm afraid this will be *his* round!" He tensed himself and waited . . .

"Why doesn't he return for the

kill?" the Sub-Mariner wondered. "This is not like the whale my mother spoke of! This one was almost thankful! Yes, that is it . . . he must have known that I have helped him!"

Namor, filled with wonder, swam to the surface of the Antarctic Ocean. "Now I must find the hunter who did this thing!"

Namor broke the surface near a dark, floating mass. He had never seen a boat before, and came up too close.

On board the small dory the five men, sent from the large whaler boat some distance away, were amazed at the sight of the strange face popping out of the water hundreds of miles from land.

The boat was equipped with a large harpoon gun in the bow, and the men were armed with rifles. They had harpooned the killer whale, but it had escaped. The men studied the Sub-Mariner in the water . . . and he studied *them*!

"What are these people who sit in bowls on top of the water?" Namor pondered as he swam toward them, heedless of fear. He reached the side of the boat and started to pull himself up—but the man at the harpoon gun, frightened, smashed the side of a harpoon down on him!

Namor, not expecting the blow, felt the full force of it—and dropped back into the water . . . unconscious!

"**PULL** him in!—whatever he is! We should get a good price from a museum for his body!" They hauled the unconscious Namor aboard, and proceeded to tie him up. "We will take him back—but if he tries to fight . . . shoot him!"

"But what about the whale?" one of the crew asked.

"This is more valuable to us than five whales!" the leader said. "This man is obviously something like a mermaid—only it's a male! I have never heard of

such a thing before. Men, we have made an important discovery!"

They started to row back to the ship with the bound Sub-Mariner.

Far below the surface the killer whale still churned the sea. It felt the loss of the harpoon—and its sharp eyes followed the swimming Sub-Mariner.

Something made the whale realize that he had made a friend. He waited for the Sub-Mariner to come back into the water to get a better look at his new friend. But Namor didn't return. He was in the boat!

The whale shot to the surface—fearful that his new friend had met with pain at the hands of the strange men, as he had!

His great hulk hit the bottom of the boat, cracking it in two—and spilling the occupants into the sea! His keen eyes waited for the form that was the Sub-Mariner's . . . instead he saw six bodies—all similar!

Thinking that they were all like his new friend, the whale turned, and gratefully swam away.

The whalers, floundering in the icy water, shouted at the tops of their lungs. Aboard the large whaler boat the lookout heard them and another boat was sent to their rescue.

Meanwhile, Sub-Mariner, sinking to the depths with his bound arms and legs, regained consciousness. He quickly broke his bonds and rubbed his aching head.

"What has happened?" he asked himself. "It all seems like a dream. First I meet with a killer whale that does not kill—and then I see men that are afraid of water, and sit in a hollow shell!"

"It is a strange world—with men who kill and whales who don't, but then—as my mother has often cautioned me, I am young . . . and can't expect to understand everything in one lifetime!"

THE END

THE ANGEL

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1940
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and
the

HOUSE of HORROR

by
Paul
Gustavson

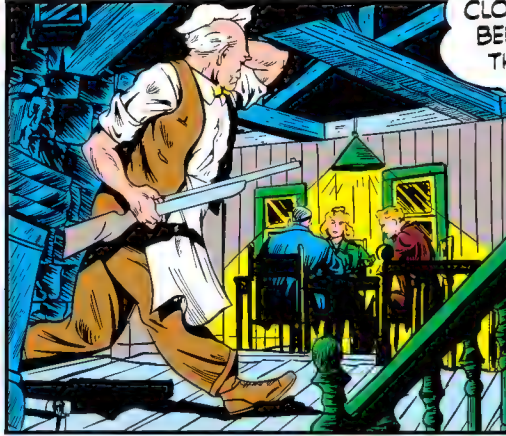


EERIE, SINISTER SHADOWS DANCE IN THE TROPICAL MOONLIGHT LIKE SOMETHING RISING FROM THE VERY TOMBS OF DEATH ITSELF -- A COLD, DEATH-LIKE STILLNESS HAS CREPT OVER THE ENTIRE JUNGLE -- DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE BOLTED IN THE SCATTERED NATIVE HUTS -- AND THE RESIDENTS SHIVER WITH HORROR BEHIND THEIR PRIMITIVE PROTECTION. LOOMING ACROSS AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD, A FULL MOON CASTS ITS LIGHT THROUGH A HOVERING MIST ON THE OLD CASTLE DE SABATINO... KNOWN TO ALL AS THE GREAT HOUSE OF HORROR... FOR ALL WHO HAVE VENTURED PAST ITS GATES HAVE DIED... OR HAVE RETURNED -- **RAVING MAD!**

NOT FAR FROM THE GREAT HOUSE OF HORROR IS THE SMALL SEAPORT OF SABATINO...ENGULFED IN DARKNESS SAVE ONLY THE LIGHTS BURNING IN THE RED FEATHER INN...



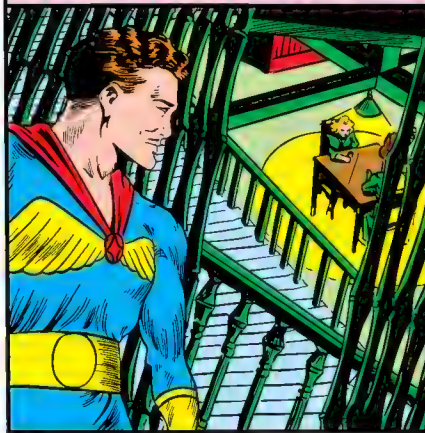
WITHIN ITS WALLS, A JITTERY BARTENDER PACES UP AND DOWN... GUN IN HAND!



BLIMEY ...WHY DON'T YOU THREE BLOKES GO HOME, AN' LET A GOOD CHRISTIAN CLOSE HIS BLASTED JOINT BEFORE THE **THINGS** SEE THE LIGHTS AND KILL US ALL?



DISREGARDING THE BARTENDER'S PLEAS, THE THREE GUESTS --- RICARDO AMEGOS, CUBAN TOBACCO KING...TEX CARVIL, A WEALTHY ADVENTURER... AND JANE TRAVERS, LAST AND SOLE HEIR TO THE HOUSE OF HORROR... CONTINUE THEIR CONVERSATION!

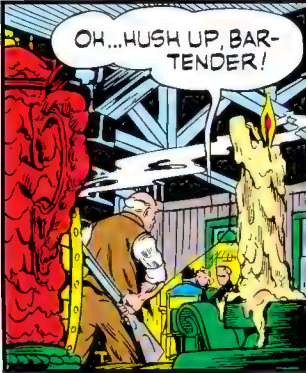


THE CASTLE IS WORTHLESS TO ANYONE--NAME YOUR PRICE, AND I'LL PAY, IT--- JUST SO YOU WON'T GO THERE!

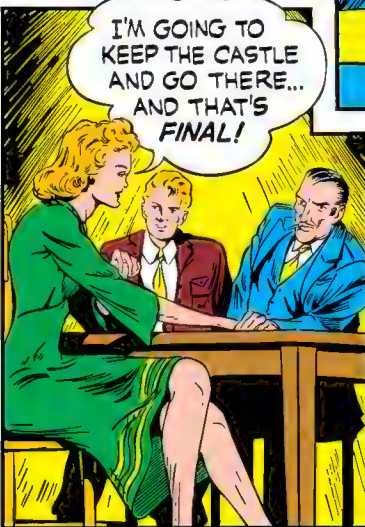


NO... RICARDO, NO!

OH...HUSH UP, BARTENDER!

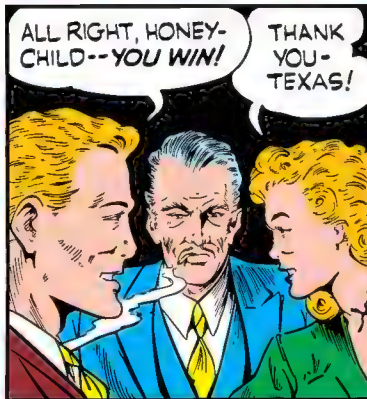


I'M GOING TO KEEP THE CASTLE AND GO THERE... AND THAT'S **FINAL!**

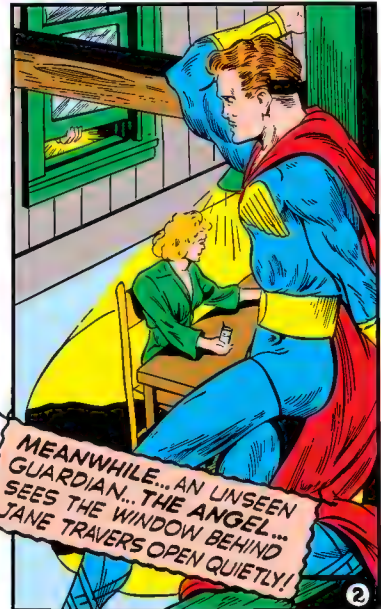


ALL RIGHT, HONEY-CHILD--YOU WIN!

THANK YOU-TEXAS!



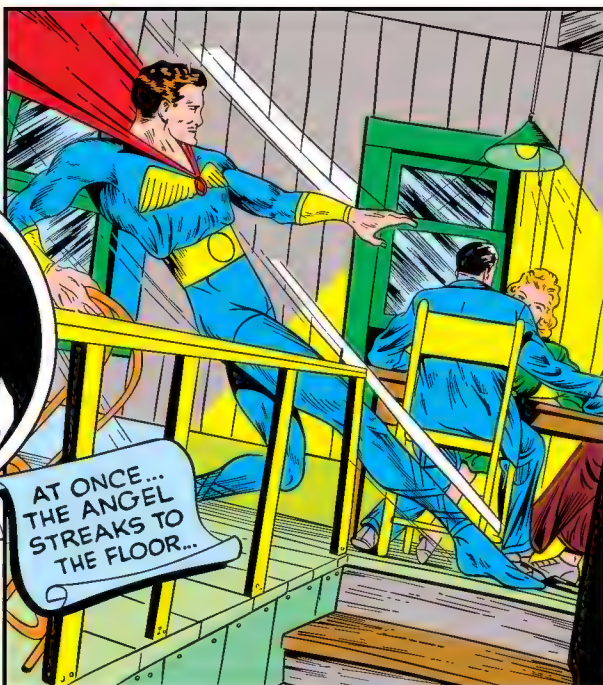
MEANWHILE... AN UNSEEN GUARDIAN... THE ANGEL... SEES THE WINDOW BEHIND JANE TRAVERS OPEN QUIETLY!



First... A HIDEOUS
FACE APPEARS--

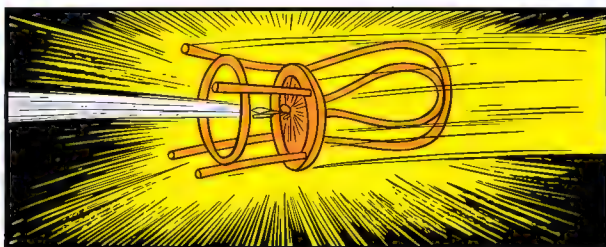
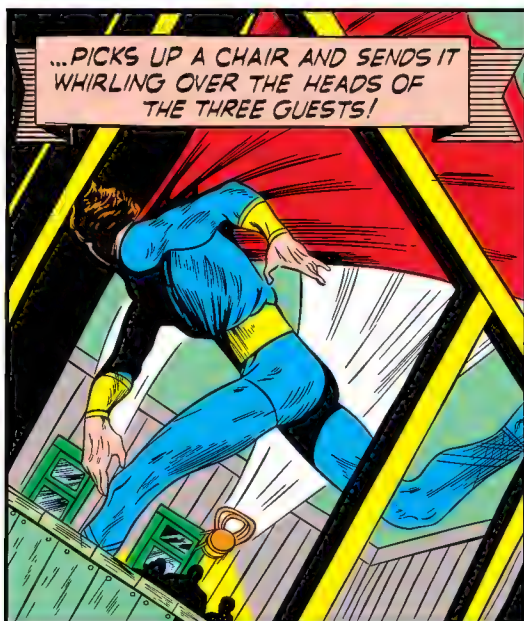


Then... A BONY
HAND, HOLDING A
DART WITH A
NOTE ATTACHED...
DRAWS BACK--

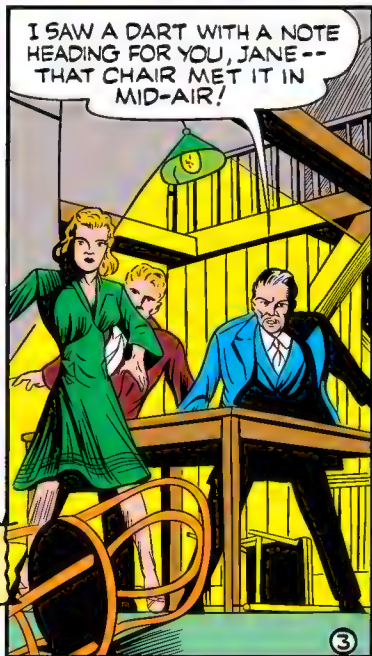


AT ONCE...
THE ANGEL
STREAKS TO
THE FLOOR...

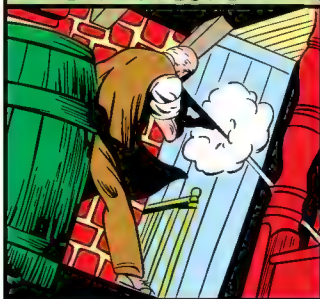
...PICKS UP A CHAIR AND SENDS IT
WHIRLING OVER THE HEADS OF
THE THREE GUESTS!



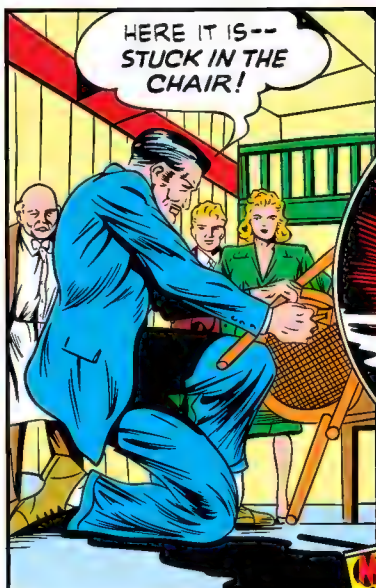
I SAW A DART WITH A NOTE
HEADING FOR YOU, JANE --
THAT CHAIR MET IT IN
MID-AIR!



INSTINCTIVELY, THE BAR-
TENDER FIRES HIS GUN
AND-- A BULLET WHINES
ACROSS THE ROOM IN THE
ANGEL'S DIRECTION--



--BUT THE ELUSIVE SPEED DEMON IS
ALREADY ON HIS WAY OUT OF A SMALL
WINDOW AT THE TOP OF THE INN!



HERE IT IS--
STUCK IN THE
CHAIR!



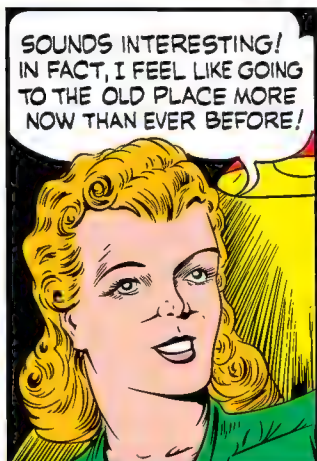
GOOD
HEAVENS!!



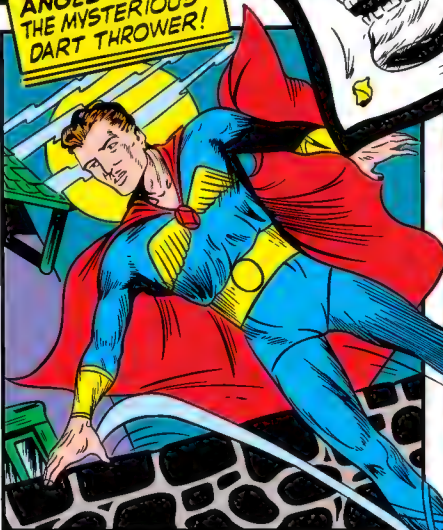
WHAT
IS IT?

THE LAUGHING
SKULL... FOUND IN
THE POSSESSION OF
ALL THOSE WHO DARED
THE MYSTERIES OF
THE CASTLE DE
SABATINO!

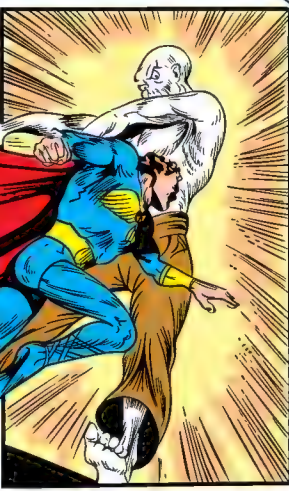
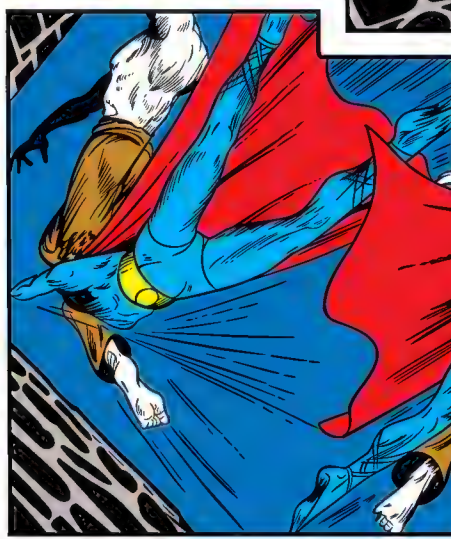
MEANWHILE...THE
ANGEL PURSUES
THE MYSTERIOUS
DART THROWER!



SOUNDS INTERESTING!
IN FACT, I FEEL LIKE GOING
TO THE OLD PLACE MORE
NOW THAN EVER BEFORE!



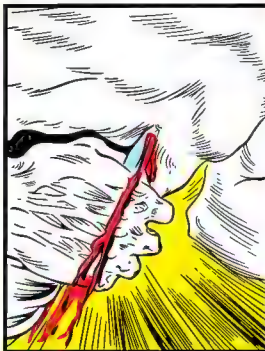
THERE
HE IS!



VICIOUS, POUNDING BLOWS SOON
STAGGER THE HIDEOUS CREATURE--



Then... AS HE DROPS
TO THE GROUND...
HE DRAWS A TINY
DART FROM HIS
SASH, AND JABS HIM-
SELF WITH IT!



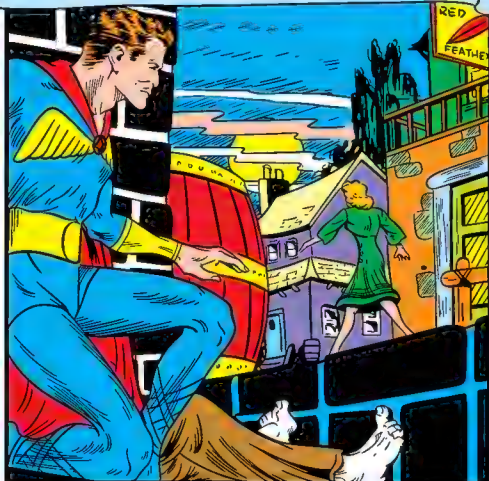
AT ONCE, HIS BODY BEGINS
TO TWIST AND SHRIVEL---



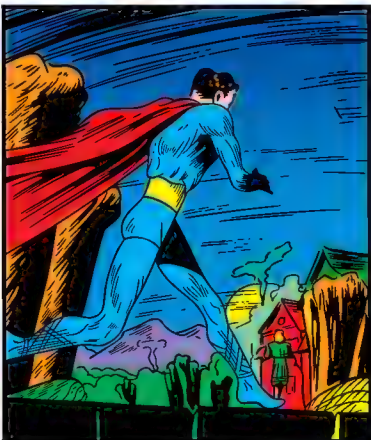
--BEFORE LONG,
ALL THAT IS
LEFT OF HIM
IS A DRAWN,
ALMOST
SKELETON-LIKE
FORM!



WHILE STUDYING THIS STRANGE PHENOMENON--THE ANGEL SEES JANE TRAVERS
LEAVE THE RED FEATHER INN...ALONE!



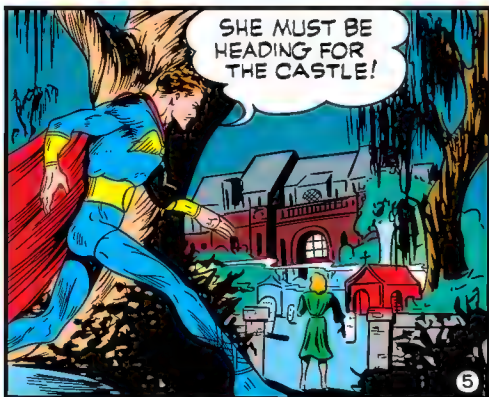
REALIZING HER DANGER, HE
FOLLOWS UNSEEN AND
UNHEARD--



---HIS EVER
WATCHING EYES
COVERING EVERY
SHADOW!



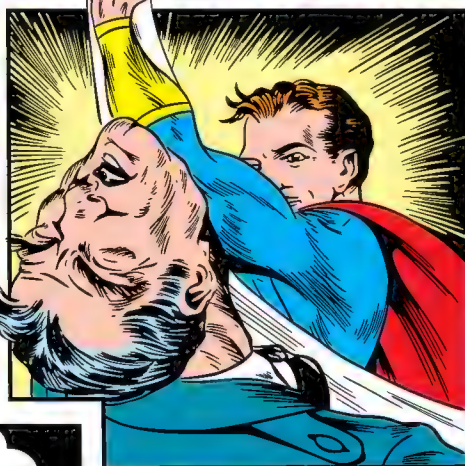
SHE MUST BE
HEADING FOR
THE CASTLE!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE DARKNESS... MILITARY POLICE SPRING UPON THE ANGEL...

WHAT TH--??

DON'T TELL ME I DIDN'T WARN YOU GUYS... I DIDN'T START THIS!

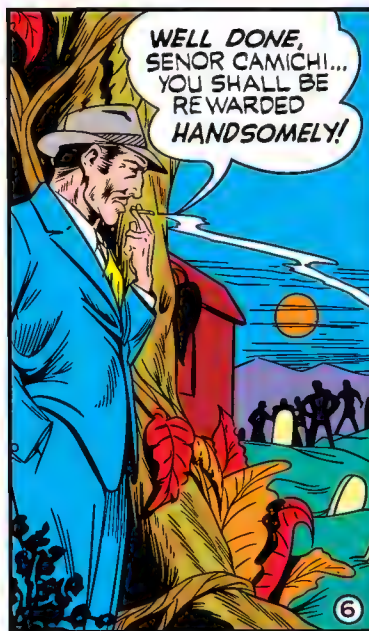


But THE OVERWHELMING ODDS ARE TOO GREAT FOR THE ANGEL TO OVERCOME, AND HE IS SOON PRESSED TO THE GROUND!

THROW THE PEEG IN THE BASTILE, AND DON'T ASK ME WHY AGAIN!



WELL DONE, SENOR CAMICHI!... YOU SHALL BE REWARDED HANDSOMELY!

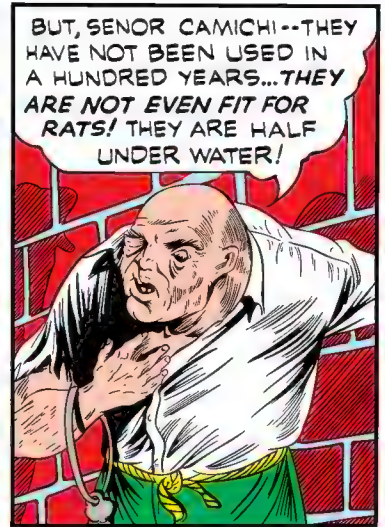




WITH DEATH THE MASTER OF JANE'S FATE--THE ANGEL IS TAKEN TO THE BASTILE ON AN ISLAND IN THE HARBOR!

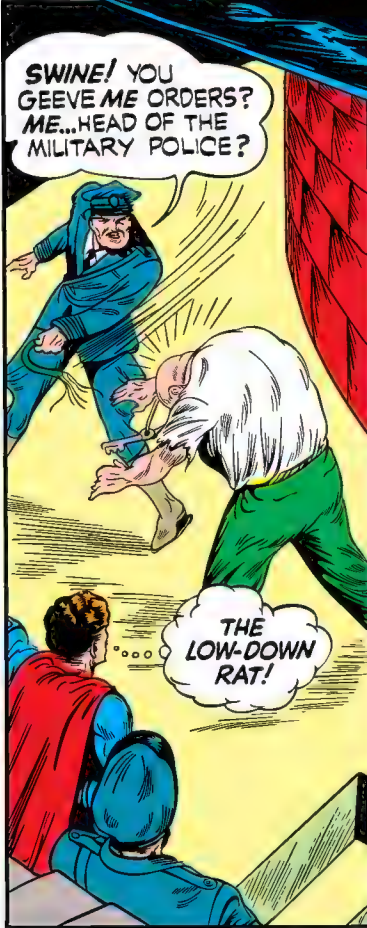


THROW HIM INTO THE DUNGEONS!



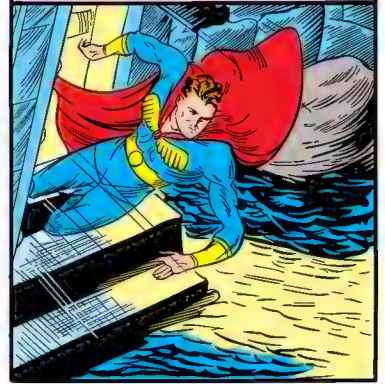
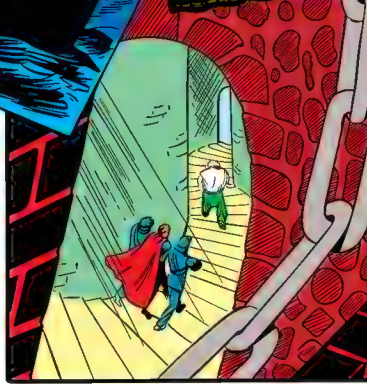
BUT, SENOR CAMICHI--THEY HAVE NOT BEEN USED IN A HUNDRED YEARS...THEY ARE NOT EVEN FIT FOR RATS! THEY ARE HALF UNDER WATER!

THE ANGEL IS LED INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE NOTORIOUS BASTILE--



SWINE! YOU GEEVE ME ORDERS? ME...HEAD OF THE MILITARY POLICE?

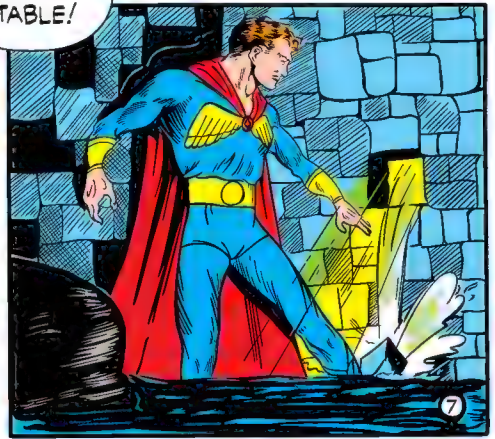
THE LOW-DOWN RAT!



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER, A STONE IN THE WALL IS PUSHED IN--

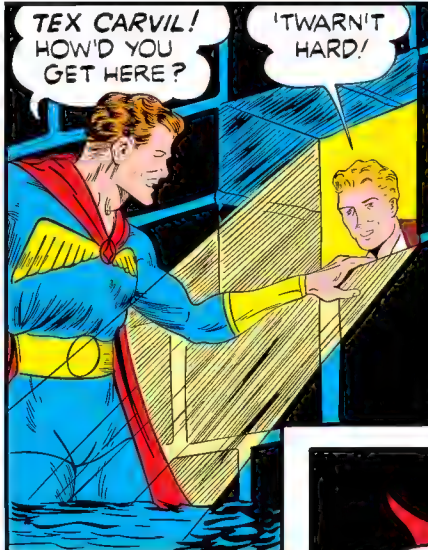


NOTHING LIKE MAKING A GUEST COMFORTABLE!



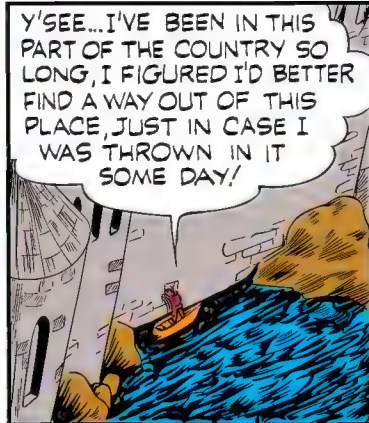


HOWDY, PARTNER!
RECKON YOU WANT
TO GET OUT OF
THIS HOLE!

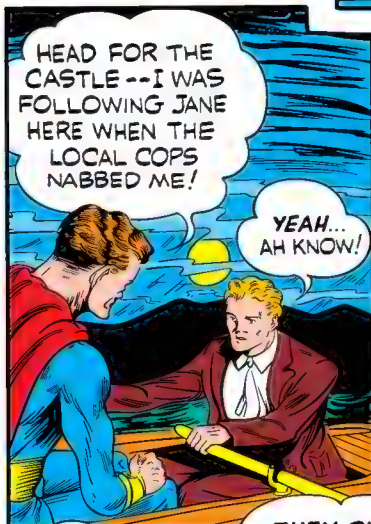


TEX CARVIL!
HOW'D YOU
GET HERE?

'TWARNT
HARD!

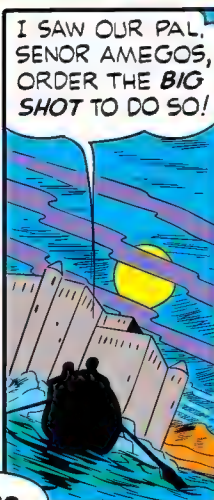


Y'SEE...I'VE BEEN IN THIS
PART OF THE COUNTRY SO
LONG, I FIGURED I'D BETTER
FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS
PLACE, JUST IN CASE I
WAS THROWN IN IT
SOME DAY!

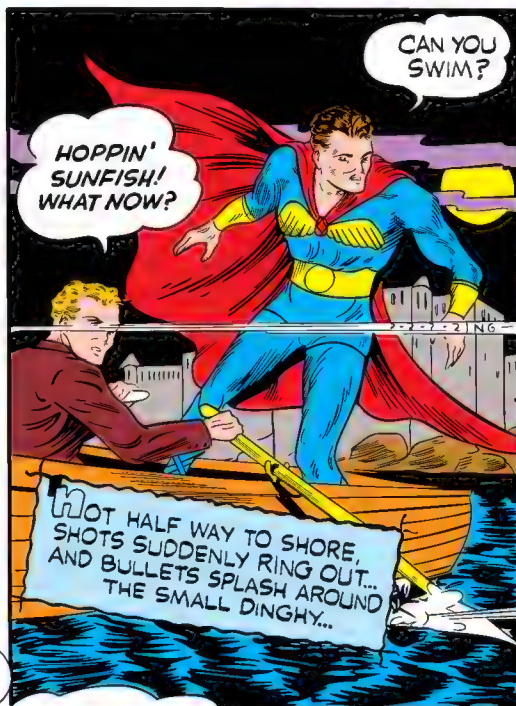


HEAD FOR THE
CASTLE --I WAS
FOLLOWING JANE
HERE WHEN THE
LOCAL COPS
NABBED ME!

YEAH...
AH KNOW!



I SAW OUR PAL,
SENOR AMEGOS,
ORDER THE **BIG**
SHOT TO DO SO!



CAN YOU
SWIM?

HOPPIN'
SUNFISH!
WHAT NOW?

NOT HALF WAY TO SHORE,
SHOTS SUDDENLY RING OUT...
AND BULLETS SPLASH AROUND
THE SMALL DINGHY...



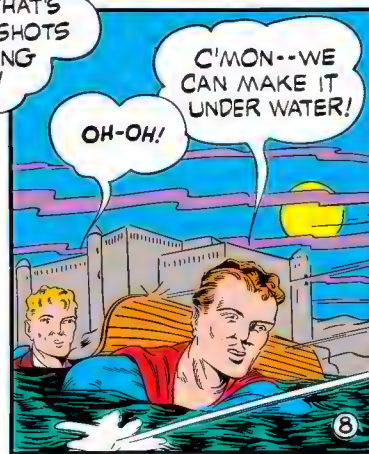
YEP!

THEN OVER
SHE GOES!



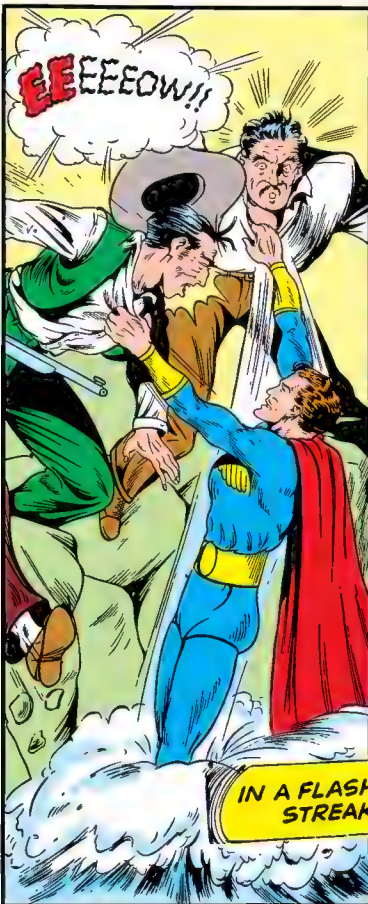
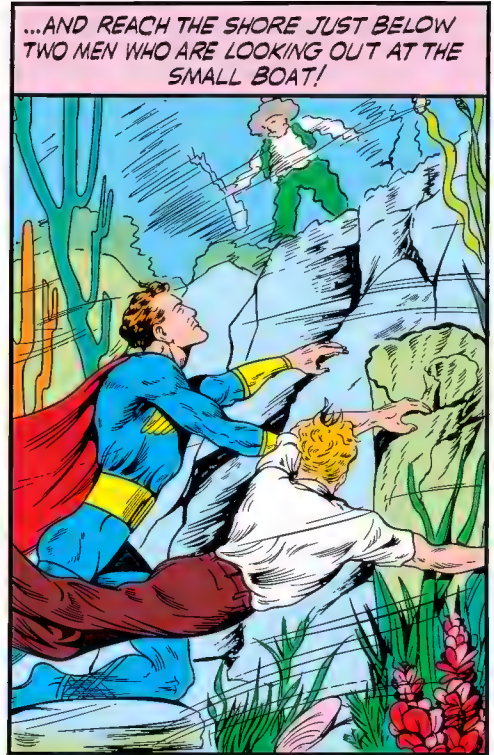
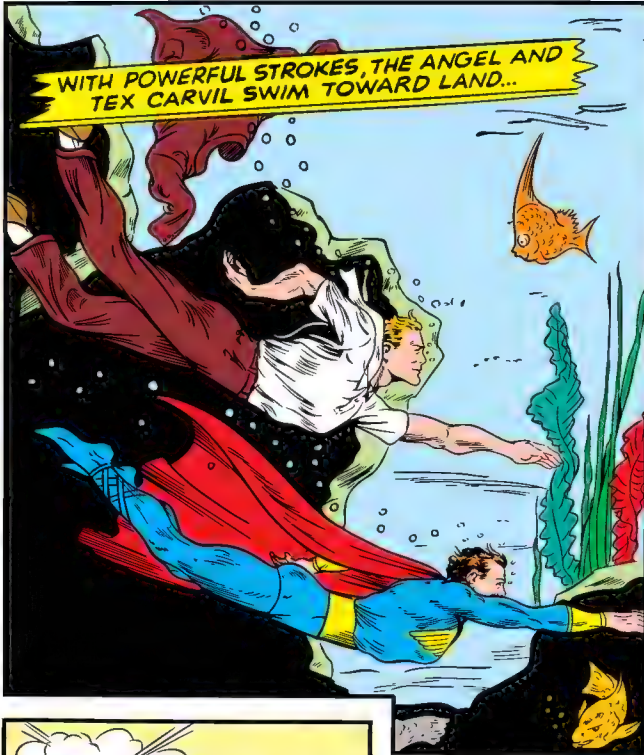
LOOK--OVER
NEAR THE
CASTLE--

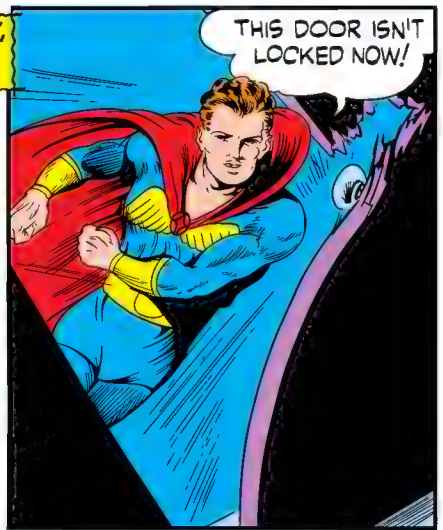
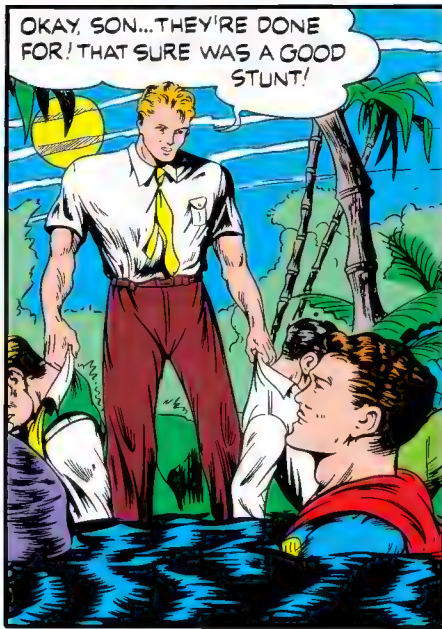
FLASHES... THAT'S
WHERE THE SHOTS
ARE COMING
FROM!



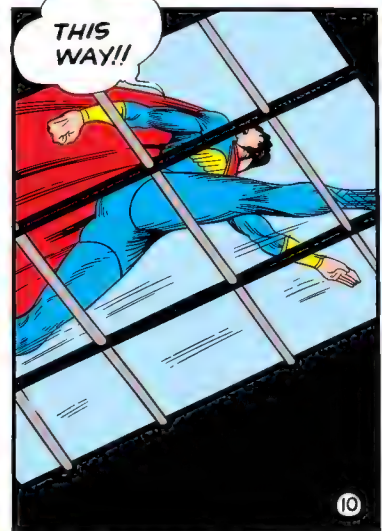
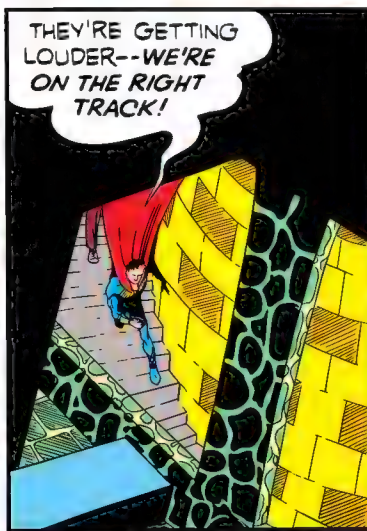
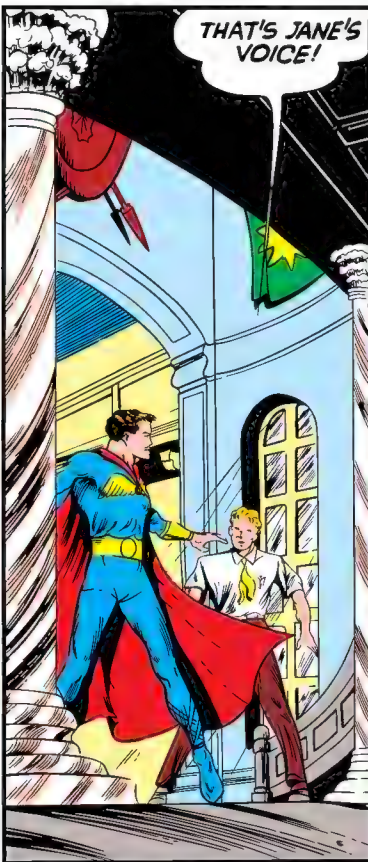
OH-OH!

C'MON--WE
CAN MAKE IT
UNDER WATER!

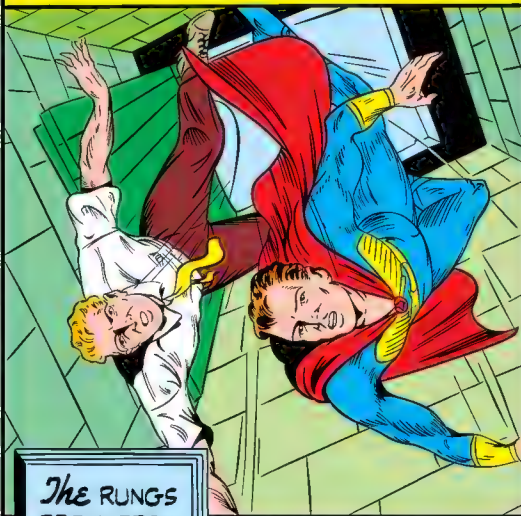




AS THEY ENTER THE CASTLE
SHRILL SCREAMS ECHO
THROUGHOUT ITS SPACIOUS
ROOMS!



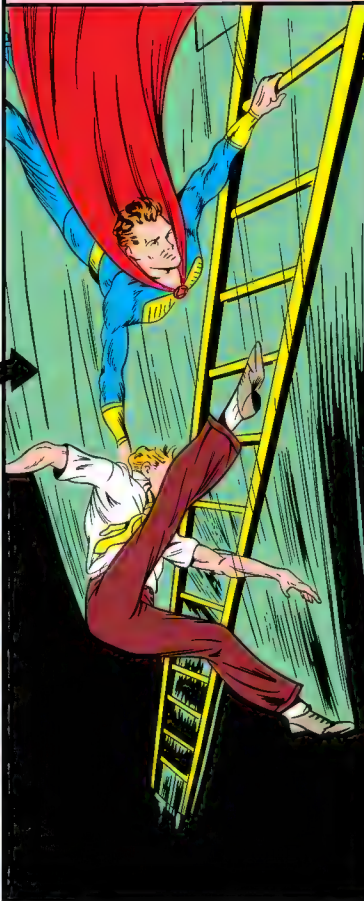
PASSING THROUGH A NARROW CORRIDOR, THE FLOOR SUDDENLY DROPS BELOW THE ANGEL AND CARVIL!



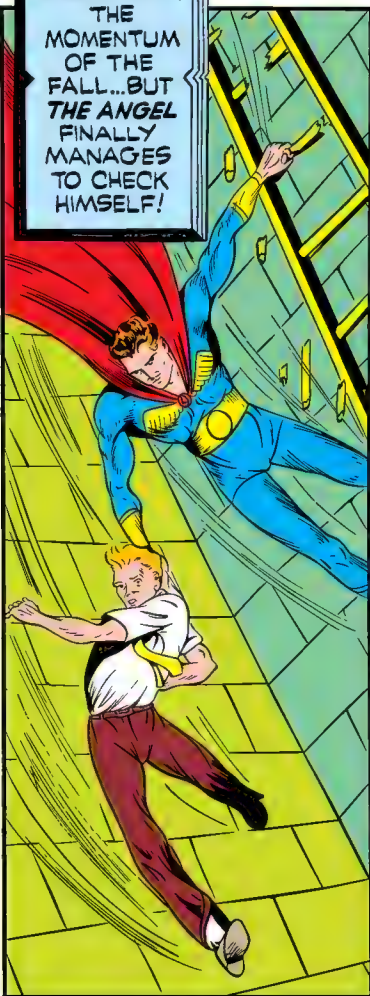
THE ANGEL'S HAND STRIKES OUT, GRABBING CARVIL'S COAT--HOPING TO FIND SOME PLACE TO CATCH HOLD AND SAVE THEMSELVES...



AS THEY STREAK DOWNWARD, THE ANGEL SEES A DOORWAY ON THE SIDE OF THE PIT WITH A LADDER LEADING DOWNWARD FROM IT--AT ONCE THE ANGEL GRASPS IT!



THE RUNGS BREAK FROM THE MOMENTUM OF THE FALL...BUT THE ANGEL FINALLY MANAGES TO CHECK HIMSELF!

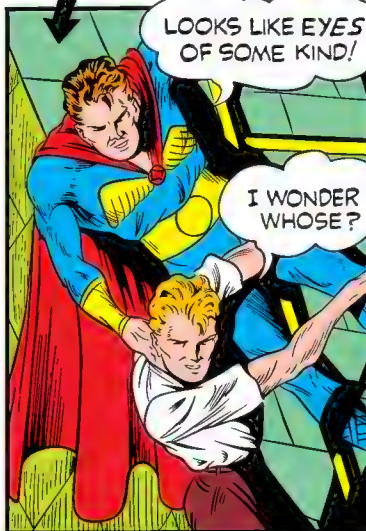


WELL, I'LL BE--HEY--LOOK DOWN THERE!



LOOKS LIKE EYES OF SOME KIND!

I WONDER WHOSE?

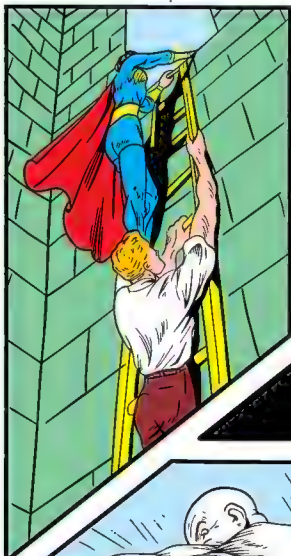


WE'RE NOT FINDING OUT NOW--WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!

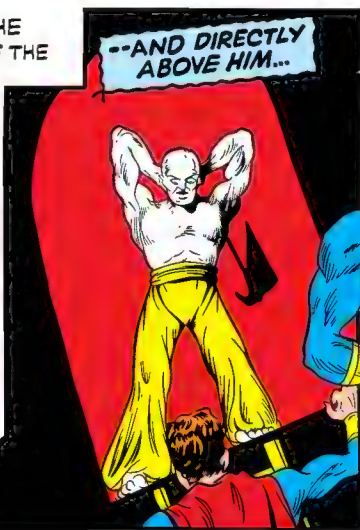
OKAY..BUT I'M STILL CURIOUS!



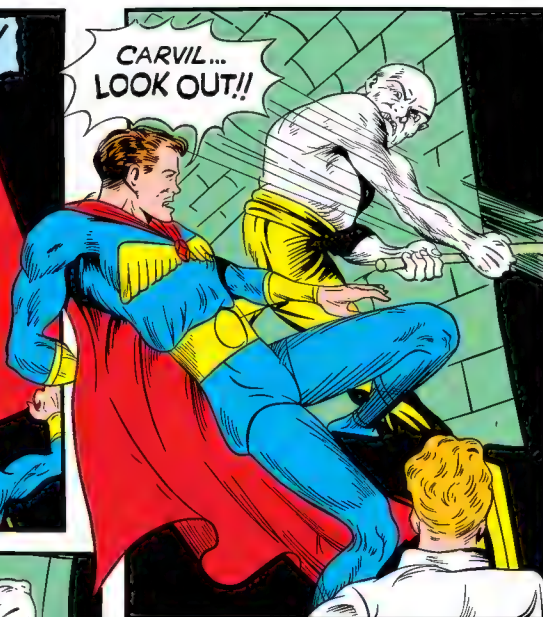
The ANGEL REACHES THE
OPENING AT THE SIDE OF THE
PIT, FIRST--



--AND DIRECTLY
ABOVE HIM--



CARVIL...
LOOK OUT!!



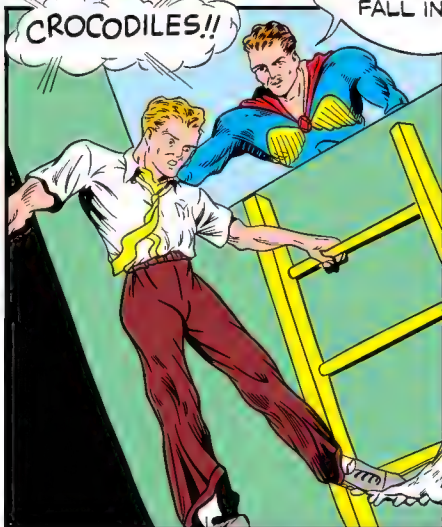
A QUICK SHIFT, AND THE
ANGEL SENDS THE WEIRD
CREATURE INTO THE PIT!



HORRIFYING YELLS AND
GROWLS BELLOW FROM
THE ABYSS!

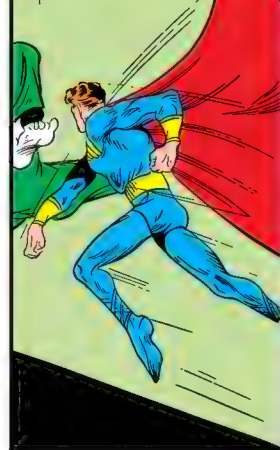
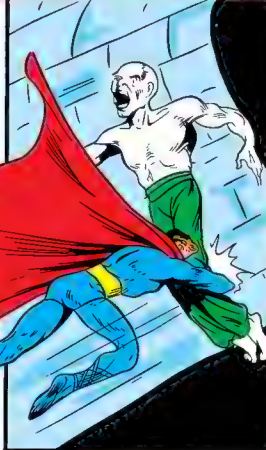
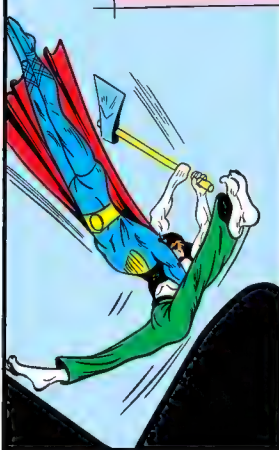


CROCODILES!!

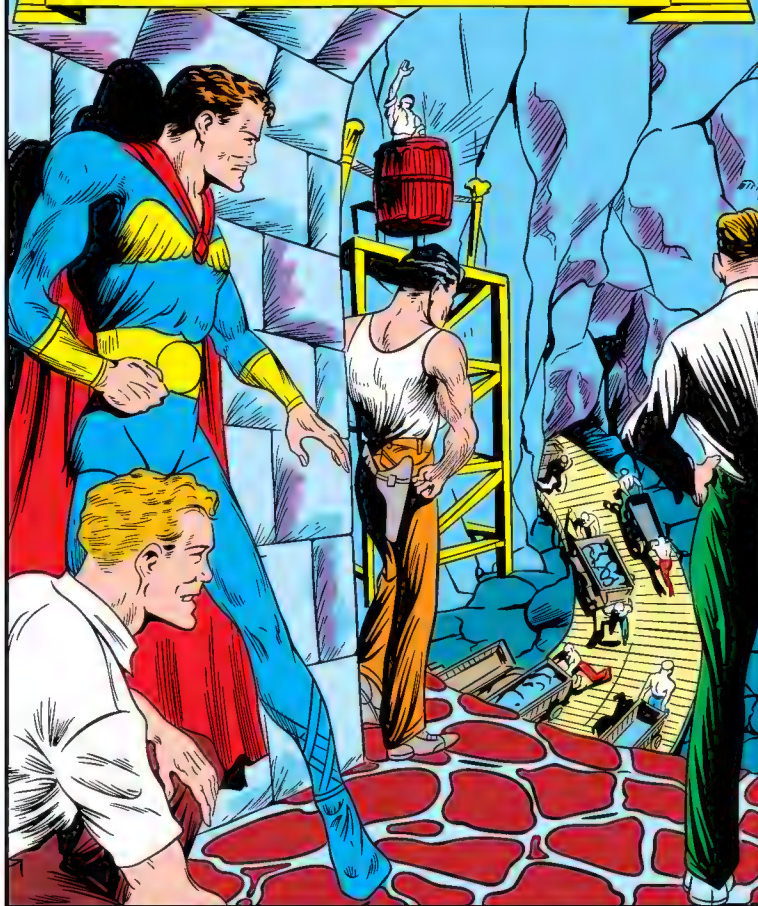


C'MON--
BEFORE YOU
FALL IN!

FOLLOWING THE CORRIDOR TO ITS END... THE ANGEL ENCOUNTERS MORE OF THESE STRANGE, LIVID WHITE MEN!



Then, THE ANGEL AND CARVIL COME UPON A LARGE OPEN SPACE---A GOLD MINE! TWO ARMED MEN GUARD THE EXIT OF THE TUNNEL, HIGH ON A PLATFORM--A HUGE DRUM BEATS A RUMBLING MONOTONE--ALWAYS THE SAME RHYTHMICAL BEAT!



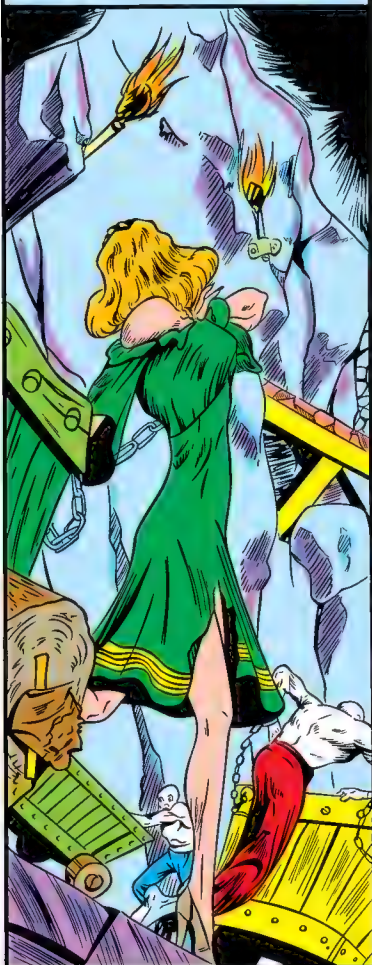
SO THIS IS WHY NO ONE RETURNED FROM THE HOUSE OF HORROR... SANE! THIS GOLD MINE--AND THAT DRUM--IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE ANYONE CRAZY! CARVIL...THESE WEIRD PEOPLE--THEY'RE ZOMBIES!!



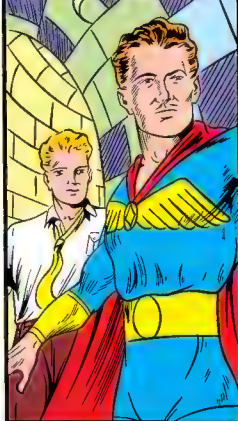
THAT GIANT DRUM KEEPS THEM MOVING, AS THAT'S ALL THEY CAN HEAR-- HOLY MACKEREL!



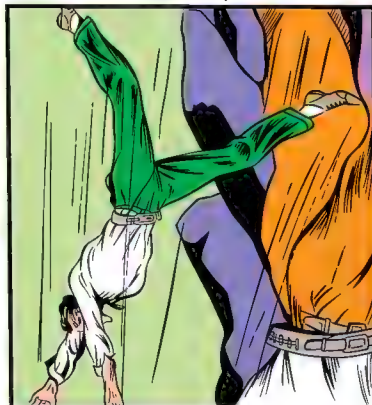
THE ANGEL SEES JANE COMING OUT OF THE MINE-SHAFT PULLING ONE OF THE CARTS--CHAINED TO IT LIKE AN ANIMAL!



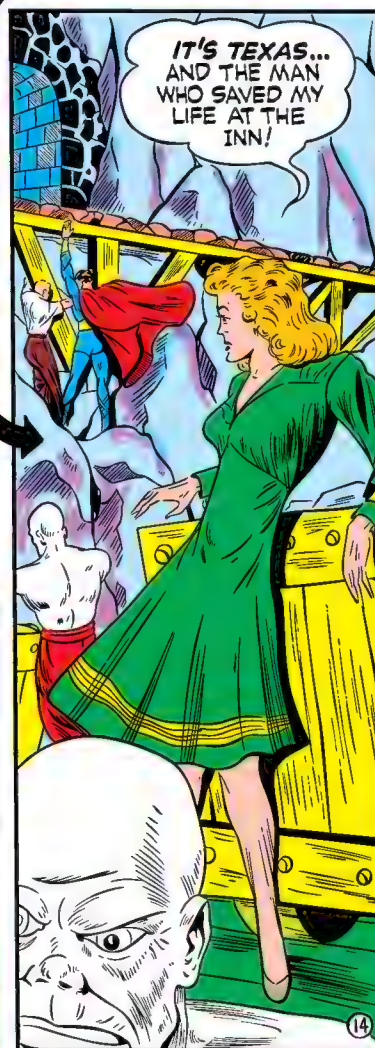
GET SET, TEXAS--WE'RE MOVING IN!



SENT REELING OVER THE LEDGE, THE TWO GUARDS MEET THEIR DOOM ON THE ROCKS BELOW!



IT'S TEXAS... AND THE MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE AT THE INN!



HELLO, HONEY CHILD--WHAT'S THAT?

IT SOUNDS LIKE A LAUGH I DON'T LIKE!



WELL--I WASN'T WRONG ABOUT MY GUESS AS TO WHO TURNED THIS CASTLE INTO THE HOUSE OF HORROR!





HEH-HEH-HEH!!
AND HOW DO YOU
THINK YOU WILL
ESCAPE? THE
ONLY EXIT IS
UP HERE!



RICARDO AMEGOS!
WELL...OF ALL THE
LOW DOWN SWINE!

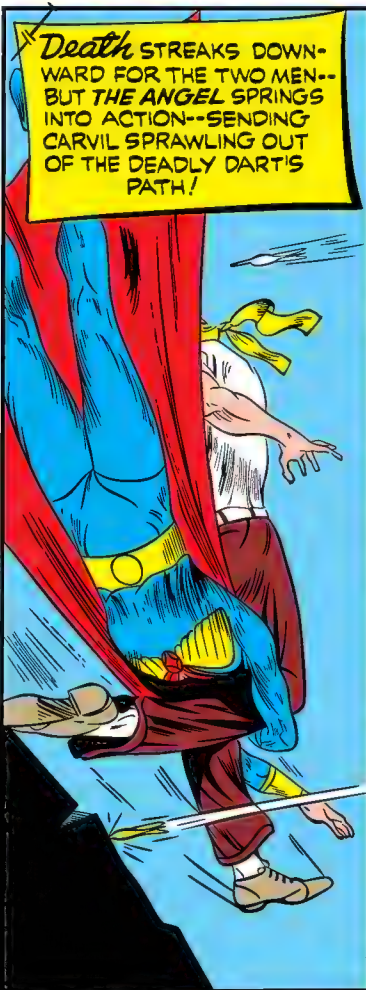


SO I'M A SWINE, EH? HERE'S
SOMETHING FOR THE
BOTH OF YOU!

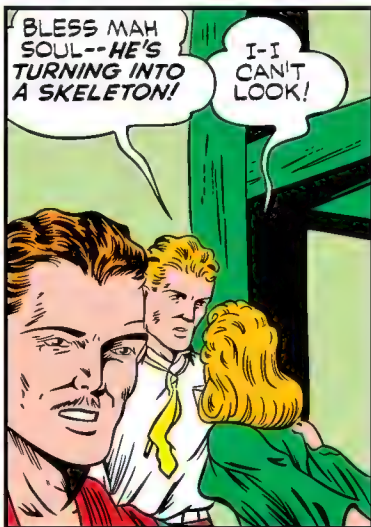
HA-YAA!!



THE DART
STUCK IN THAT
ZOMBIE!



Death STREAKS DOWN-
WARD FOR THE TWO MEN--
BUT THE ANGEL SPRINGS
INTO ACTION--SENDING
CARVIL SPRAWLING OUT
OF THE DEADLY DART'S
PATH!



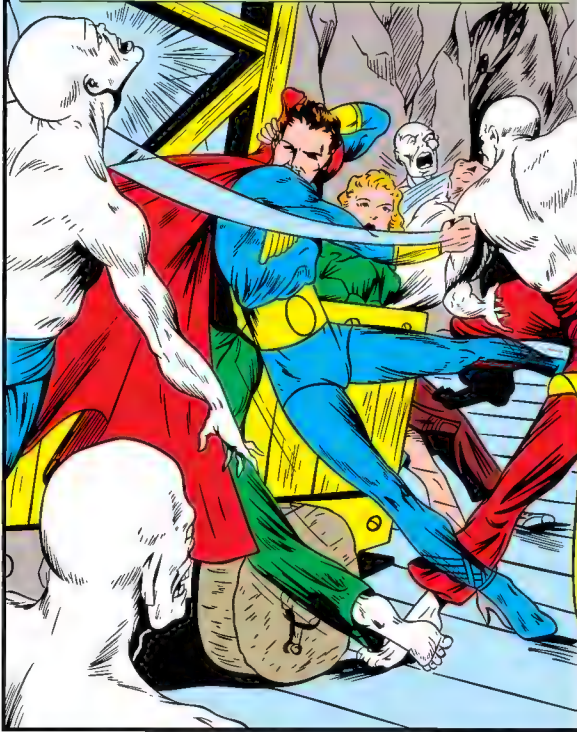
BLESS MAH
SOUL--HE'S
TURNING INTO
A SKELETON!

I-I
CAN'T
LOOK!



YOU MOVE QUICKLY
MY FRIENDS-- BUT
WE SHALL SEE!
RON RICO--
THE DRUM!!

THE RHYTHMIC MONOTONE OF THE DRUM
SUDDENLY CHANGES AND MYSTERIOUSLY, THE
ZOMBIES LOOSEN THEIR CHAINS AND TURN TO
ATTACK THE ANGEL, TEX AND JANE...



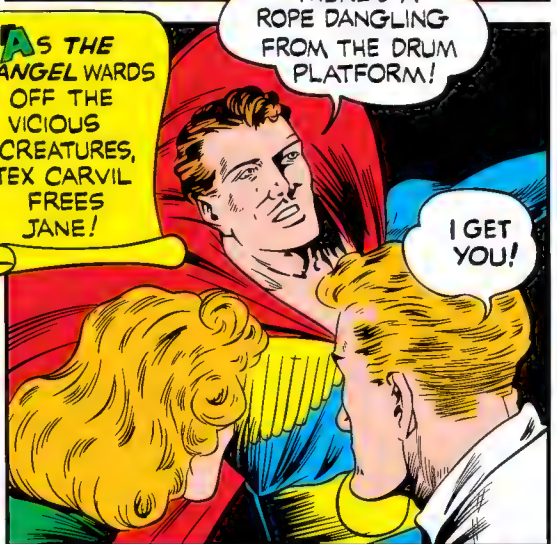
TEX-- GET JANE
OOSE...I'LL HOLD
THEM OFF!



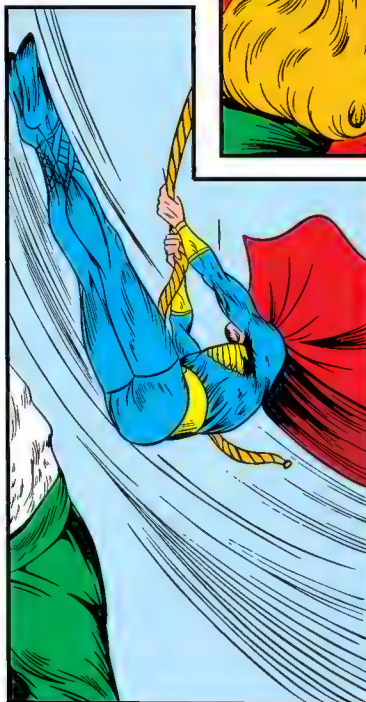
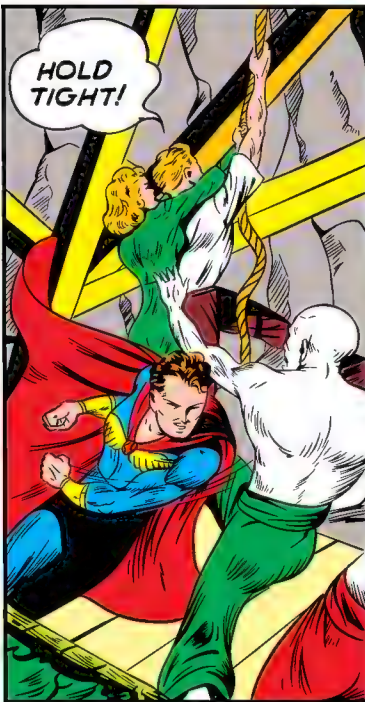
THERE'S A
ROPE DANGLING
FROM THE DRUM
PLATFORM!

AS THE
ANGEL WARDS
OFF THE
VICIOUS
CREATURES,
TEX CARVIL
FREES
JANE!

I GET
YOU!



HOLD
TIGHT!

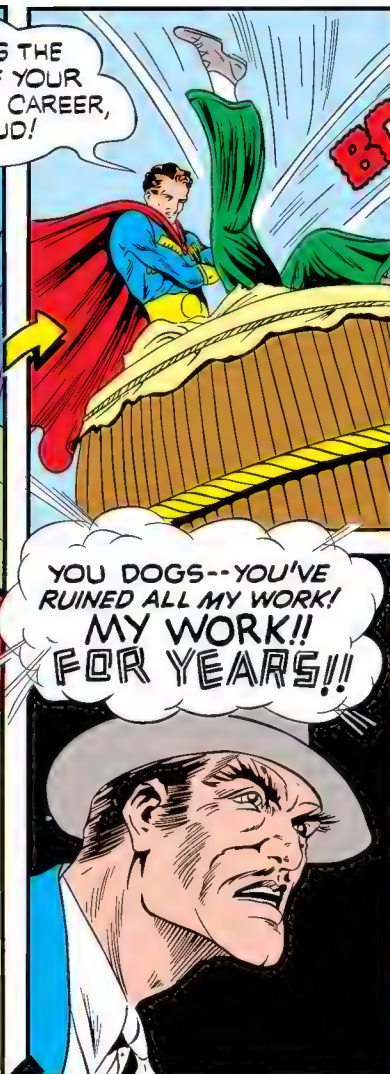


THEY'RE COMING AFTER
US...AND THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO STOP THEM!





THIS IS THE
END OF YOUR
MUSICAL CAREER,
BUD!



YOU DOGS--YOU'VE
RUINED ALL MY WORK!
MY WORK!!
FOR YEARS!!



WITH THE STOP-
PING OF THE
MADDENING
DRUM, THE ZOMBIES LOSE
POWER OVER THEMSELVES
AND DROP TO THE GROUND...



YOU'LL PAY!
YOU'LL PAY!!
HA! HA!!



A STICK OF DYNAMITE--
OUT OF MY WAY!
I'LL GET IT!!

SORRY
TEX, BUT--



JANE...DRAG HIM INTO
THAT HOLLOW IN THE
WALL... AND STAY THERE!



Like a BLUE STREAK...THE ANGEL HITS FOR THE DYNAMITE ON THE GROUND!

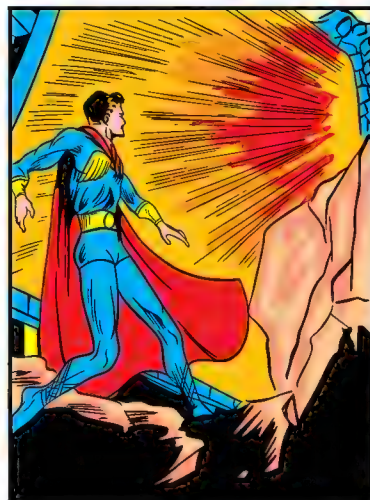


EEEOW!



HERE'S YOUR PRESENT BACK, AMEGOS!

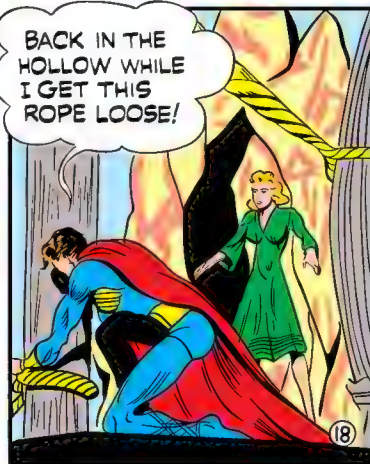
Then... A DEAFENING EXPLOSION--AND THE END OF AMEGOS!



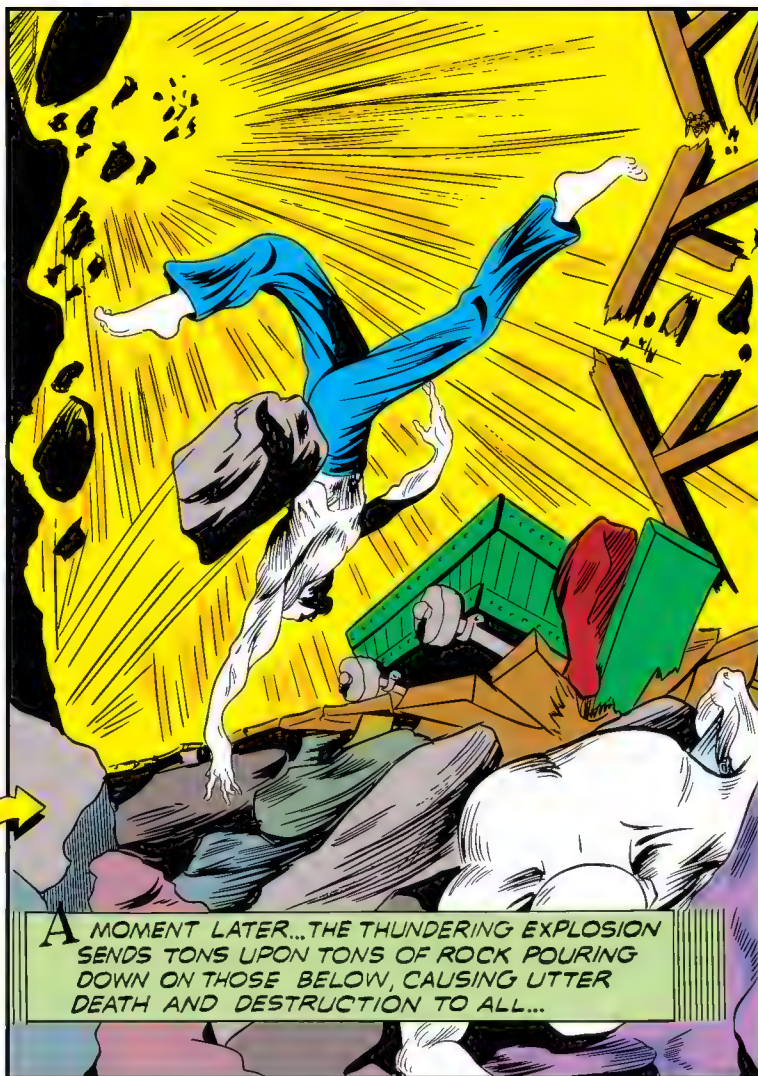
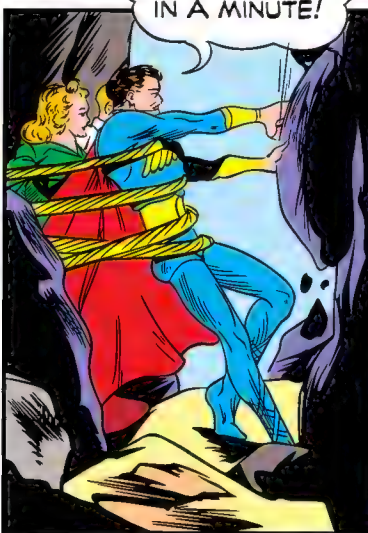
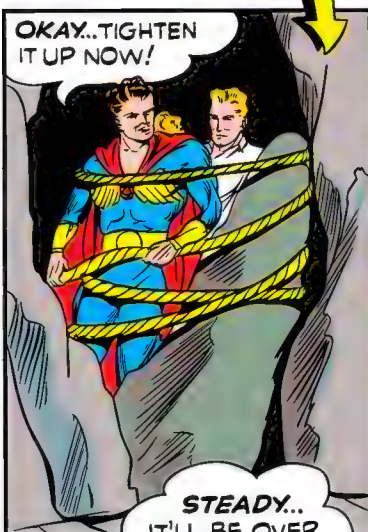
THAT'S THAT! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!

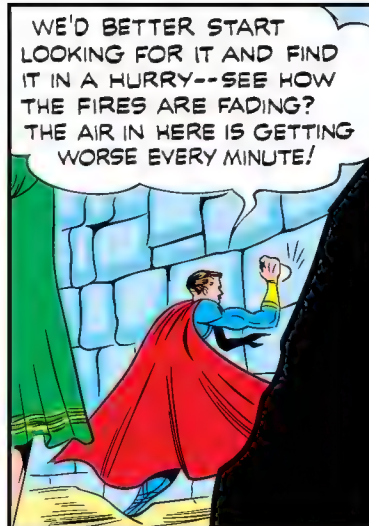


THE EXPLOSION HAS SET THE DYNAMITE STORE ON FIRE!



BACK IN THE HOLLOW WHILE I GET THIS ROPE LOOSE!

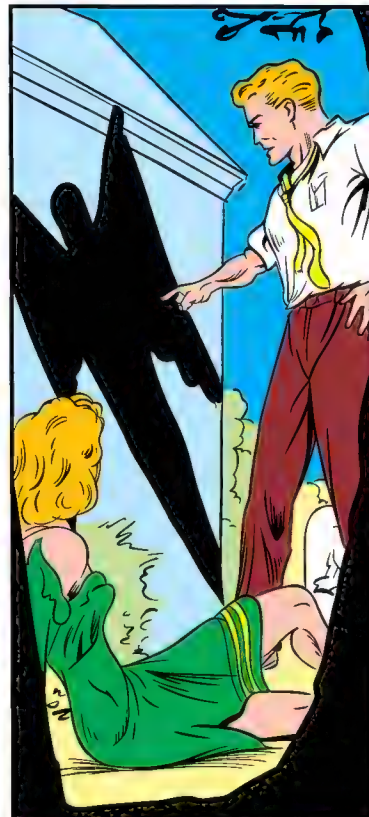
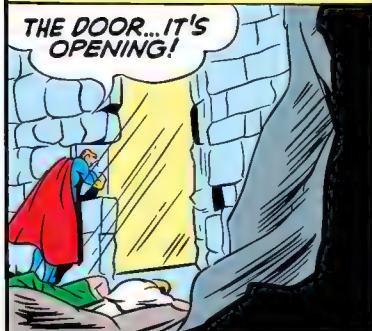




POUNDING THE STONES...THE TRIO COVERS THE FOUR WALLS OF THE TOMB...Then--



AN HOUR LATER...CARVIL HAVING PASSED OUT FROM LACK OF AIR, THE ANGEL CARRIES ON! RESTING FOR A MINUTE, HE LEANS AGAINST ONE OF THE STONES, PUSHING IT SLIGHTLY DOWNWARD, and...



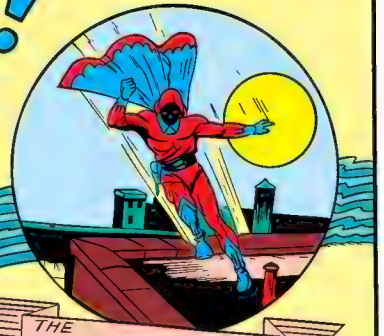
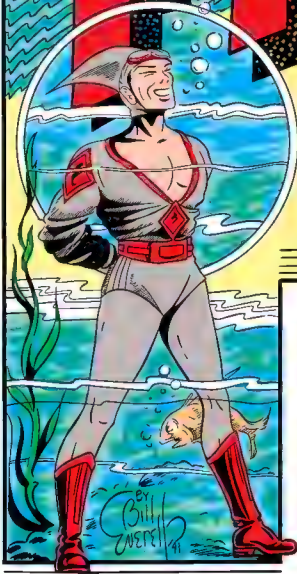
As DAWN WAKENS JANE TRAVERS AND TEX CARVIL... THEY FIND THEIR MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN GONE--WITH ONLY A SHADOW OF AN ANGEL ON THE TOMB NEXT TO THEM...

The End

HEY, GANG! -HERE ARE

SEVEN SWELL NEW FEATURES
YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!

THE FIN



THE
THUNDERER

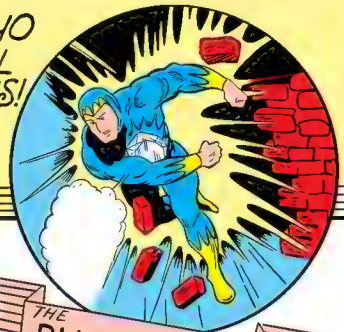
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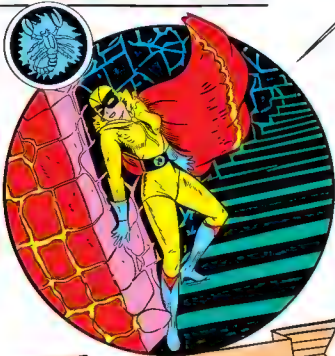


By Nick Karltun



THE
BLUE DIAMOND

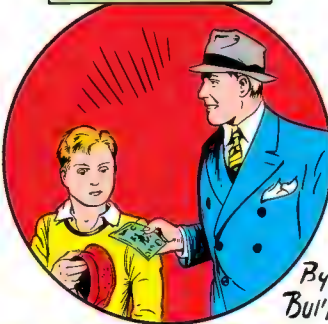
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THE
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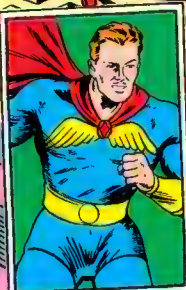
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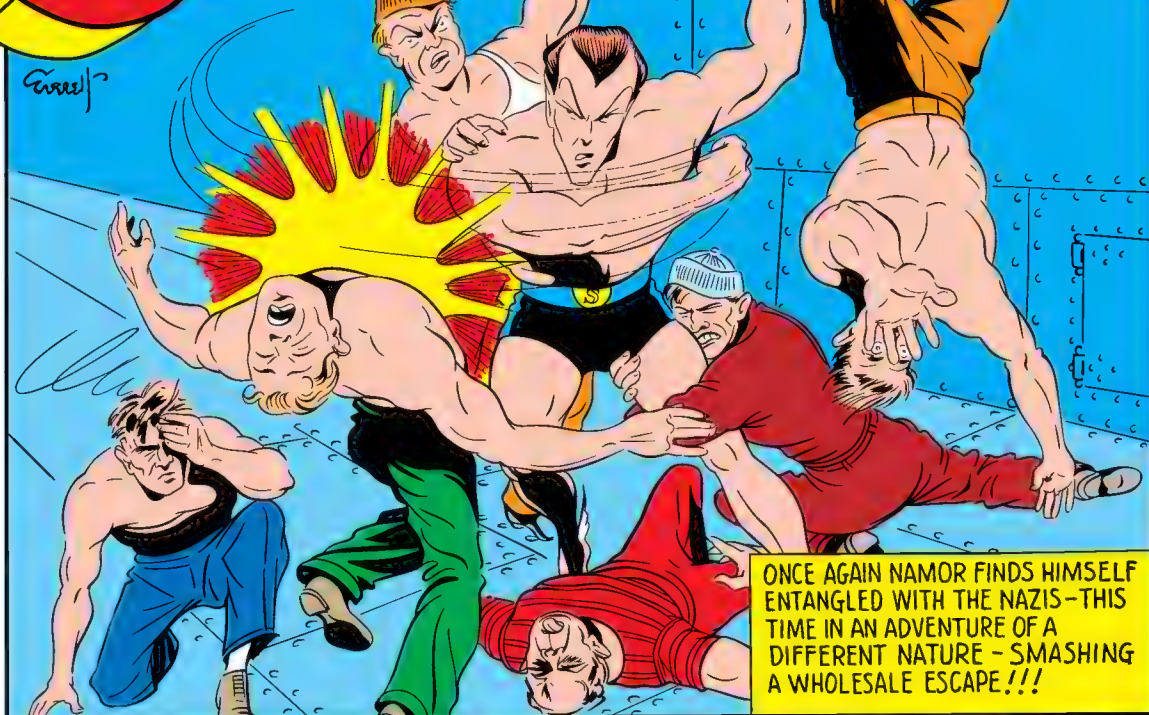


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THE SUB-MARINER

Curry



ONCE AGAIN NAMOR FINDS HIMSELF ENTANGLED WITH THE NAZIS—THIS TIME IN AN ADVENTURE OF A DIFFERENT NATURE—SMASHING A WHOLESALE ESCAPE!!!

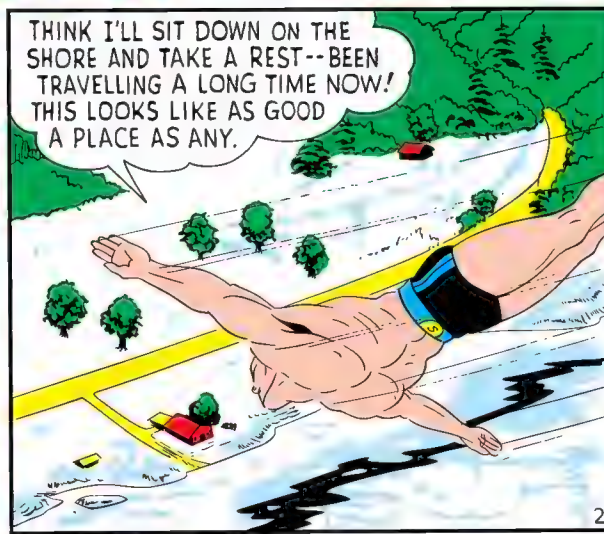
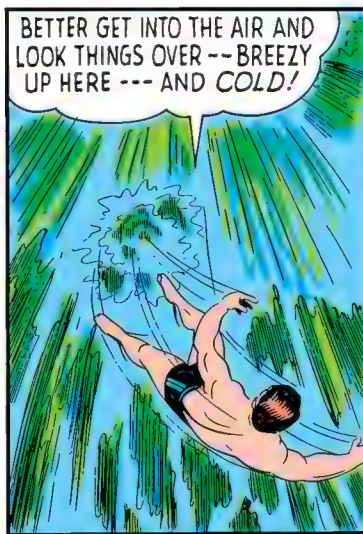
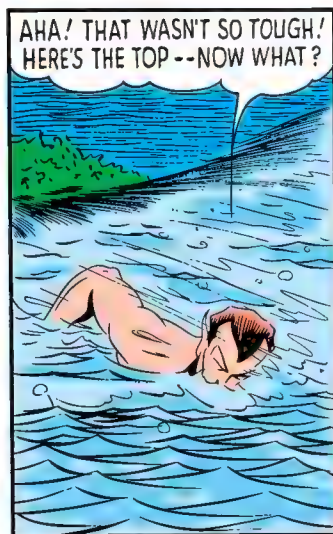
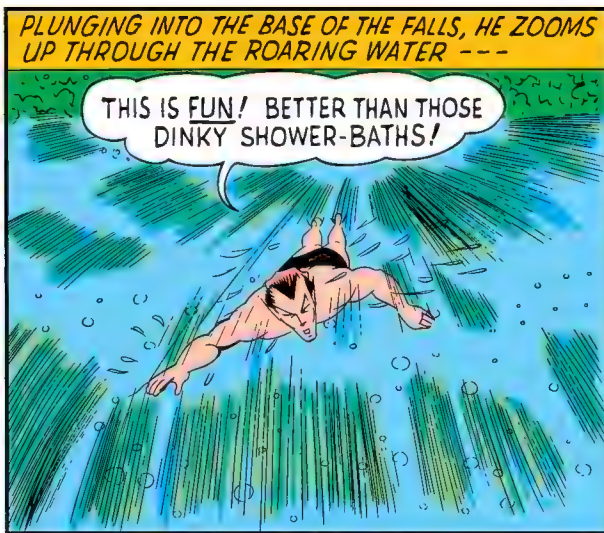
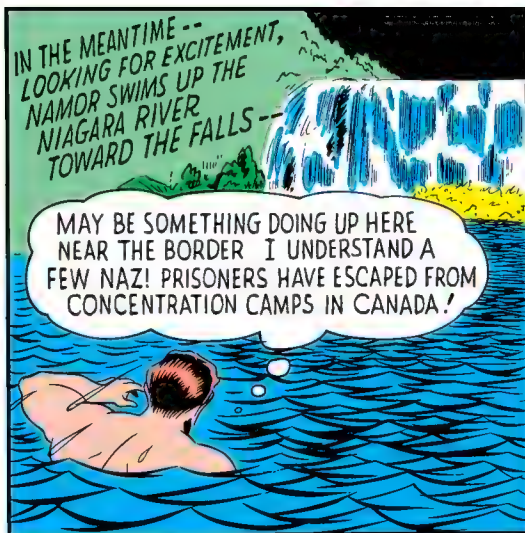
GENTLEMEN, WE MUST RETRIEVE OUR MEN FROM INTERNMENT IN CANADA! THOSE BRITISH ARE BREAKING THEIR MORALE!

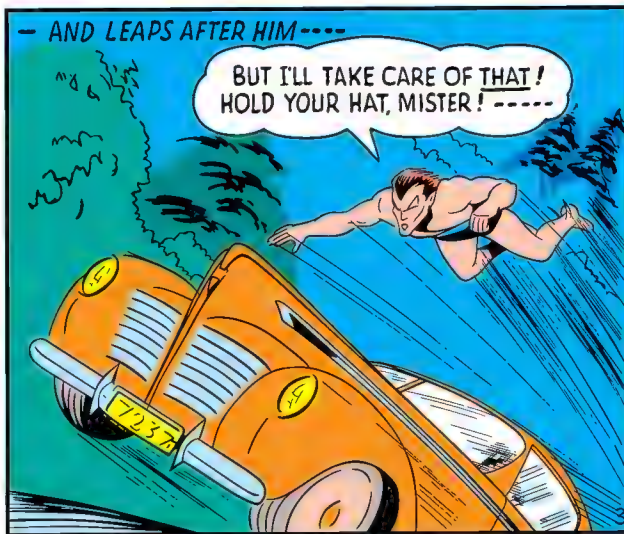
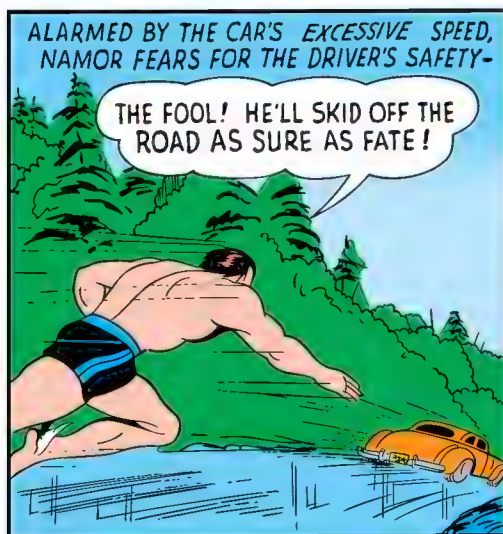
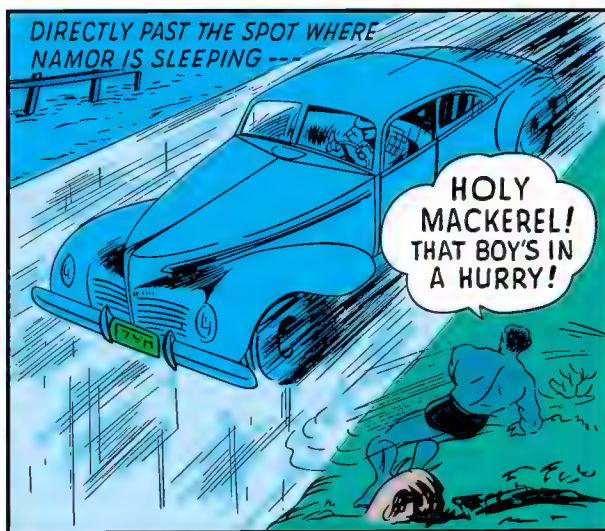
THE FUEHRER WON'T STAND FOR THAT!

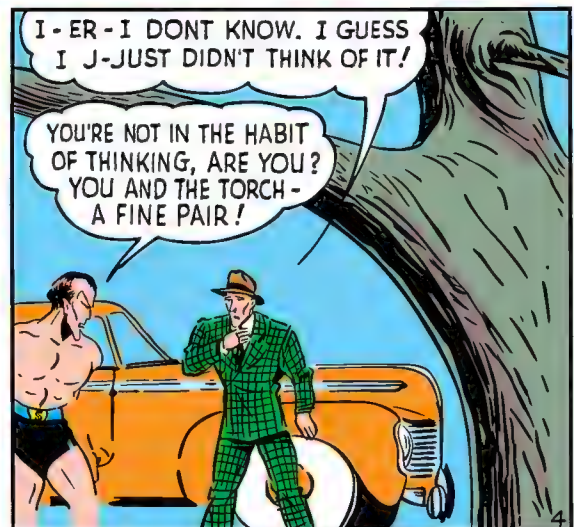
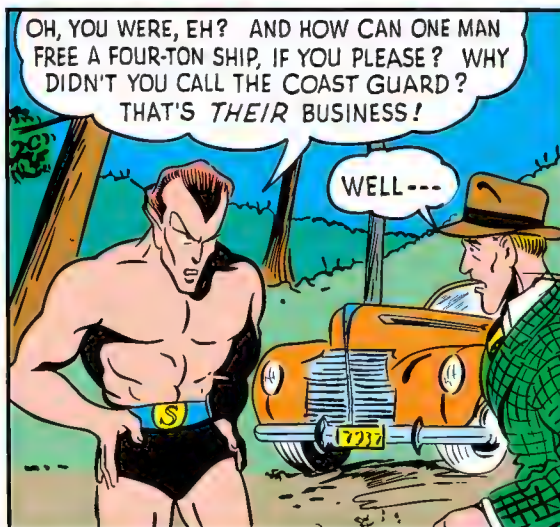
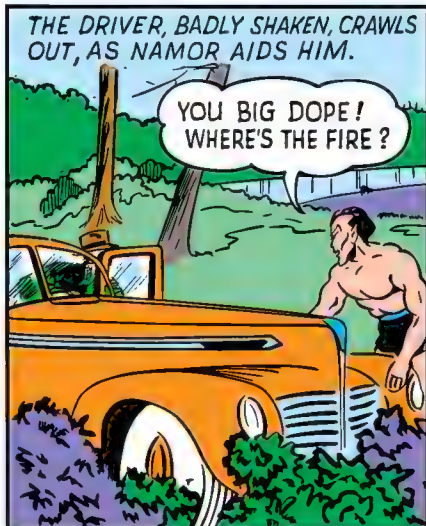
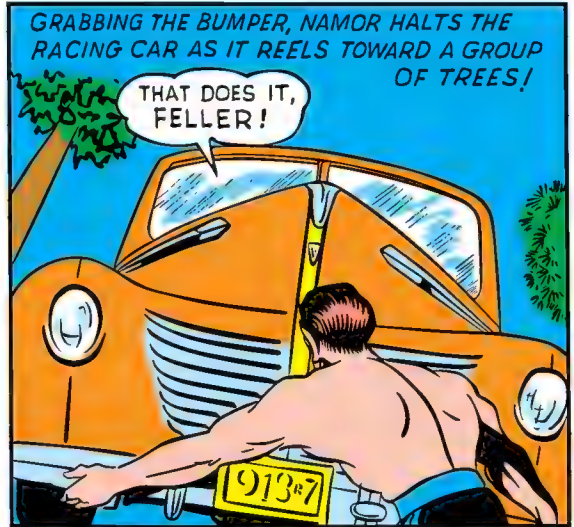
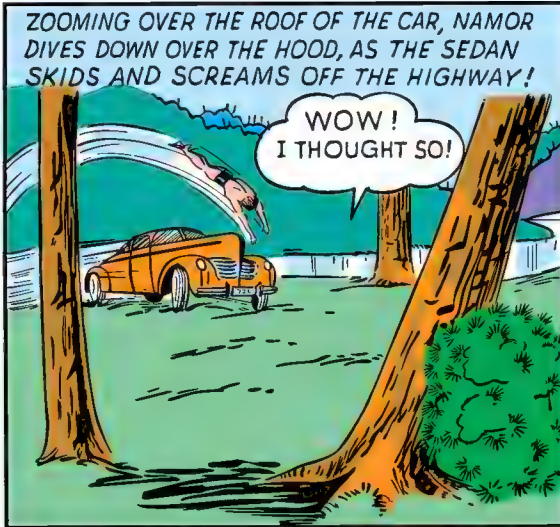
WE MUST RESCUE THEM!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS AS TO HOW TO GO ABOUT IT, HERR SCHNAPPS?











N-NEVER MIND *ME!* WHO THE DEUCE DO YOU THINK *YOU* ARE, TELLING ME WHERE TO GET OFF? I'VE A GOOD MIND TO-

HMMM!



A GOOD MIND TO *WHAT?* YOU STUPID APE----- DON'T YOU KNOW ***THE SUB-MARINER*** WHEN YOU SEE HIM? COME ON, NOW, LET'S GET INTO YOUR CAR!



JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE SO FRESH, YOU CAN *SHOW* ME WHERE YOU WERE GOING. MAYBE *I* CAN THINK OF SOME WAY TO HELP YOU, SINCE YOUR BRAIN PREFERS TO SLEEP!

Y-YES, SIR!

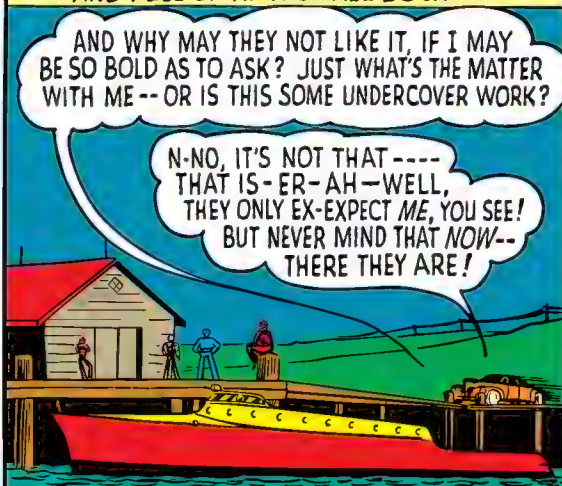
A MILE OR SO DOWN THE HIGHWAY, THEY TURN OFF INTO A SIDE ROAD LEADING TO THE LAKE SHORE--



I-I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EXPLAIN YOUR BEING WITH ME TO THE OTHER MEN - THEY MAY NOT LIKE IT!

SO ???

---- AND PULL UP AT A SMALL DOCK ----



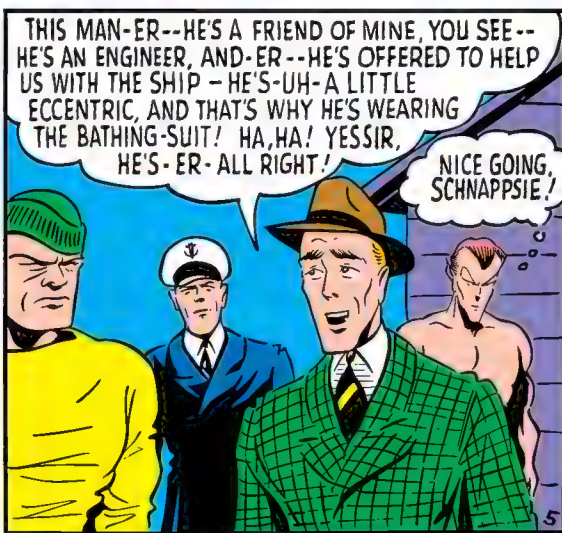
AND WHY MAY THEY NOT LIKE IT, IF I MAY BE SO BOLD AS TO ASK? JUST WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME -- OR IS THIS SOME UNDERCOVER WORK?

N-NO, IT'S NOT THAT ---- THAT IS-ER-AH--WELL, THEY ONLY EX-EXPECT *ME*, YOU SEE! BUT NEVER MIND THAT NOW-- THERE THEY ARE!



ZAY, MIZTER SCHNAPPS, WHO'S DER GUY MIT DER BADING-ZUIT? VOT'S HE DOIN' HERE? DER CHIEF VON'T LIKE ---

SHUT UP, HERMAN! I'M BOSS HERE



THIS MAN-ER--HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, YOU SEE-- HE'S AN ENGINEER, AND-ER--HE'S OFFERED TO HELP US WITH THE SHIP - HE'S-UH-A LITTLE ECCENTRIC, AND THAT'S WHY HE'S WEARING THE BATHING-SUIT! HA,HA! YESSIR, HE'S-ER-ALL RIGHT!

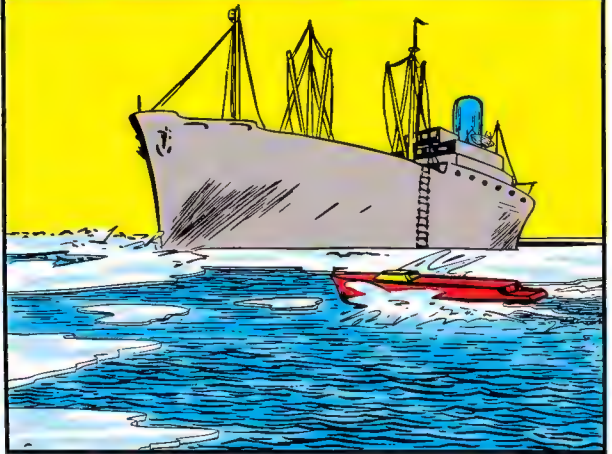
NICE GOING, SCHNAPPSIE!

THE QUESTION OF NAMOR'S PRESENCE SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED, THE GROUP OF MEN BOARD A SHARP-NOSED POWER-BOAT, AND HEAD OUT INTO THE FROZEN LAKE --

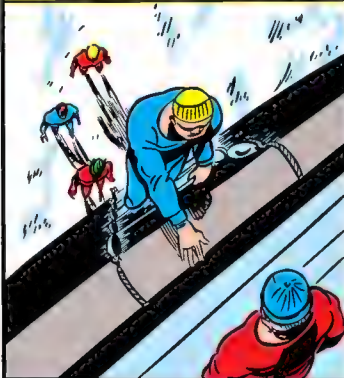
WE'LL BE DERE IN CHUST A FEW MINUTES, HERR SCHNAPPS! DER POAT AIN'DT FAR OFF



PLOUGHING THROUGH THE BROKEN ICE-FIELDS, THEY SOON ARRIVE AT A COLLIER-FREIGHTER, JAMMED TO A STANDSTILL.



LEAVING THE BOAT IN THE CHANNEL AT THE STERN OF THE SHIP, THEY WALK AROUND ON THE ICE TO THE PORT SIDE, WHERE THEY CLIMB A JACOB'S-LADDER TO THE DECK

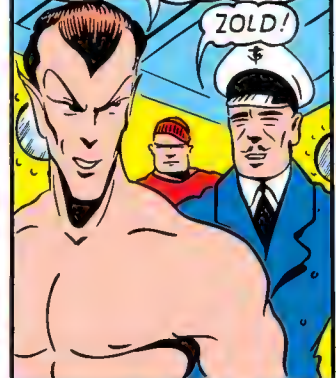


IN A CABIN BELOW, NAMOR MEETS THE CAPTAIN



ZO-YOU T'INK YOU GAN HALP US, EH? UND WHY ALL DIS INTEREST IN US--VE ARE STRANGERS TO YOU!

PURELY MERCENARY, MY DEAR CAPTAIN! I'LL GUARANTEE TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS FOR A NOMINAL \$5000.00 -- AND I PROMISE TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT



ZOLD!

RETURNING TO THE DECK, NAMOR SEIZES AN ANCHOR ---



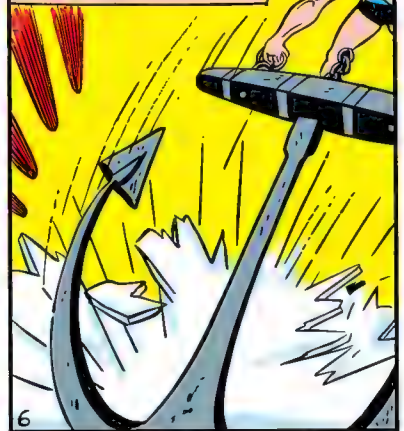
THIS'LL DO FOR MY PURPOSE!

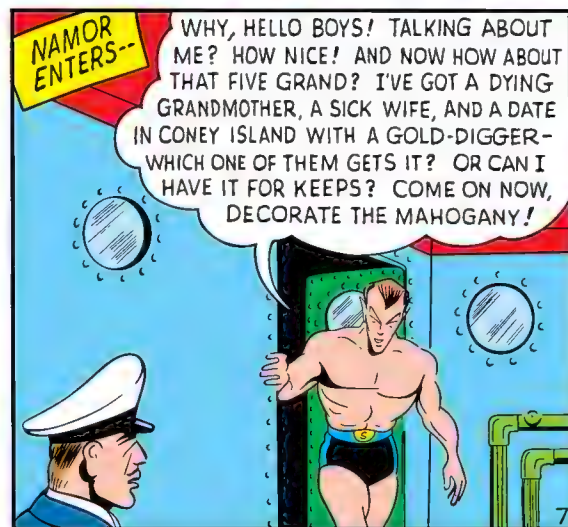
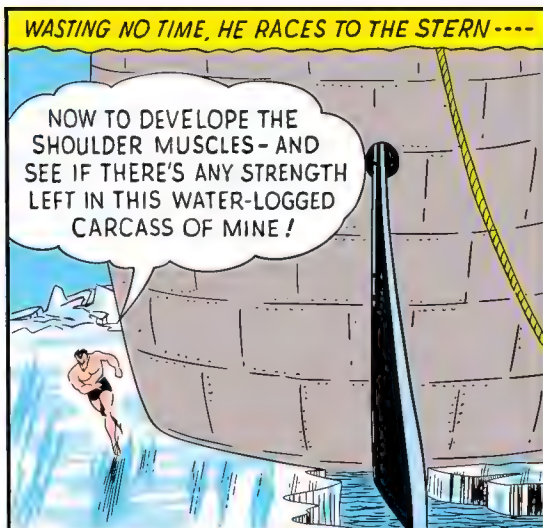
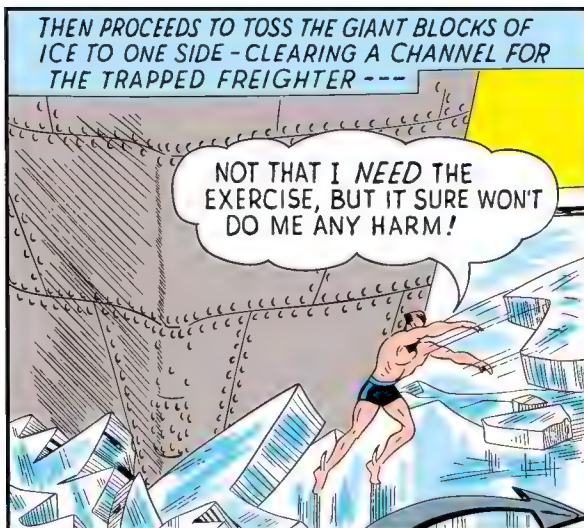
--- AND DIVES OVER THE BOW WITH IT ---

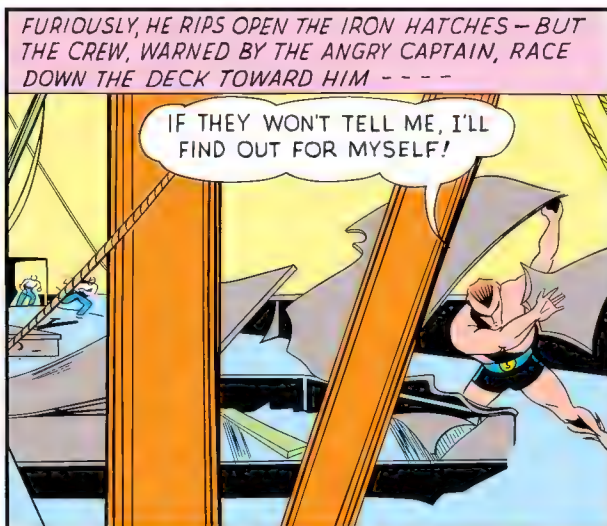
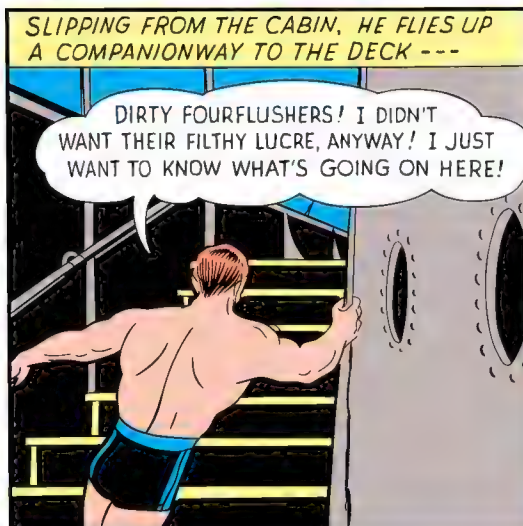
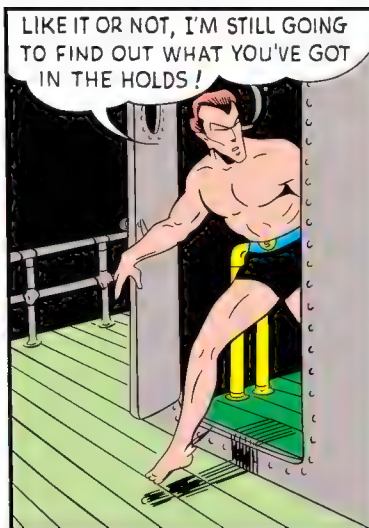


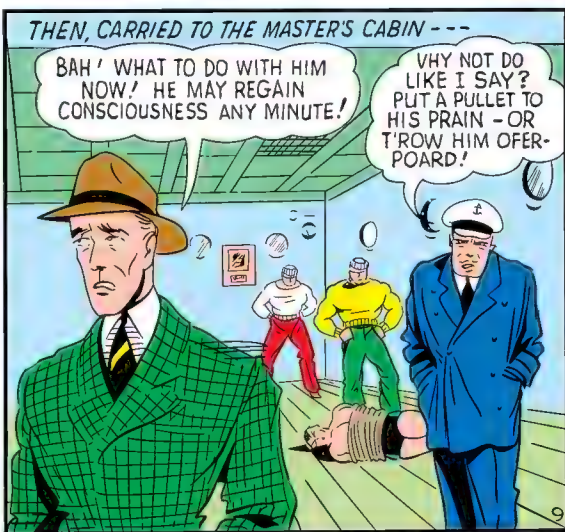
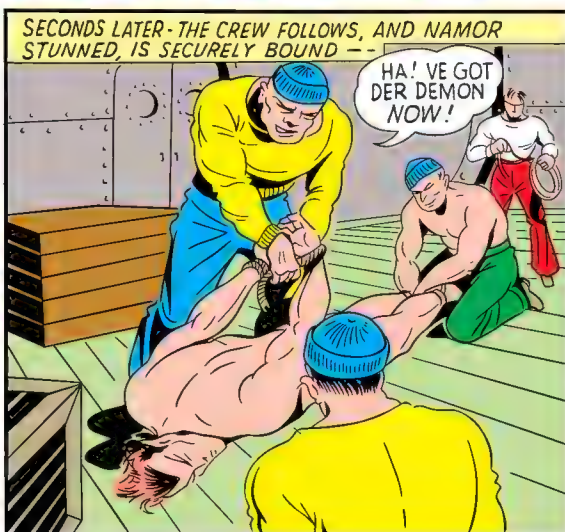
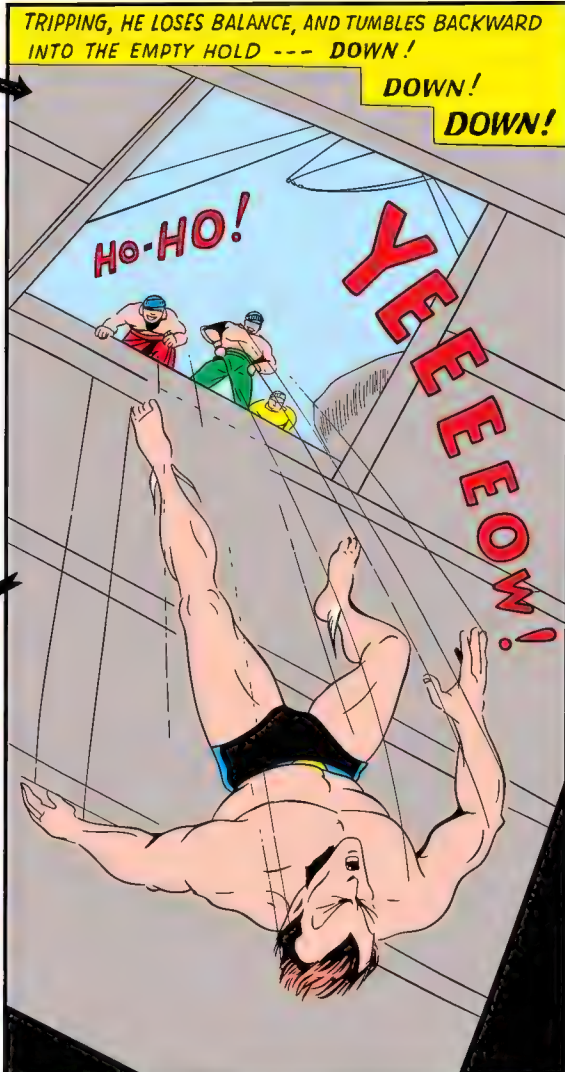
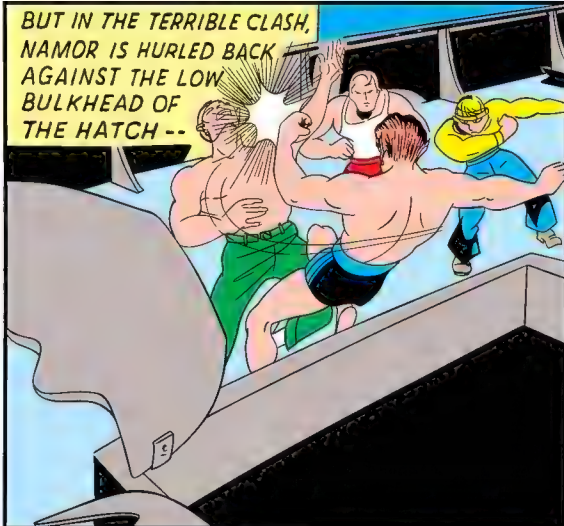
NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE DITCH-DIGGING TO PUT A MAN IN SHAPE!

SWINGING IT LIKE A PICK, HE BREAKS UP THE ICE IN FRONT OF THE SHIP!

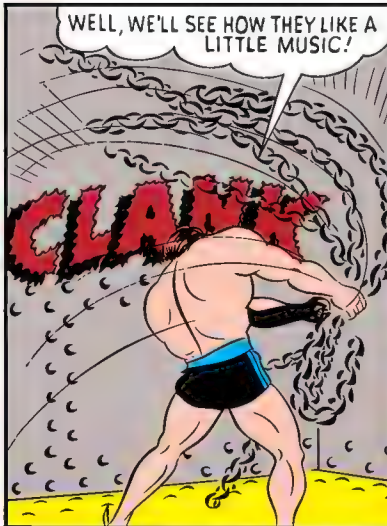
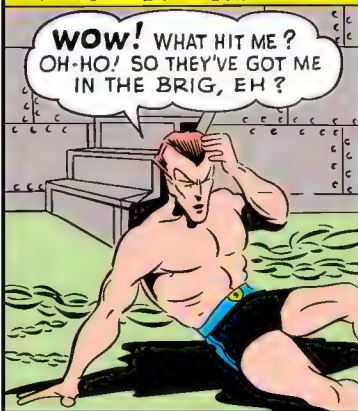




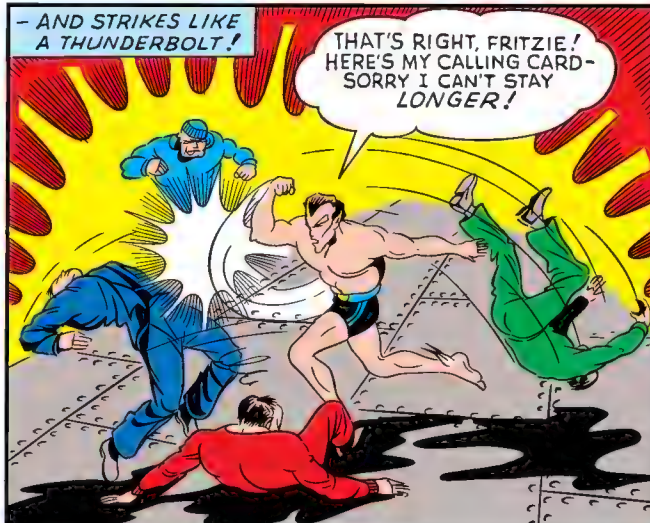




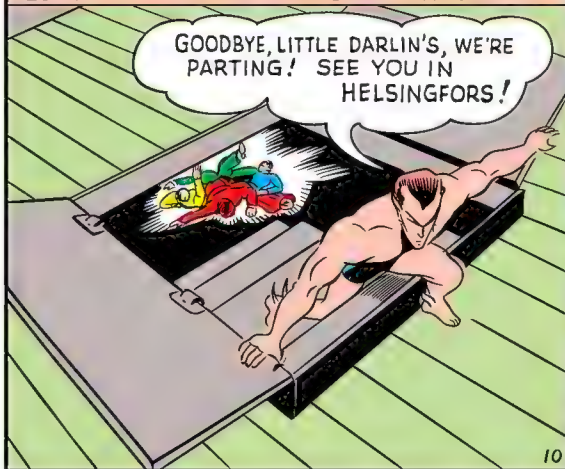
REALIZING THE FUTILITY OF DOING EITHER, SCHNAPPS HAS THE SUB-MARINER THROWN INTO THE ANCHOR-LOCKER, AND IMPRISONED THERE FOR THE TIME BEING ---



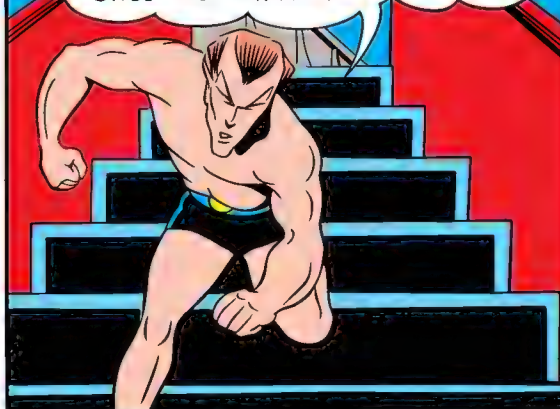
THEY TUMBLE DOWN THE HATCH - BUT
NAMOR CROUCHES BEHIND THE
COMPANIONWAY ---

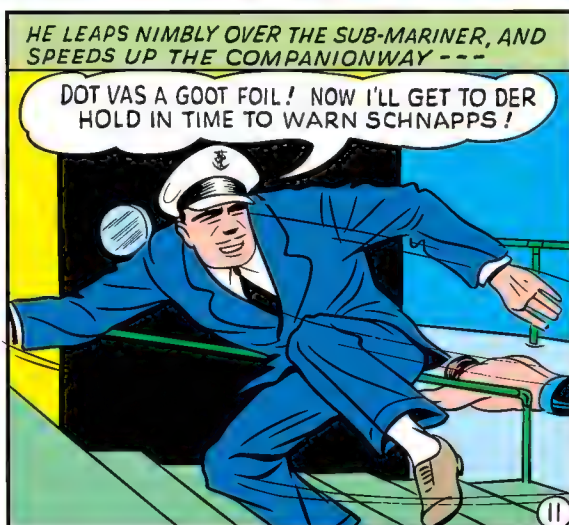
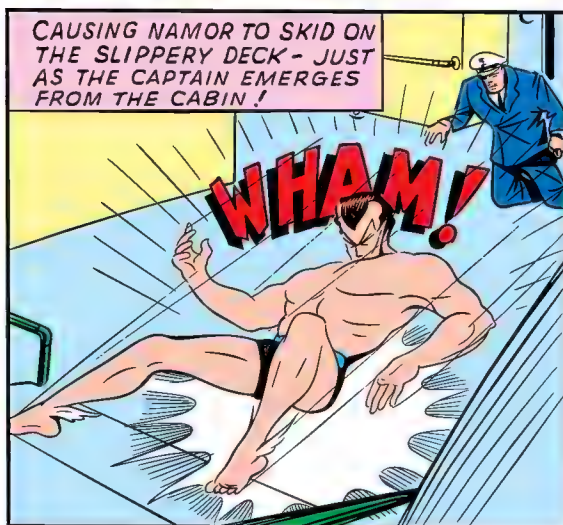
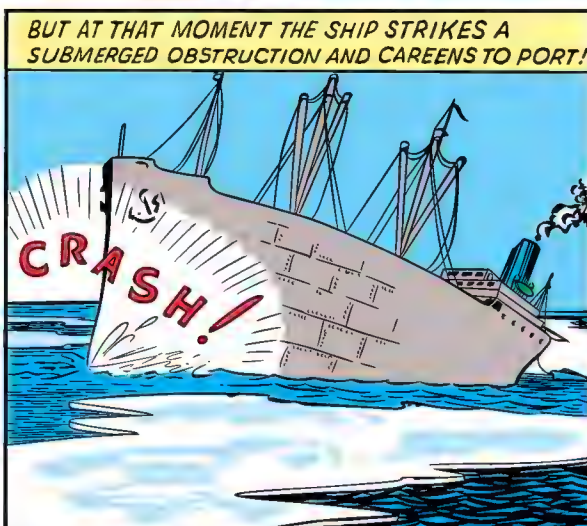
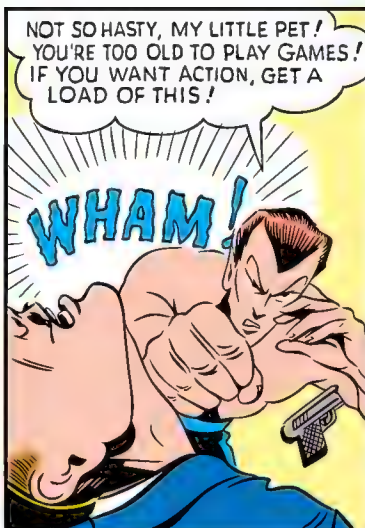


LEAVING THE CREW IN UTTER CONFUSION, HE
LEAPS UP THROUGH THE OPEN HATCH ---

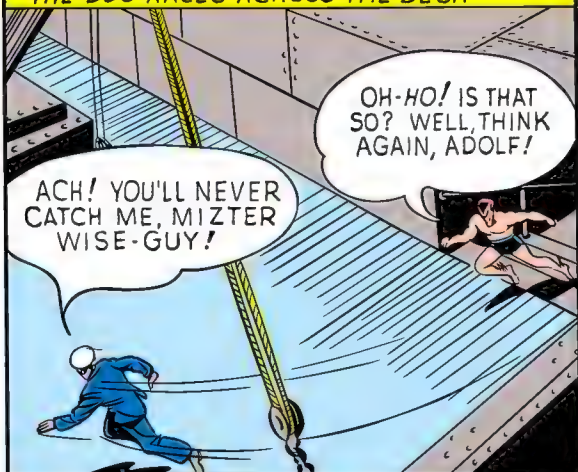


A GERMAN CREW UNDER AN AMERICAN FLAG, EH?
SOMETHING MIGHTY SCREWY ABOUT THIS WHOLE
THING - TIME I FINISHED THIS INVESTIGATION
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

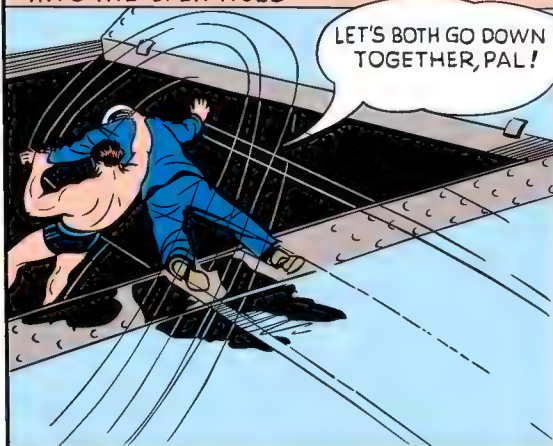




BUT NAMOR IS SOON ON HIS TRAIL, AND THE DUO RACES ACROSS THE DECK ---



ZOOMING AHEAD ON HIS WINGED FEET, NAMOR LEAPS ON THE CAPTAIN'S BACK, THROWING HIM INTO THE OPEN HOLD ---



LANDING LIGHTLY ON HIS FEET, NAMOR IS AMAZED TO FIND THE HOLD FULL OF MEN - ALL CLAD IN CANADIAN CONCENTRATION CAMP UNIFORMS ---



THEN SUDDENLY THE SHIP LURCHES AGAIN!

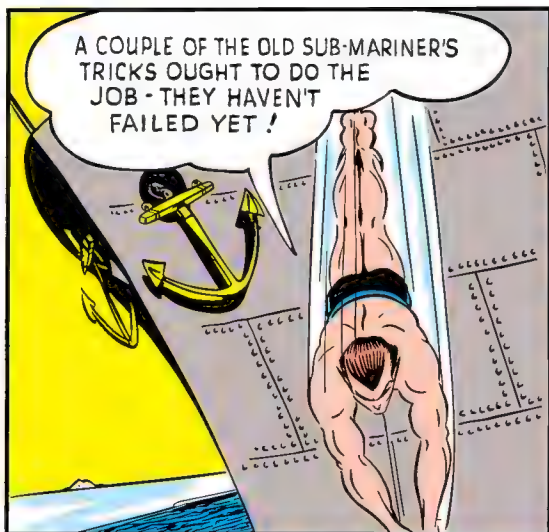


HMMM! THIS IS BAD! EVEN IF THEY **ARE** NAZIS, I CAN'T LET THEM DROWN LIKE RATS, TRAPPED HERE IN THE HOLD - AND IT FEELS LIKE THE SHIP REALLY IS SINKING!

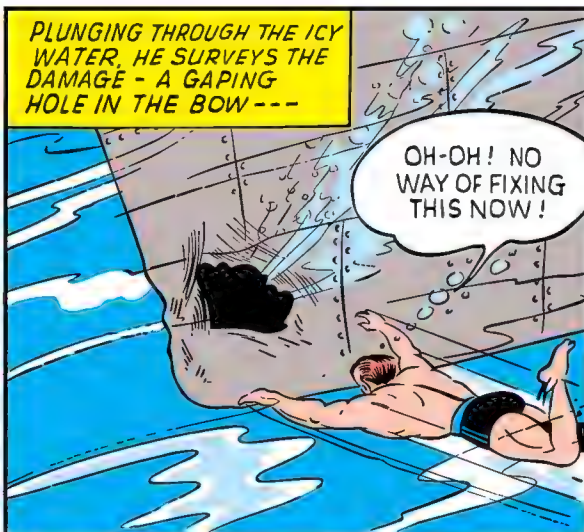


DETERMINED TO SAVE THE MEN, NAMOR'S WINGED FEET CARRY HIM LIGHTLY BACK TO THE DECK ---



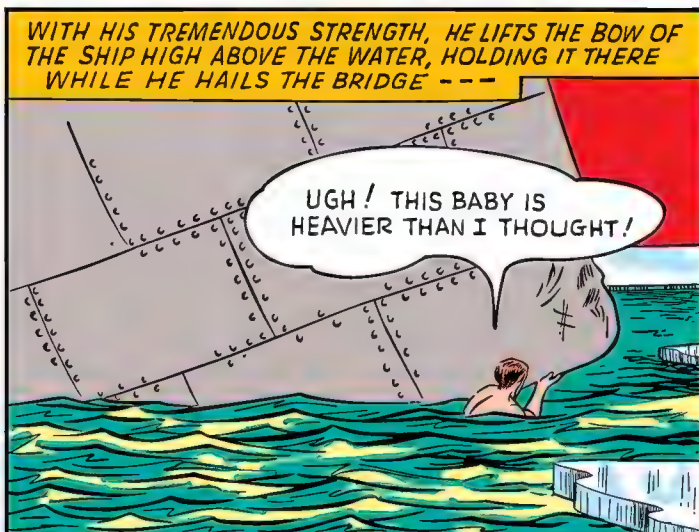


A COUPLE OF THE OLD SUB-MARINER'S TRICKS OUGHT TO DO THE JOB - THEY HAVEN'T FAILED YET !



PLUNGING THROUGH THE ICY WATER, HE SURVEYS THE DAMAGE - A GAPING HOLE IN THE BOW ---

OH-OH ! NO WAY OF FIXING THIS NOW !

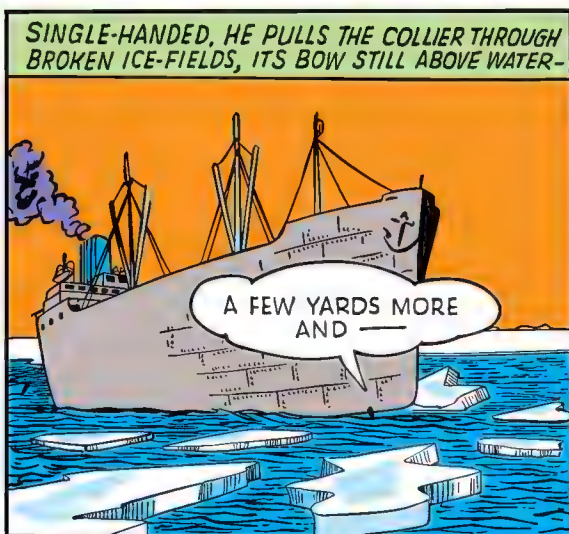


WITH HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH, HE LIFTS THE BOW OF THE SHIP HIGH ABOVE THE WATER, HOLDING IT THERE WHILE HE HAILS THE BRIDGE ---

UGH ! THIS BABY IS HEAVIER THAN I THOUGHT !

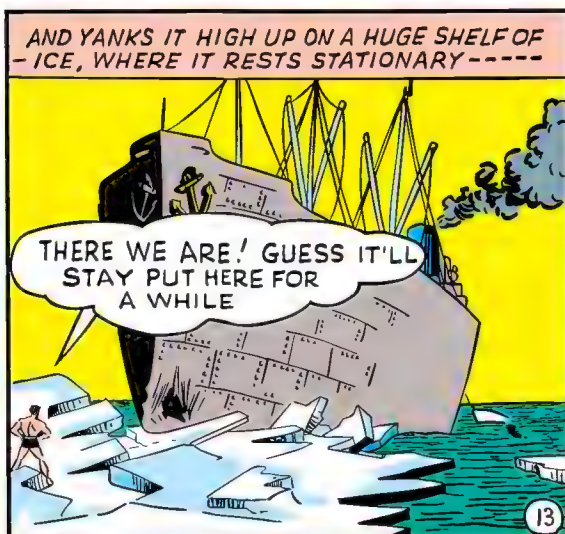


AHOY - THE BRIDGE ! STOP YOUR MOTORS ! I'LL KEEP YOU FROM SINKING !



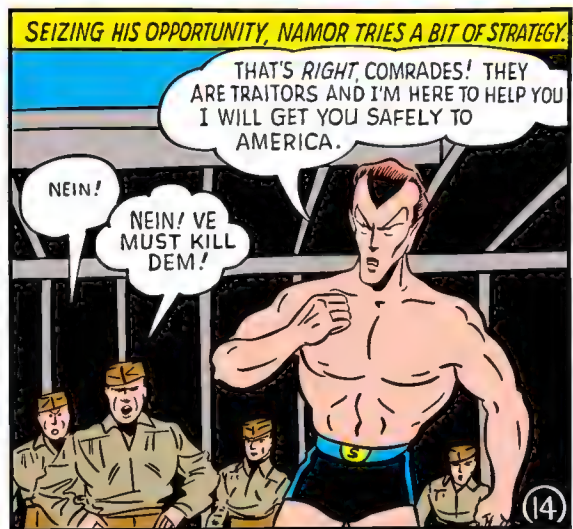
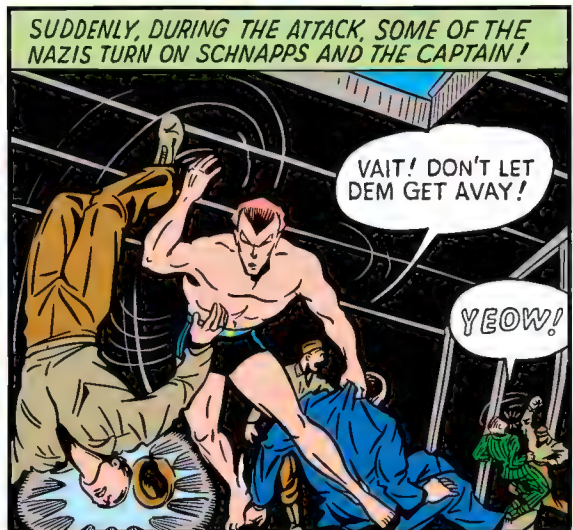
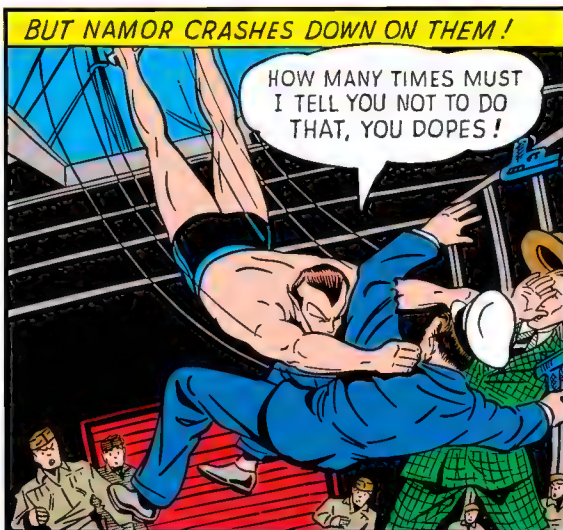
SINGLE-HANDED, HE PULLS THE COLLIER THROUGH BROKEN ICE-FIELDS, ITS BOW STILL ABOVE WATER-

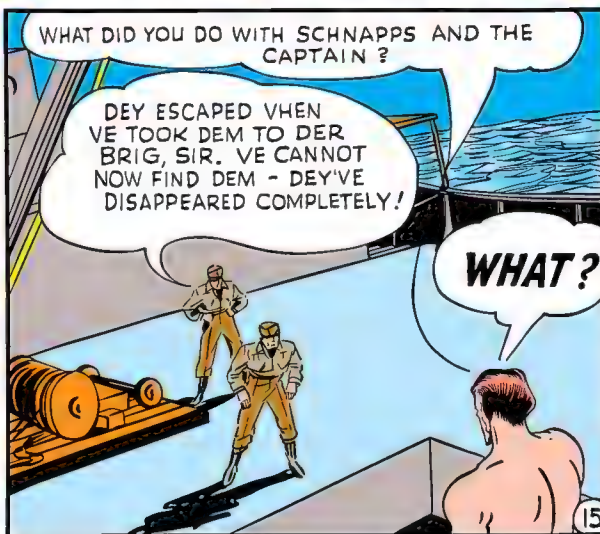
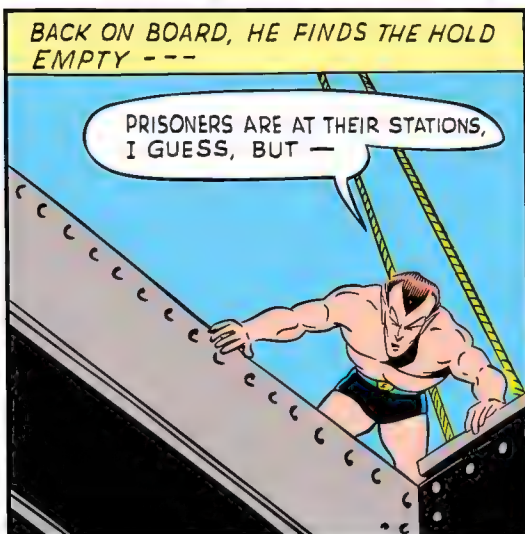
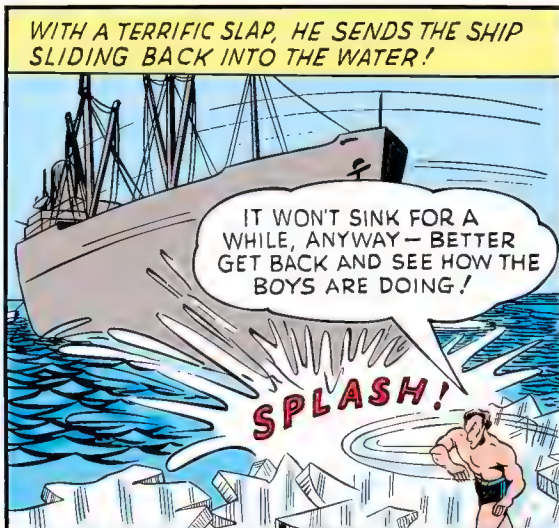
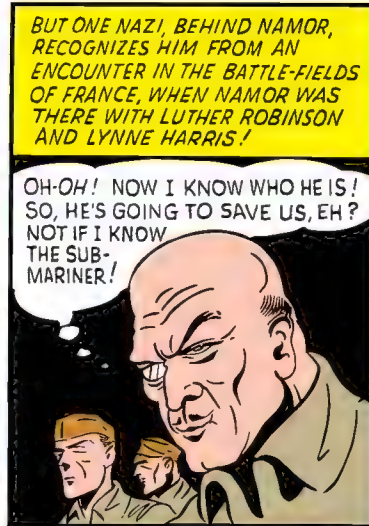
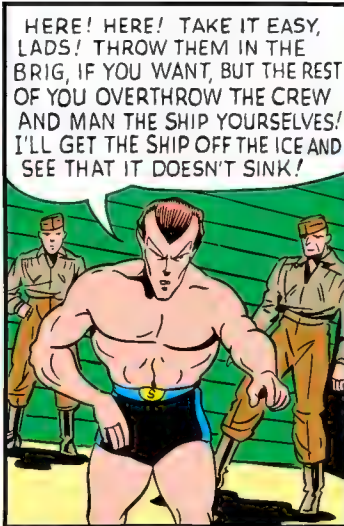
A FEW YARDS MORE AND ---



AND YANKS IT HIGH UP ON A HUGE SHELF OF - ICE, WHERE IT RESTS STATIONARY ----

THERE WE ARE ! GUESS IT'LL STAY PUT HERE FOR A WHILE





LISTEN, YOU FOOLS! WHY DID YOU LET THEM GET AWAY? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THEY WERE GOING TO SELL YOU OUT? THAT THEY WERE GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE CUSTOMS AUTHORITIES IN AMERICA?

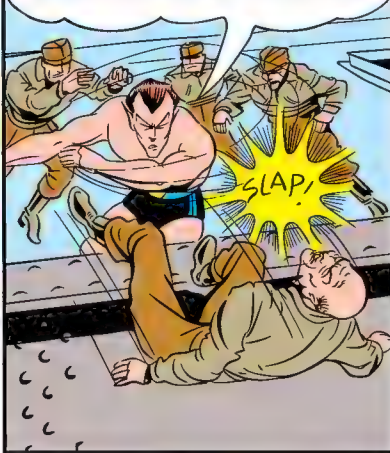


THE NAZI WHO HAS RECOGNIZED HIM STEPS OUT IN DEFIANCE--

ZO? UND HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL DOT, **MR. SUB-MAREENER?** YOU NEEDN'T BODDER TO LOOK FOR HERR SCHNAPPS--YOU'LL NEVER FIND HIM!

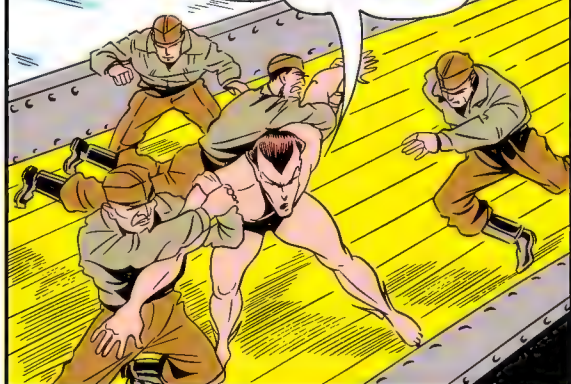


WHY, YOU IMPUDENT --! I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED YOUR FACE! I OUGHTA SEND YOU RIGHT BACK TO FRANCE!



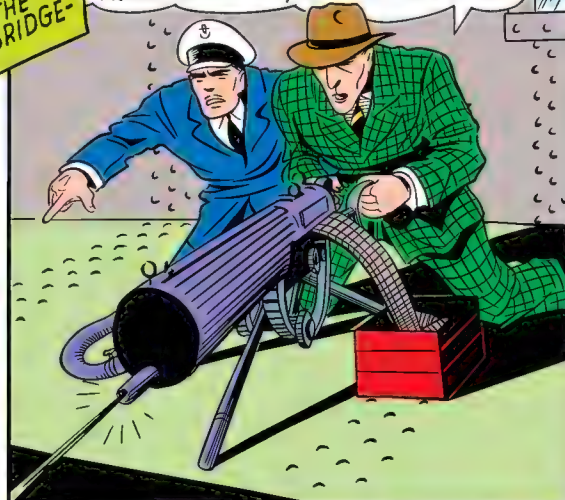
THE NAZIS, SIDING WITH THEIR COMRADE, LEAP ON NAMOR, ATTEMPTING TO OVERPOWER HIM ---

HEY! GET OFF MY BACK, YOU LEECH!



AND ON THE BRIDGE--

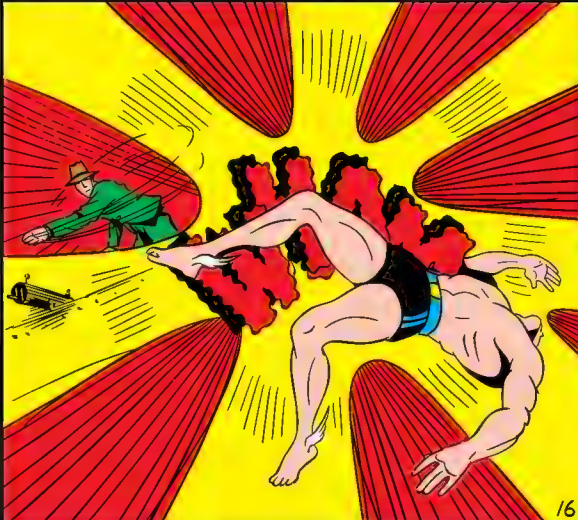
PISTOLS WON'T STOP HIM, BUT MAYBE **THIS** WILL!



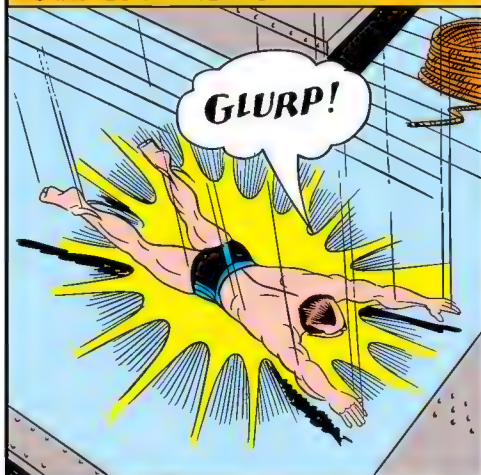
NAMOR BREAKS FREE-- AND SEEING THEM ON THE BRIDGE, SHOOTS DIRECTLY INTO THE RAIN OF BULLETS ---

SO! THERE YOU ARE! THAT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, DOPES!

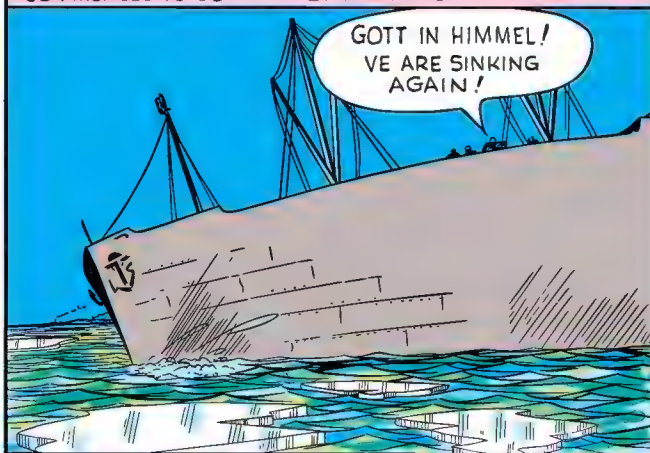
DONNERWETTER! GIVE ME THAT HAND-GRENADE!



STUNNED BY THE EXPLOSION, NAMOR
CRASHES TO THE DECK ---



BY THIS TIME, THE FORWARD HOLD HAS TAKEN IN MUCH
WATER THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE BOW, AND THE COLLIER
COMMENCES TO GO DOWN BY THE HEAD!



ACH! DOT ZUB-MAREENER
IS DER CAUSE OF ALL DIS!
LET'S SMASH HIM TO PIECES!
BEAT HIM TO A PULP!



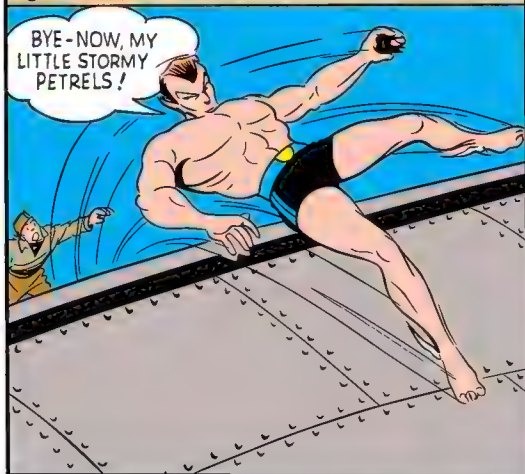
NAMOR REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS,
AS THE NAZIS RUSH HIM ---



SCHNAPPS AND THE CAPTAIN,
THINKING NAMOR HELPLESS AGAINST
THE NAZI WRATH, ROAR
WITH LAUGHTER!



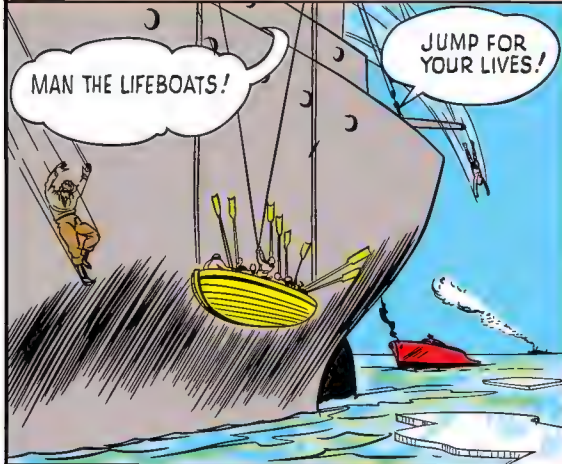
BUT NAMOR, NOT WAITING FOR ANOTHER FIGHT,
JUMPS EASILY OUT OF REACH - OVER THE SIDE -



AND INTO THE WATER, TO THE BOW - GRASPING THE
TORN PLATES AND TOWING THE SHIP DOWN!



THE FRIGHTENED NAZIS LOWER LIFEBOATS AND DIVE OVERBOARD IN A FRENZY TO SAVE THEMSELVES ---



MAN THE LIFEBOATS!

JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!

SCHNAPPS AND THE CAPTAIN, SPEEDILY SLIDE DOWN THE TOW-ROPE AT THE STERN, TO THEIR POWER-BOAT ---



I'M COMING, SKIPPER!

HURRY, HERR SCHNAPPS! VE MUST GET TO SHORE BEFORE DOT DEVIL DISCOVERS US!

THE BOAT LEAPS AWAY WITH ITS OCCUPANTS - THE CHIEFS DESERTING THEIR MEN!



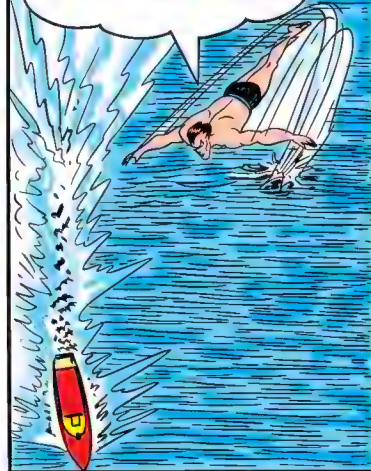
LEAVE DEM DERE! VE MUST SAVE OURSELVES! DOT-VOT-YOU-CALL-UM-- ZUBMARNER - ISS A DEVIL!

NAMOR TURNS IN TIME TO SEE THEM CIRCLING TOWARD SHORE --

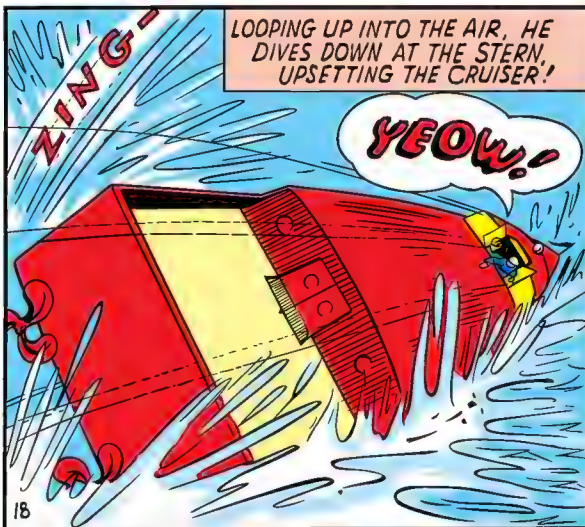


WHY - THE DIRTY DESERTERS!

I'LL FIX *THEIR* WAGON!



LOOPING UP INTO THE AIR, HE DIVES DOWN AT THE STERN, UPSETTING THE CRUISER!



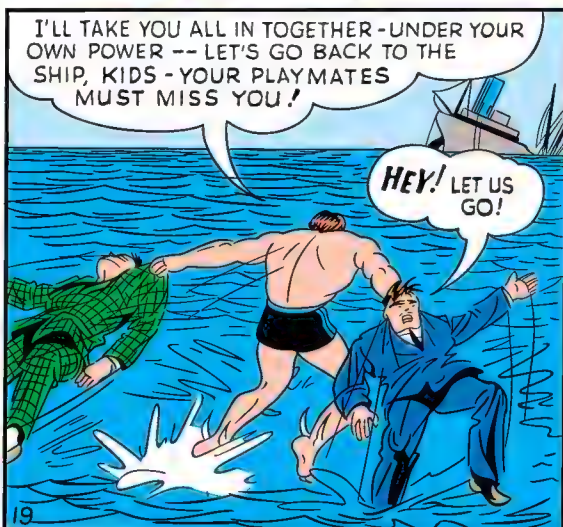
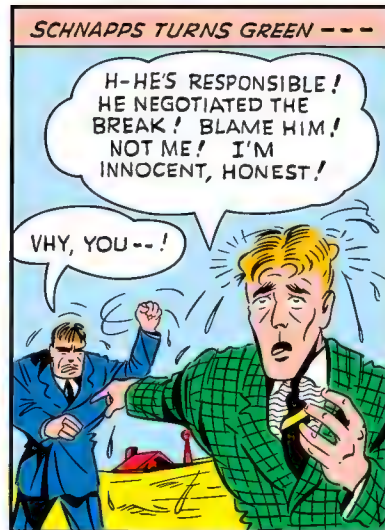
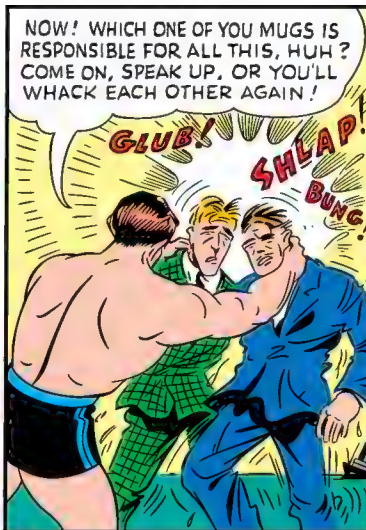
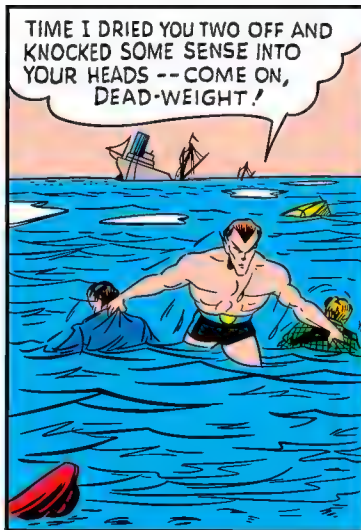
ZING!

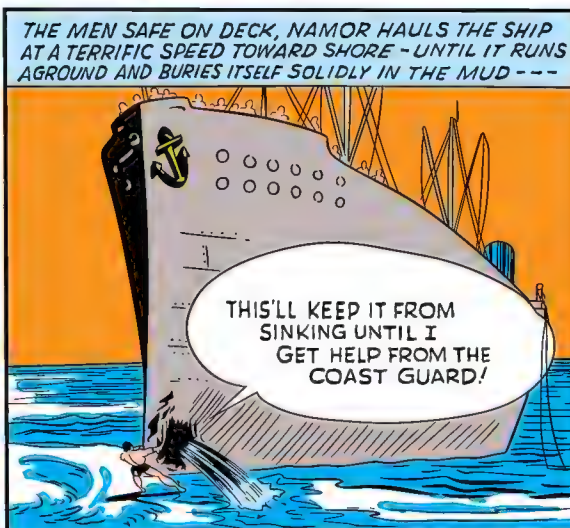
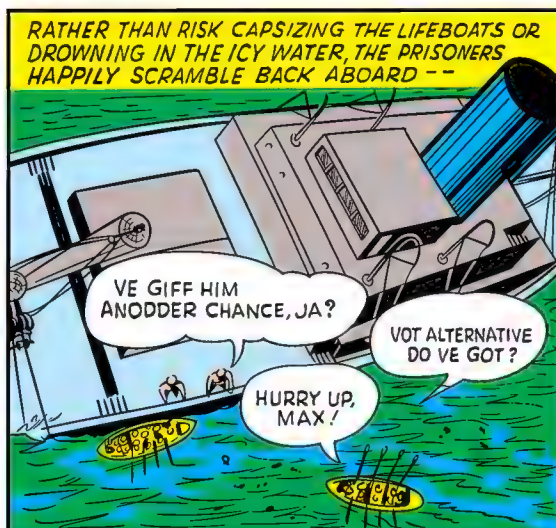
YEOW!

THEN REACHES UP TO GRAB THE TWO MEN!



COME TO PAPA, CHILLUN!





Steaming STATISTICS of FIRE and WATER



FIRE FACTS

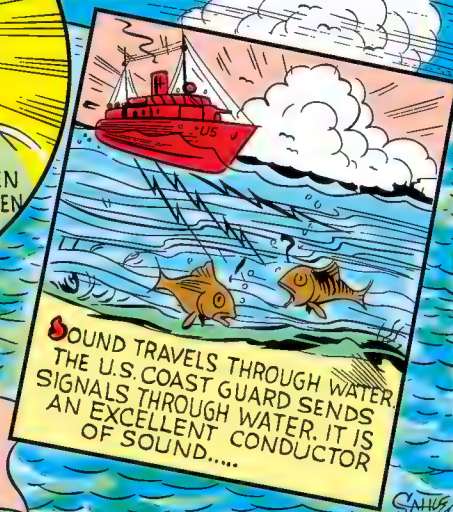
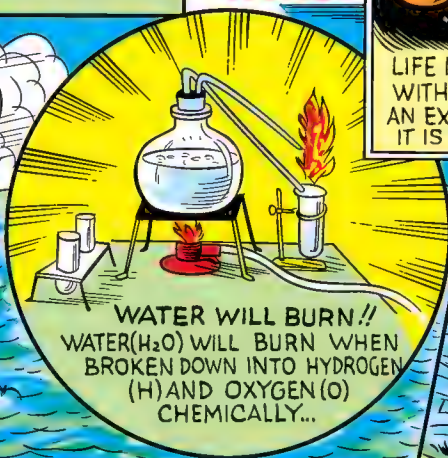
...HE SET TO WORK TO CREATE IT AT WILL!



FIRE WAS SO PRECIOUS IN ANCIENT TIMES IT WAS GUARDED BY YOUNG WOMEN -PLEGGED TO KEEP IT ALIVE !!



WATER WORLD



THERE IS MORE **WATER** THAN LAND IN THE WORLD! THE OCEAN COVERS OVER THREE QUARTERS OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE...

SAHUS

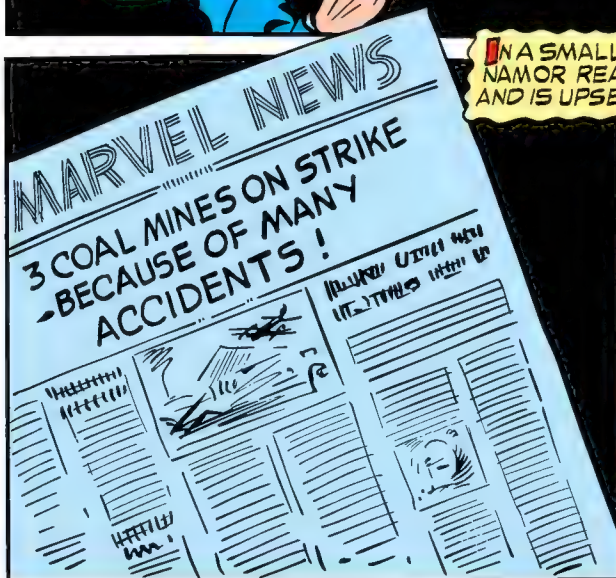
THE SUB-MARINER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940.
COPYRIGHT, 1941.

Swartz



WITH AN EASY FLIP
THE SUB MARINER
HURLS THE STRIKE
LEADER DOWN AN
OPEN SHAFT!



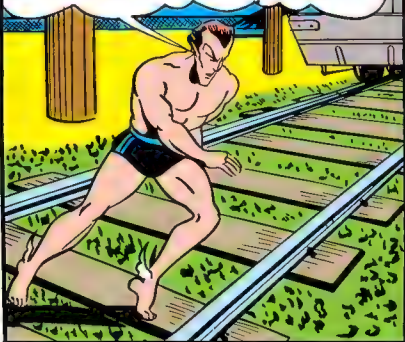
IN A SMALL PENNSYLVANIA CITY,
NAMOR READS A LOCAL PAPER,
AND IS UPSET BY THE HEADLINES!

HOLY MACKEREL!
THOSE DIRTY FIFTH-
COLUMNISTS ARE
AT IT AGAIN!
THINK I'LL TAKE A
LOOK AT ONE OR TWO
OF THE MINES!



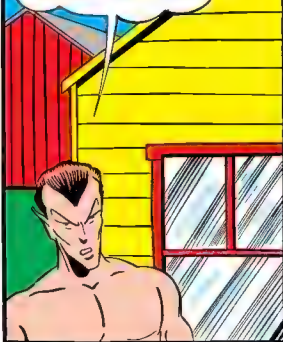
AN HOUR LATER, NAMOR SCOUTS THROUGH THE YARDS OF THE LARGO BITUMINUS COAL CO. ...

ALTOGETHER TOO MANY STRIKES THESE DAYS! HOLD-ING UP AMERICA'S DEFENSE PLANS... AND THAT'S BAD!



...AND THENCE TO THE MINE ITSELF!

QUITE A BIT OF ACTIVITY OVER THERE IN THAT SHED! IT MIGHT PROVE INTERESTING!



I THOUGHT SO! THE STRIKERS THEMSELVES... MAYBE I'LL GET AN IDEA AS TO WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



INSIDE...

I THINK WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE!! IF THE COMPANY PUTS THEIR OWN WORKERS ON TONIGHT, WE'VE GOT A PLAN THAT WILL SCARE THE WITS OUT OF THEM!



AND?

WHEN THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT GOES ON... WE BLOW UP THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT AND SEAL THEM IN. THEN WE OPEN UP THE INLET TO THE LAKE...



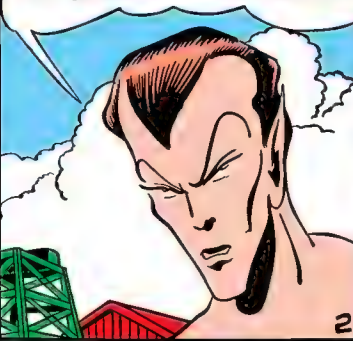
WELL, THE WATER RUSHES IN TO FLOOD THE LOWER LEVEL. THE BOYS'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE WATER BUT WON'T BE ABLE TO LEAVE THE SHAFT. THE SURFACE GANG WILL FREE THEM IN THE MORNING, SO NO HARM WILL BE DONE. IT WILL JUST GIVE 'EM A GOOD SCARE!

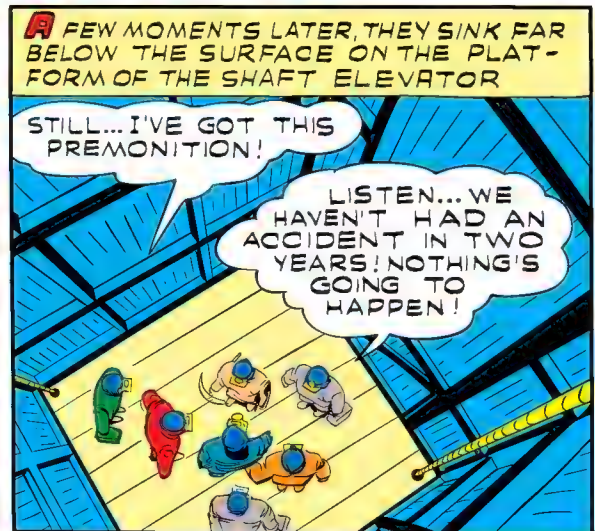
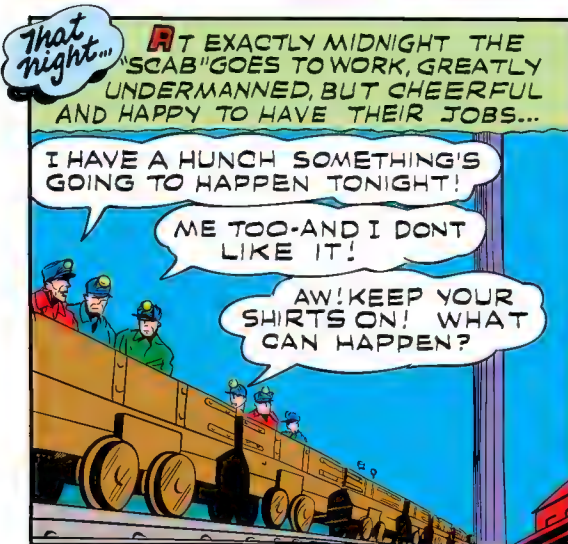


SO! THAT'S IT! THOSE FOOLS! DON'T THEY KNOW THAT ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN? IF THEIR PLANS GO AMISS, ALL THOSE MEN ON THE SCAB SHIFT MAY DROWN!



BY MAKING THE EXPLOSION LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT, THEY CAN "PROVE" THAT THE MINE IS UNSAFE, AND THEREBY JUSTIFY THEIR DEMAND FOR MORE MONEY. ALSO, THEY'LL GET THEIR REVENGE ON THE SCABS!





CAN'T GET DOWN TO THE FIRST ANYWAY, UNTIL IT DOES! WHEN THE ELEVATOR GOES UP, THE SHAFT WILL BE BLOCKED! AH... HERE IT COMES!



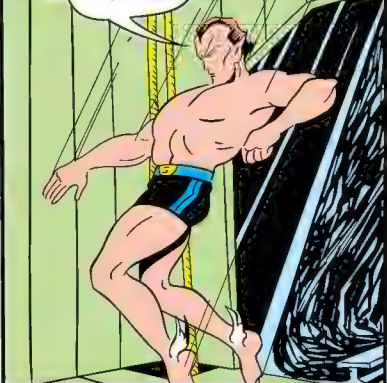
THE ELEVATOR RISES ABOVE HIS HEAD AND NAMOR LEAPS!...

GOING DOWN! HERE GOES NOTHING!

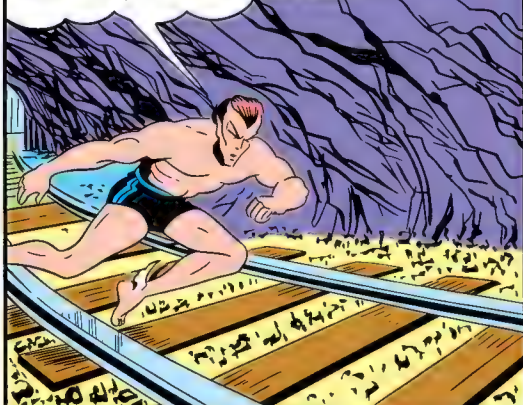


...AND LANDS LIGHTLY ON THE LOWER LEVEL.

HOPE I DON'T GET LOST DOWN HERE!



HMM... A LIGHT. GOOD! DON'T KNOW HOW SOON THOSE STRIKERS WILL START THE FIREWORKS, SO I'D BETTER FIND THESE MEN IN A HURRY!



THE MEN WHEEL IN SURPRISE, AS THEY HEAR NAMOR'S CALL...

HOLD ON! WAIT A MINUTE! I MUST HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!



NEVER MIND THAT! LISTEN, THE STRIKERS ARE PLANNING TO SEAL YOU MEN IN THE MINE, TONIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, FAST!

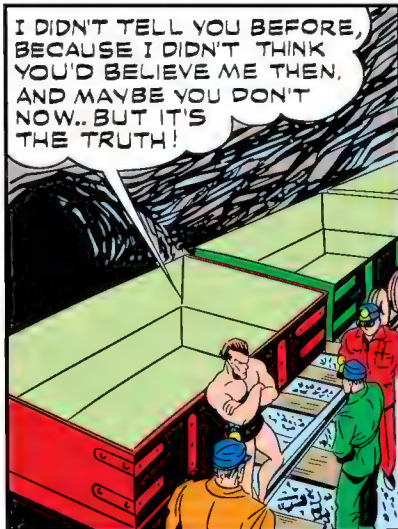
WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT?



WHAT THE...!! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE YOU CAME DOWN? NOW, WE ARE IN A FINE JAM! WELL?





I DIDN'T TELL YOU BEFORE, BECAUSE I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BELIEVE ME THEN. AND MAYBE YOU DON'T NOW.. BUT IT'S THE TRUTH!

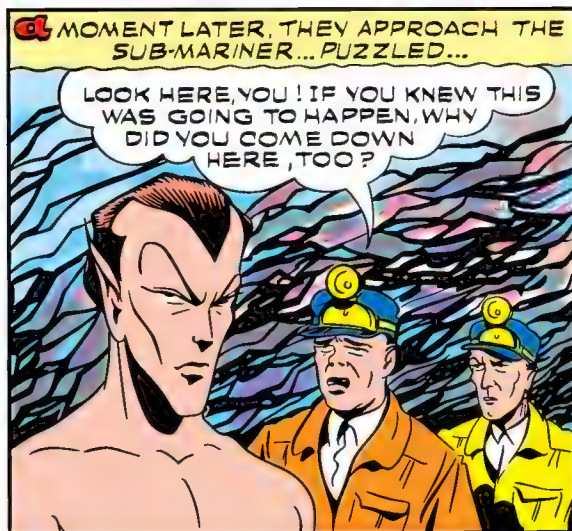


MY STORY WILL CHECK ANY MINUTE NOW! THE SHAFT IS PROBABLY CLOSED ALREADY!



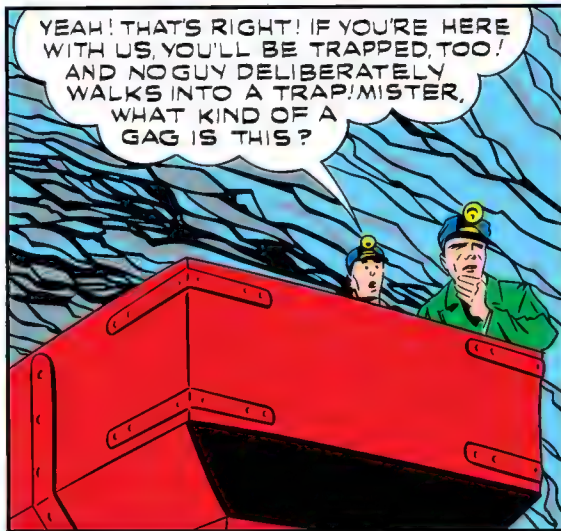
3 SKEPTICISM RUNS WITH THE MINERS...

LISTEN, EDDY, THIS GUY'S SCREWEY! HIS STORY DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! LOOK, I TELL YOU...



4 MOMENT LATER, THEY APPROACH THE SUB-MARINER... PUZZLED...

LOOK HERE, YOU! IF YOU KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, WHY DID YOU COME DOWN HERE, TOO?



YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! IF YOU'RE HERE WITH US, YOU'LL BE TRAPPED, TOO! AND NO GUY DELIBERATELY WALKS INTO A TRAP! MISTER, WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?



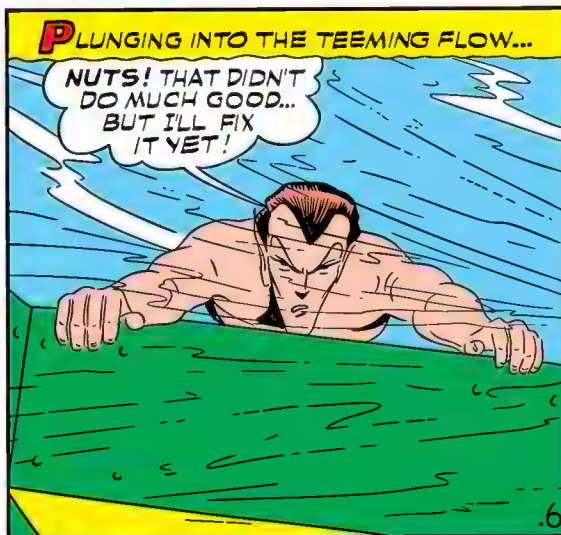
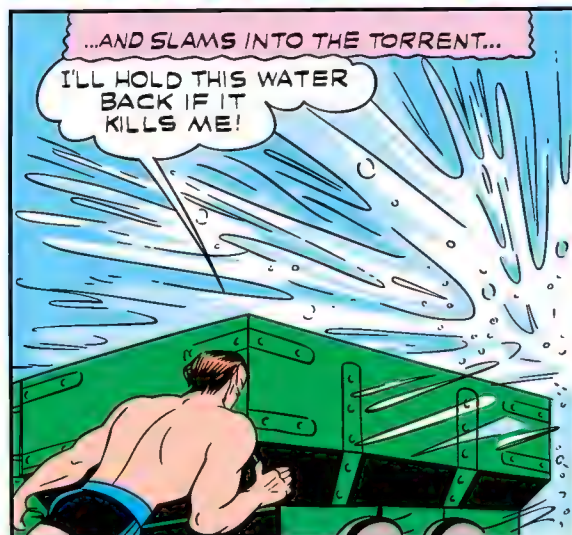
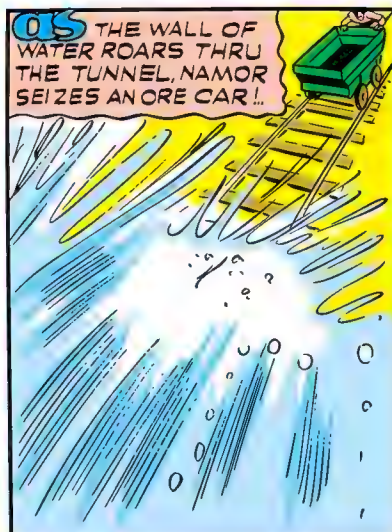
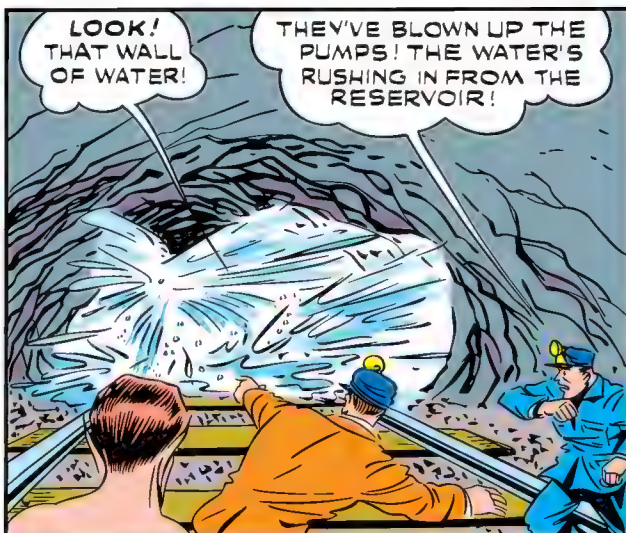
LISTEN, YOU! THEY PLAN TO THROW WATER IN HERE ON THE LOWER LEVEL, SOMEHOW, AND I WANT TO BE HERE TO STOP IT!



WATER??? THEN THAT MEANS...

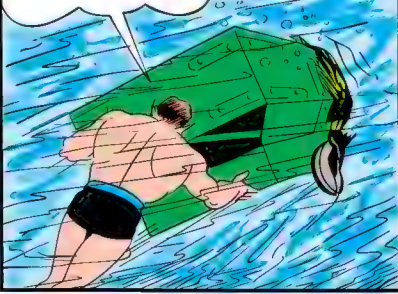
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?

BOOM!

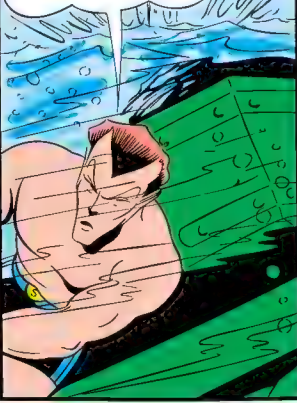


WITH A SUDDEN LUNGE, NAMOR SENDS THE ORE-CAR CRASHING INTO THE GAPING HOLE LEFT BY THE EXPLOSION!

I FEEL LIKE THE LITTLE DUTCH BOY WHO SAVED HOLLAND BY STICKING HIS FINGER IN A HOLE IN THE DIKE!

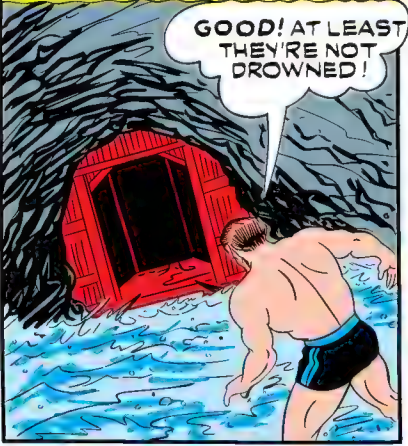


THERE! THAT WILL HOLD THE WATER FOR A WHILE! NOW, TO SEE IF THOSE MEN ARE SAFE...



RACING BACK TO THE SHAFT, HE FINDS THAT THE WATER HAS BARELY REACHED IT!

GOOD! AT LEAST THEY'RE NOT DROWNED!



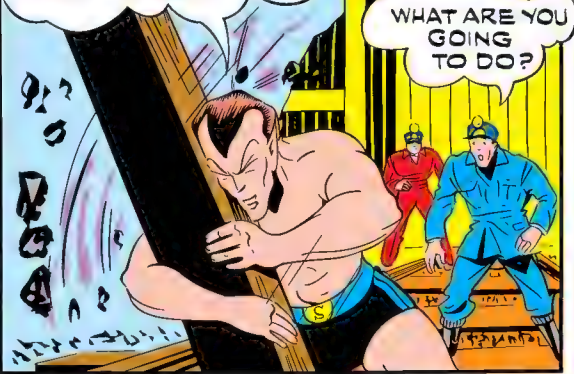
GRABBING A CABLE, HE SWINGS UP TO THE SECOND LEVEL...

JUMPIN' JEEPERS! WHAT KIND OF A GUY IS HE?

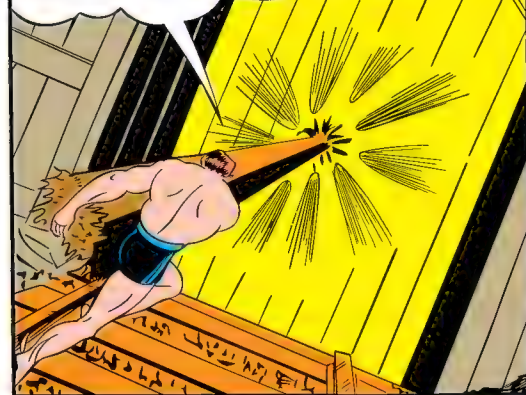


I'M NO HERCULES, SONNY... BUT JUST STRONG ENOUGH TO DO A FEW THINGS THAT YOU HUMANS CAN'T! AS FOR EXAMPLE, RIPPING OUT SOME OF THIS TIMBER!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

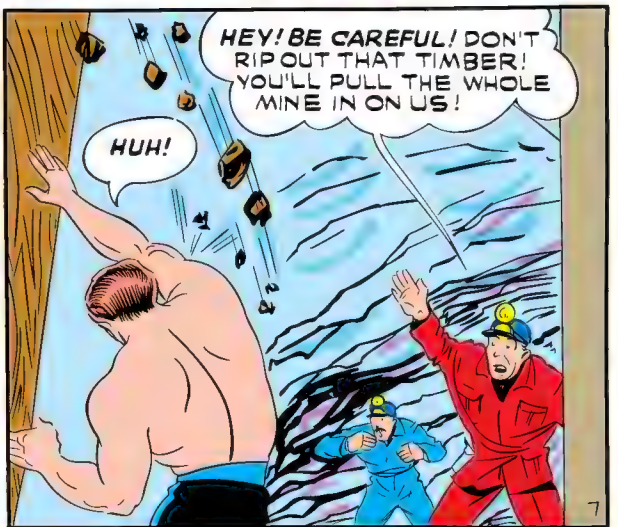


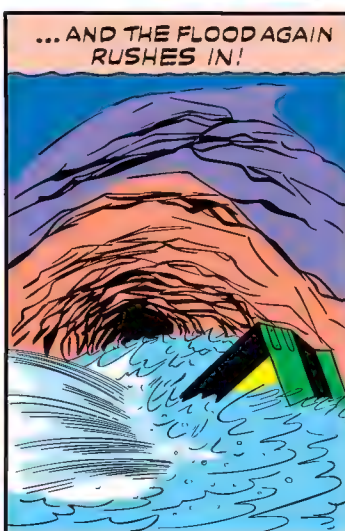
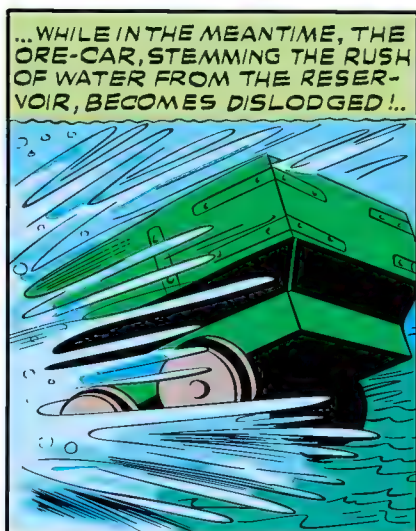
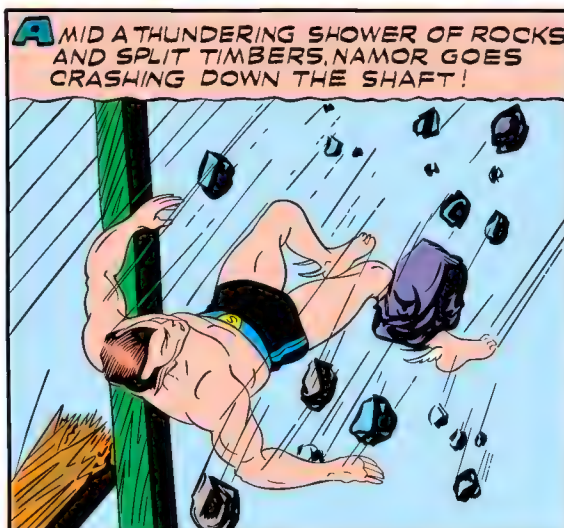
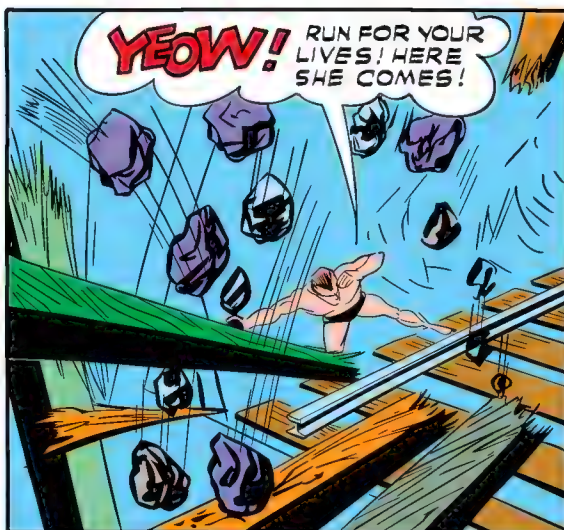
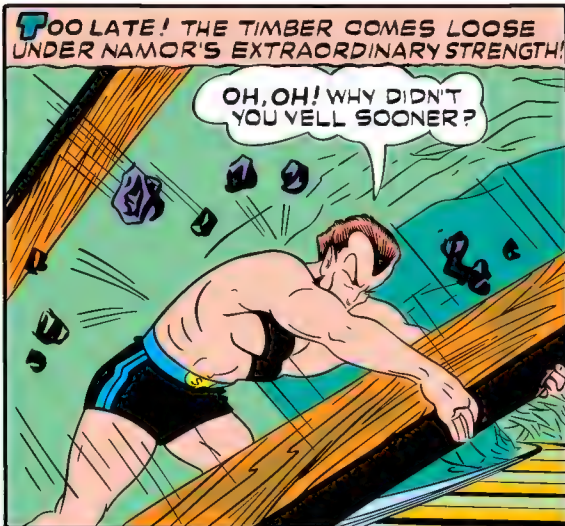
I'M GOING TO MAKE A BRIDGE-PLATFORM ACROSS THIS SHAFT, TO BLOCK OFF THE WATER IF IT SHOULD RISE AGAIN!

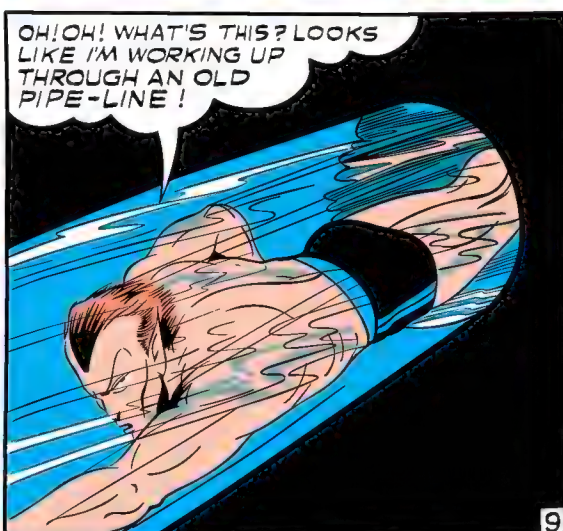
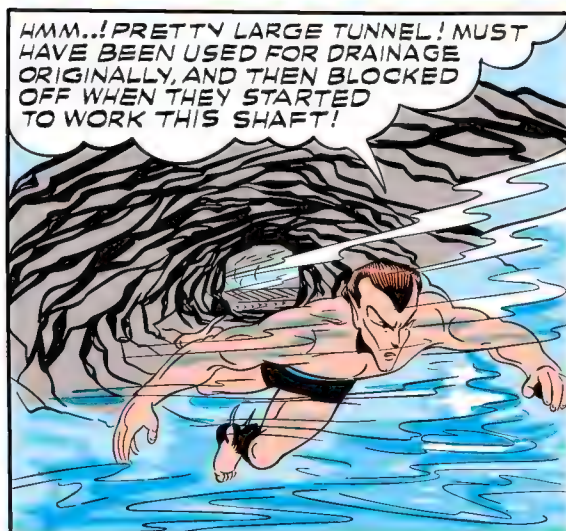
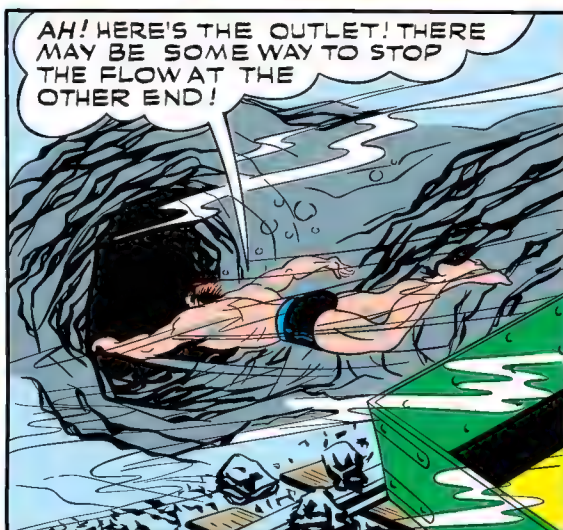
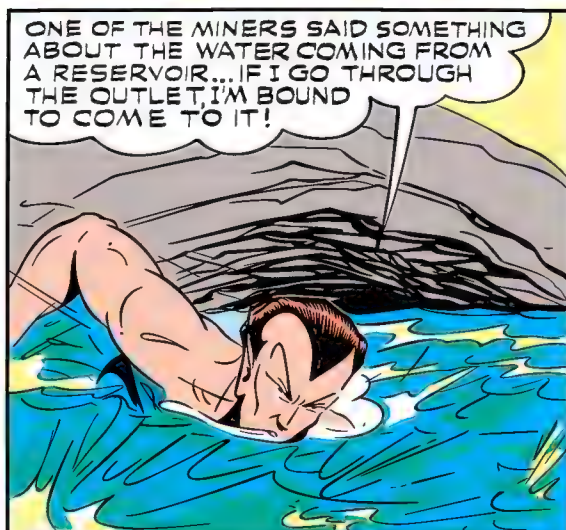
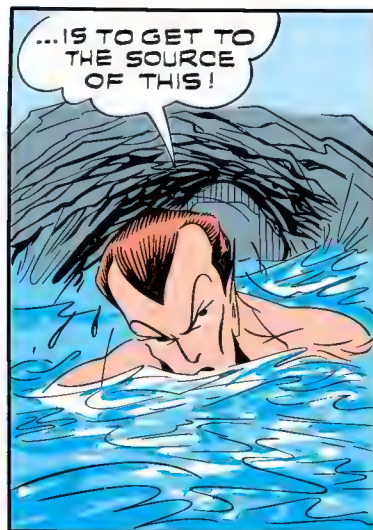


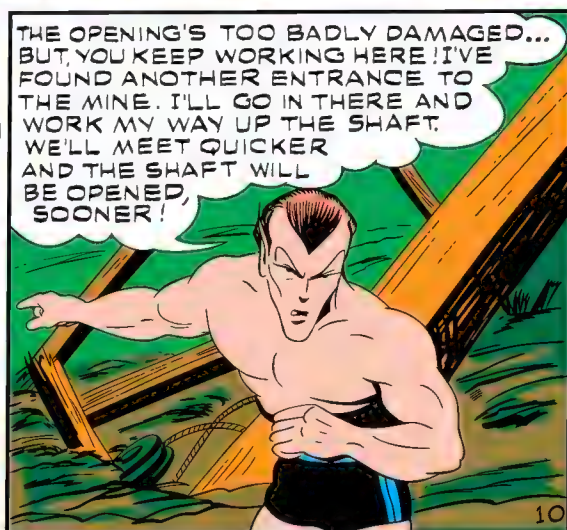
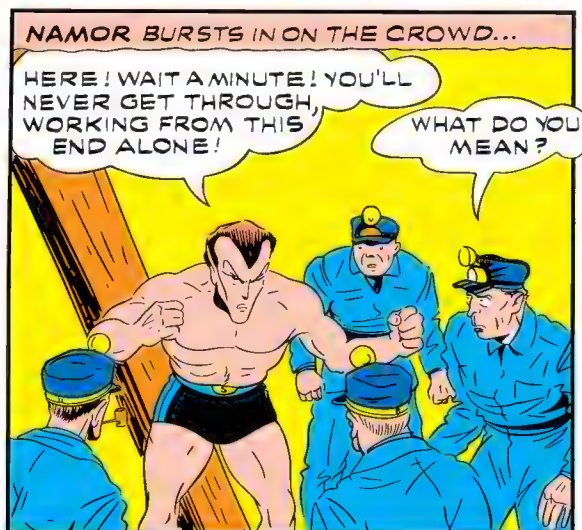
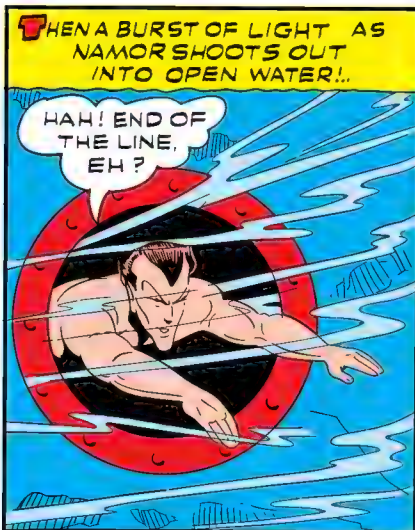
HEY! BE CAREFUL! DON'T RIP OUT THAT TIMBER! YOU'LL PULL THE WHOLE MINE IN ON US!

HUH!



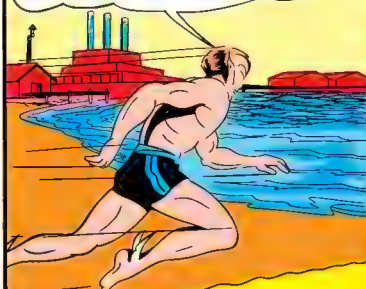






LEAVING THE MINERS,
NAMOR RACES BACK
TO THE RESERVOIR...

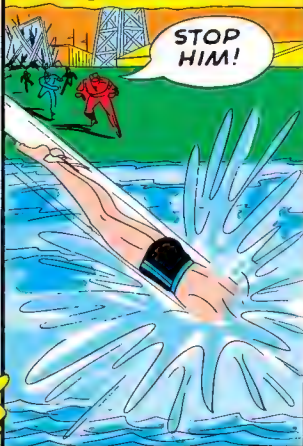
NOT MUCH TIME, BUT I
THINK I CAN MAKE IT
BEFORE THE WATER
RISES TOO FAR!



HOT LEAD SLICES INTO
THE RESERVOIR... BARELY
MISSING THE SUB-MARINER!

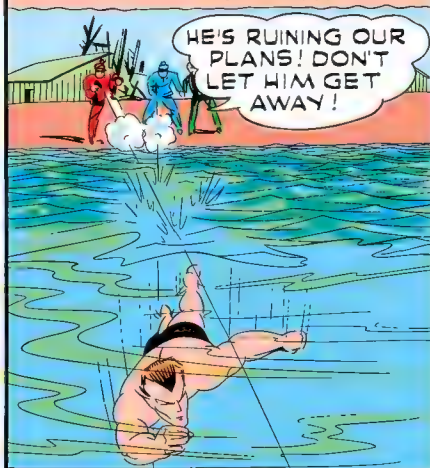
...UNAWARE THAT HE IS
BEING FOLLOWED BY
FOREIGN-LOOKING MEN

STOP
HIM!



...WHO OPEN FIRE ON HIM AS HE
HITS THE WATER!

HE'S RUINING OUR
PLANS! DON'T
LET HIM GET
AWAY!

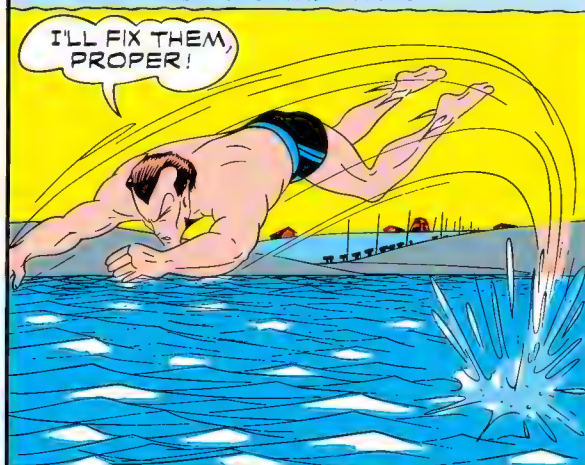


HEY!
WHY THOSE DIRTY...!
SHOOT AT ME, EH?



SUDDENLY... HE CLEAVES THE SURFACE,
ZOOMING INTO THE AIR...

I'LL FIX THEM,
PROPER!

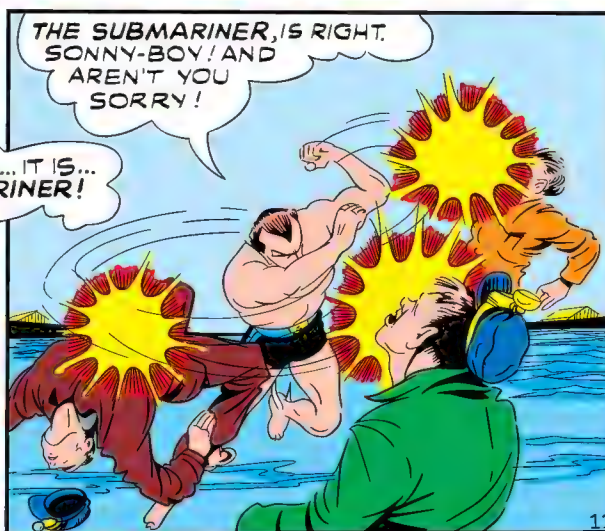


COME HERE RATS! I'LL
TEACH YOU BETTER
MANNERS!

IT-IT-MUST BE... IT IS...
THE SUB-MARINER!



THE SUBMARINER, IS RIGHT.
SONNY-BOY! AND
AREN'T YOU
SORRY!

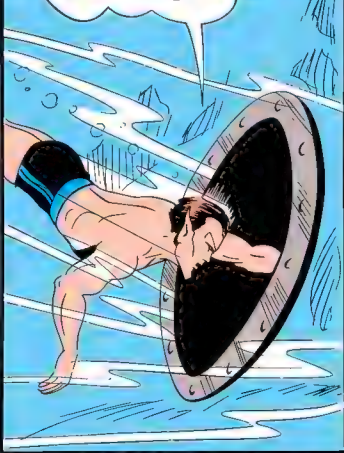


HIS THUNDERING BLOWS
LEAVING THEM UNCONSCIOUS,
NAMOR DIVES ONCE AGAIN
INTO THE LAKE...

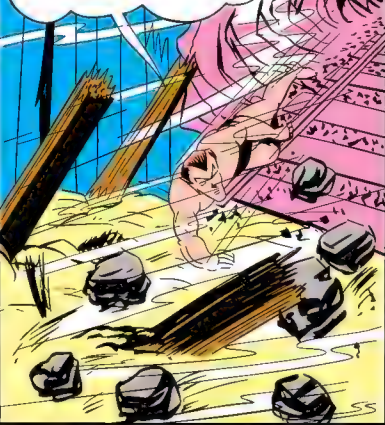
THAT'LL KEEP THEM
QUIET FOR A
WHILE!



HOPE THEY DIDN'T WASTE
TOO MUCH OF
MY TIME!



HERE'S THE BOTTOM OF
THE SHAFT. HOLY MACKEREL!
I SURE DID A JOB ON
THIS, DIDN'T I?



LIKE A SKY-ROCKET, HE
SHOOTS UP, LEVEL
AFTER LEVEL!..

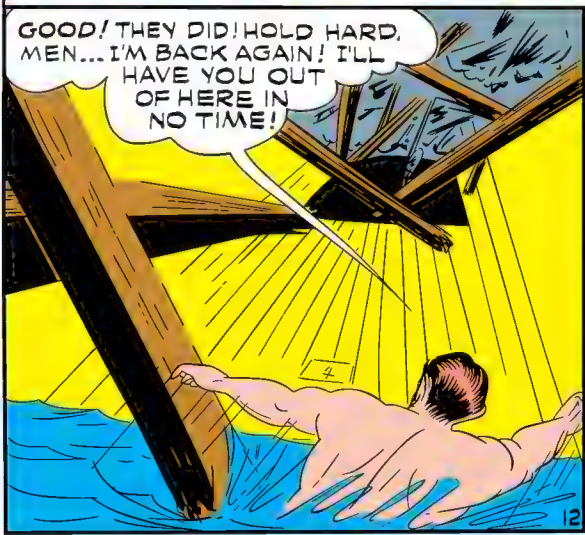
WOW! THE WATER ROSE A
LOT FASTER THAN
I THOUGHT!

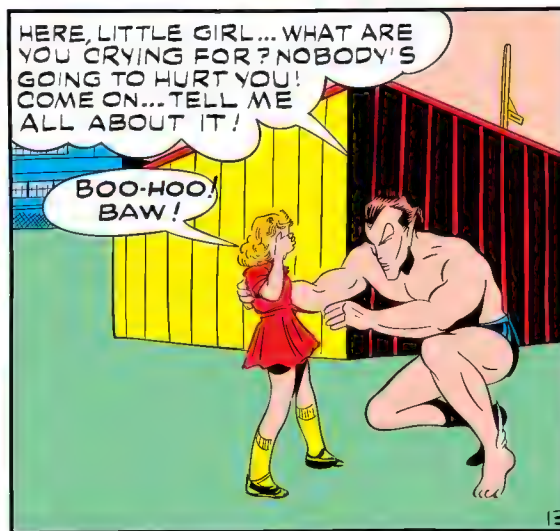
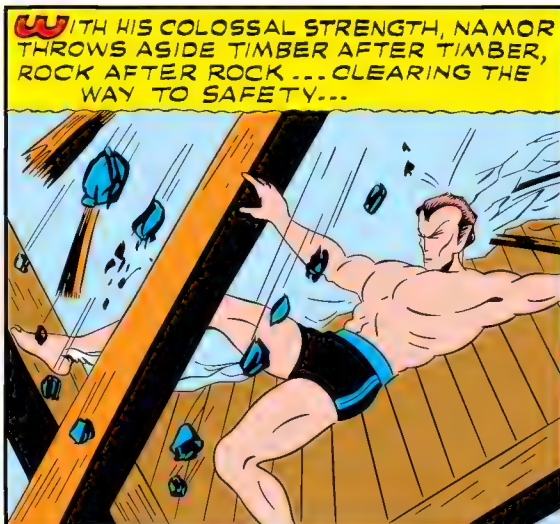
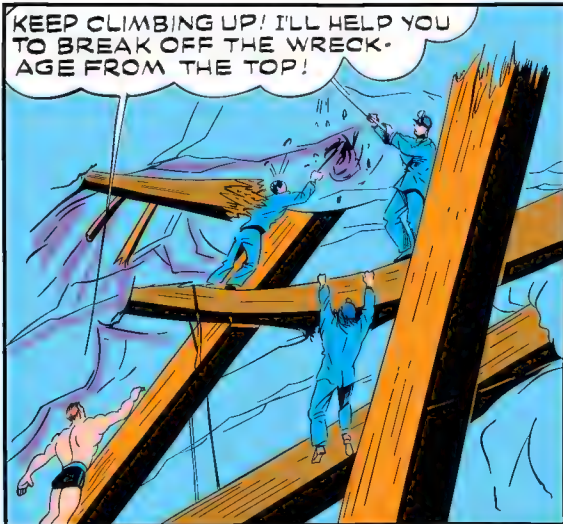


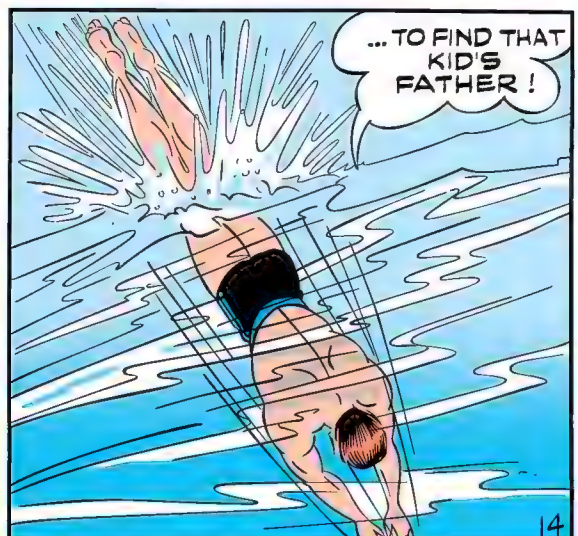
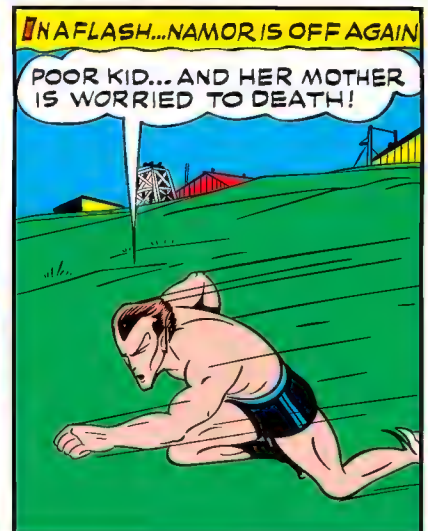
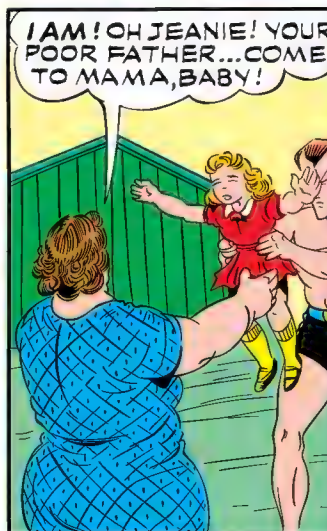
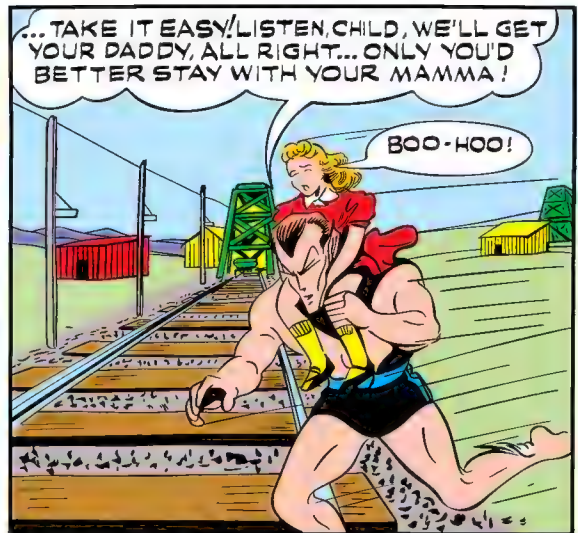
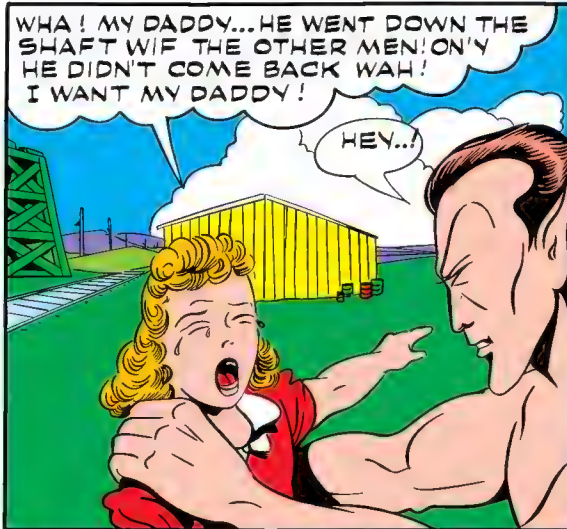
HOPE THOSE MEN HAD SENSE ENOUGH
TO RISE WITH THE WATER AND
GRAB A FEW TIMBERS!



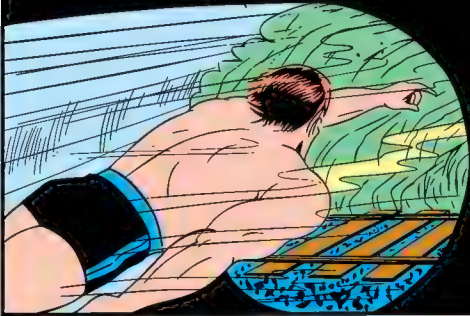
GOOD! THEY DID! HOLD HARD,
MEN... I'M BACK AGAIN! I'LL
HAVE YOU OUT
OF HERE IN
NO TIME!



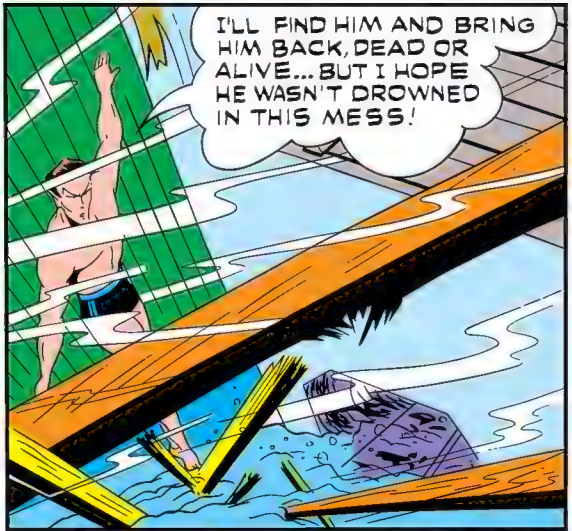




I HATE A JOB THAT'S HALF DONE!
I FINISH EVERYTHING I START!

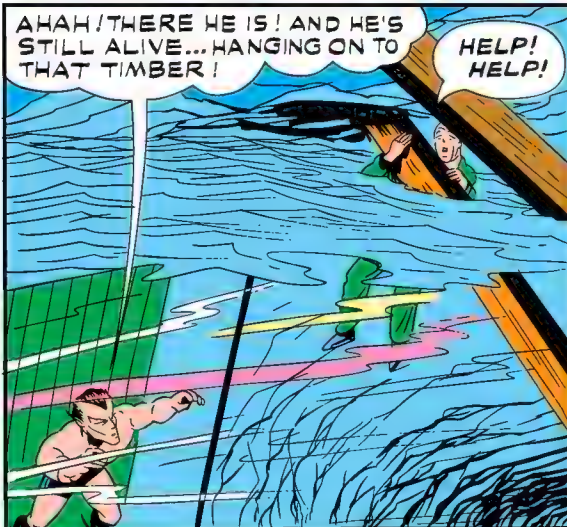


I'LL FIND HIM AND BRING
HIM BACK, DEAD OR
ALIVE... BUT I HOPE
HE WASN'T DROWNED
IN THIS MESS!



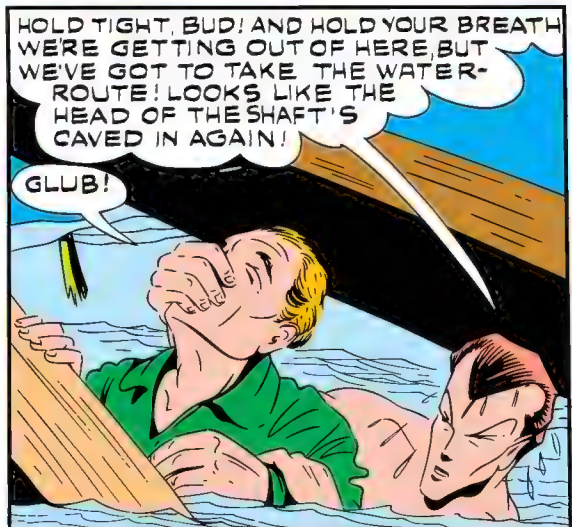
AHAH! THERE HE IS! AND HE'S
STILL ALIVE... HANGING ON TO
THAT TIMBER!

HELP!
HELP!



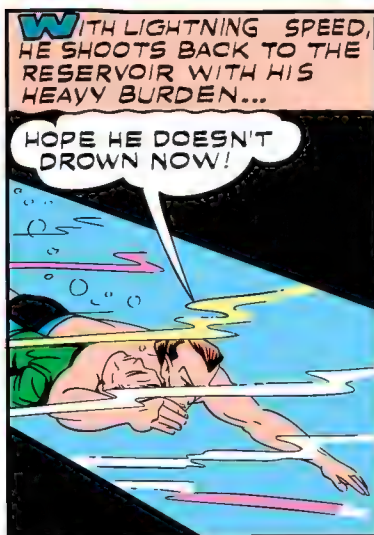
HOLD TIGHT, BUD! AND HOLD YOUR BREATH!
WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, BUT
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE WATER-
ROUTE! LOOKS LIKE THE
HEAD OF THE SHAFT'S
CAVED IN AGAIN!

GLUB!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED,
HE SHOOTS BACK TO THE
RESERVOIR WITH HIS
HEAVY BURDEN...

HOPE HE DOESN'T
DROWN NOW!



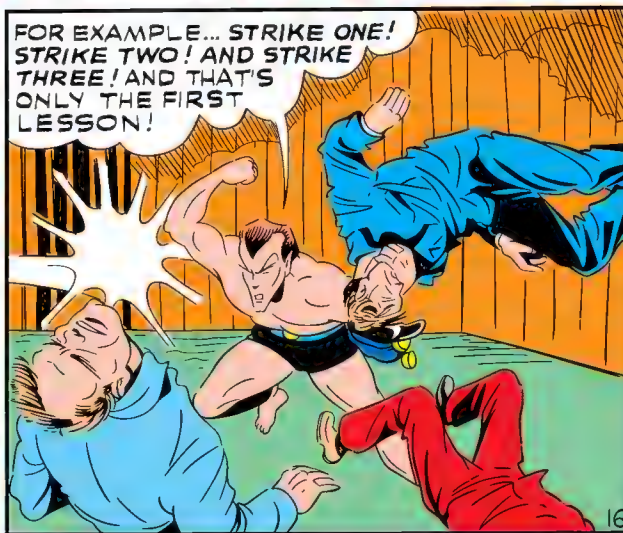
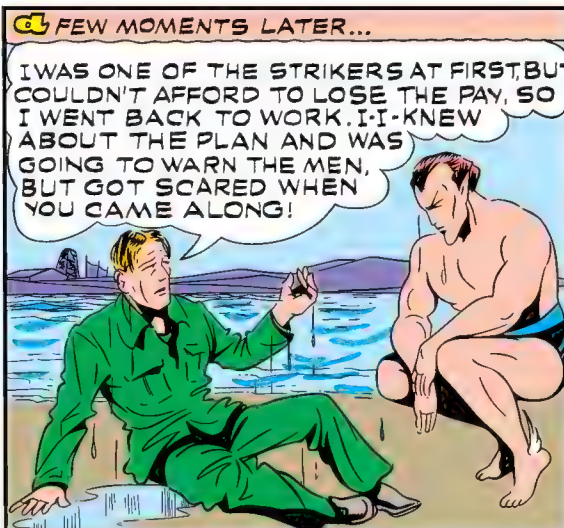
...INTO OPEN AIR AGAIN...

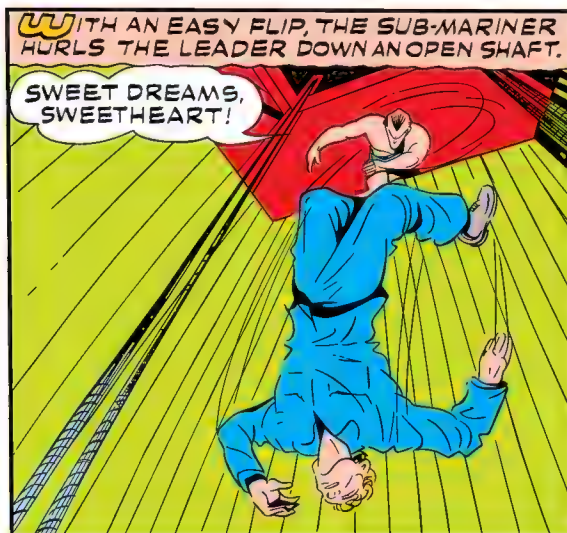
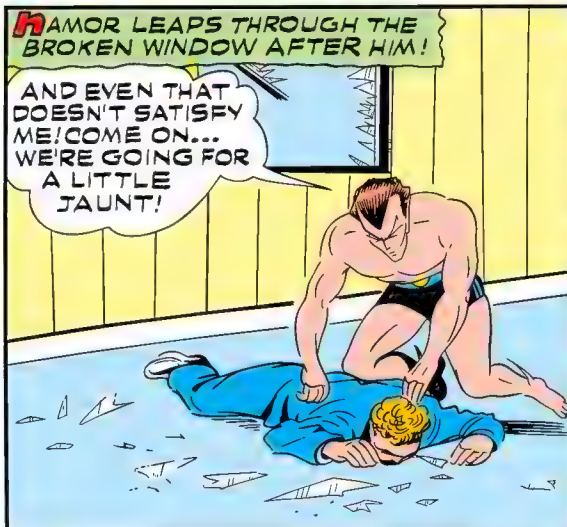
OH! OH! DEAD WEIGHT!
HE'S OUT LIKE
A LIGHT!



BRING HIM TO, AND SEE
WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!
FUNNY, I MISSED HIM
BEFORE, DOWN THERE!







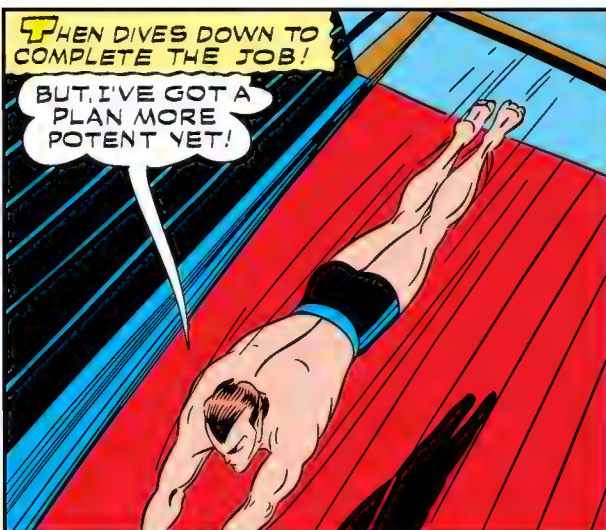
HEARING THE SPLASH, NAMOR WHEELS ABOUT, AND PEERS DOWN...

OH! OH! THAT DIDN'T FINISH HIM!



THEN DIVES DOWN TO COMPLETE THE JOB!

BUT, I'VE GOT A PLAN MORE POTENT YET!



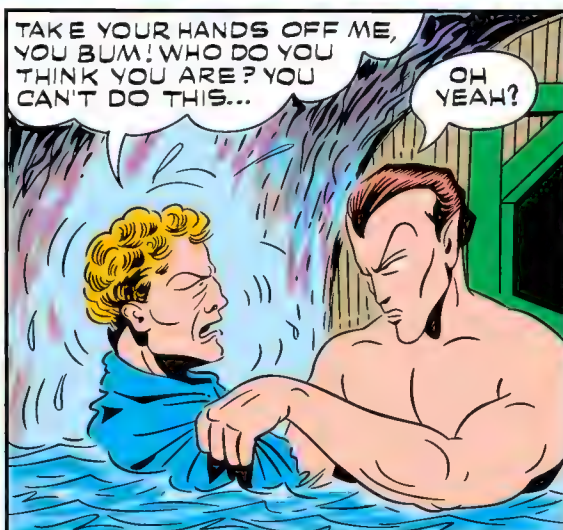
HE SEIZES THE LEADER...

COME ON, SUNNY BOY, I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO SAY TO YOU!



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU BUM! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? YOU CAN'T DO THIS...

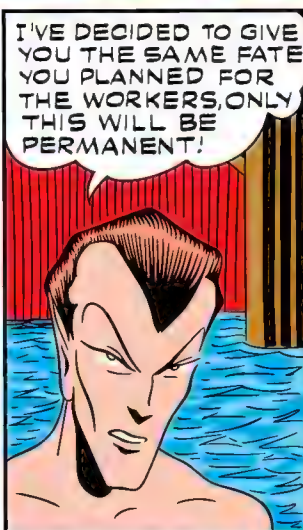
OH YEAH?



I CAN'T, EH... WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

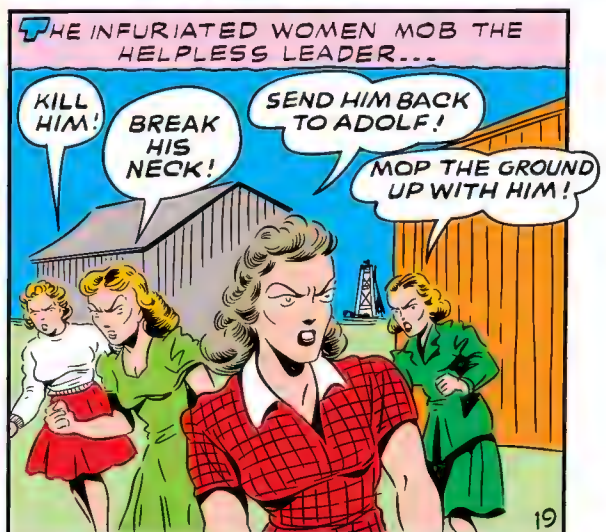
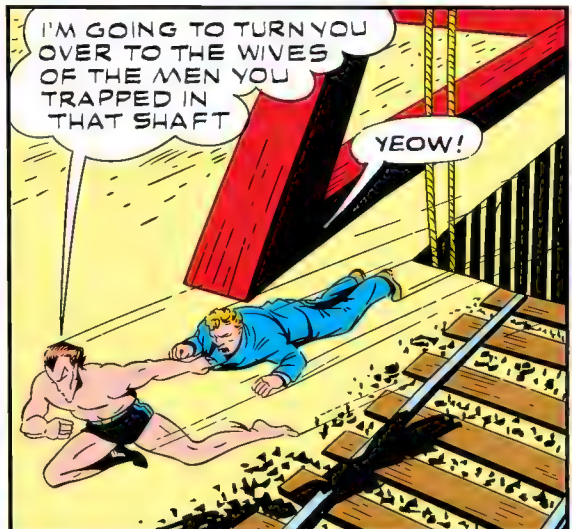
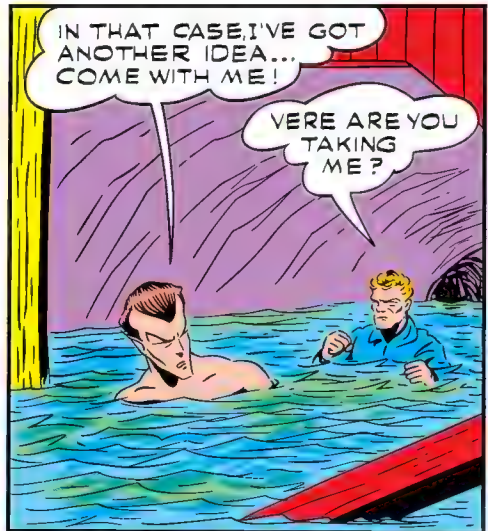
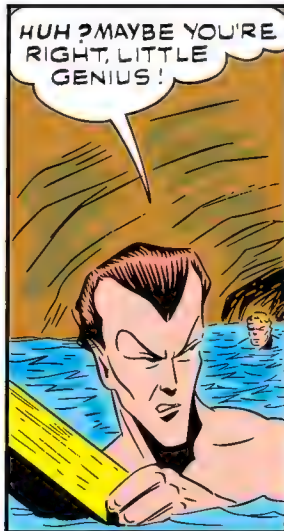
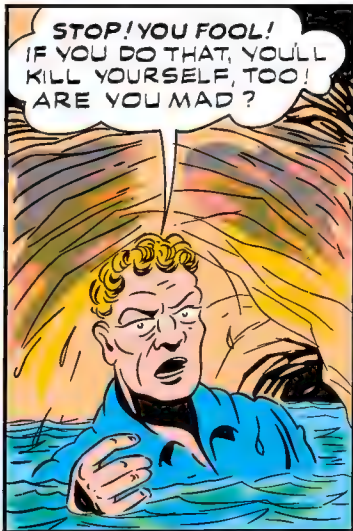


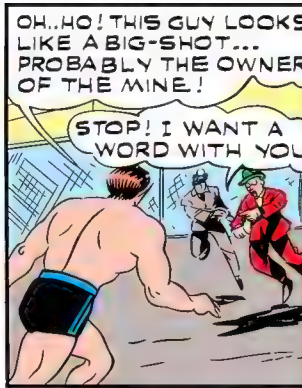
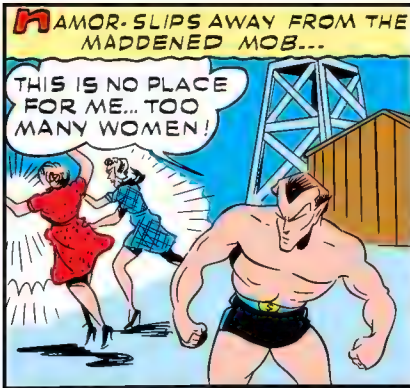
I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU THE SAME FATE YOU PLANNED FOR THE WORKERS, ONLY THIS WILL BE PERMANENT!



I'LL JUST RIP OUT A FEW TIMBERS, AND THE RESULTANT CAVE-IN WILL DO THE REST!







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SENTINELS
of LIBERTY and
THEREBY HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA AND
BUCKY IN THEIR GREAT WAR AGAINST
SPIES IN OUR COUNTRY!

LET'S ALL
GET TOGETHER
BEHIND CAP AND
BE ON THE CONSTANT
LOOKOUT FOR
SPIES...

THIS BADGE IS OF HIGH QUALITY METAL--THE SAME AS USED BY G-MEN AND POLICE OFFICERS; IT IS NOT A PICTURE BUTTON NOVELTY--

MEMBERSHIP CARD...

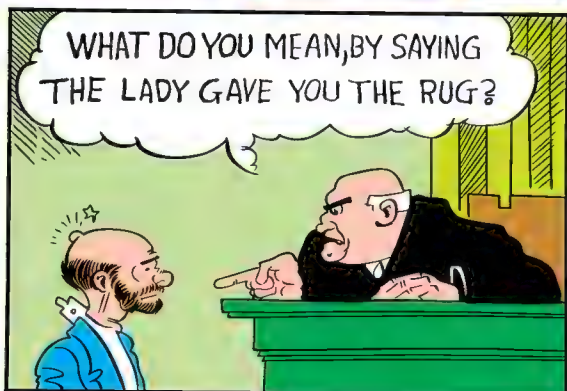
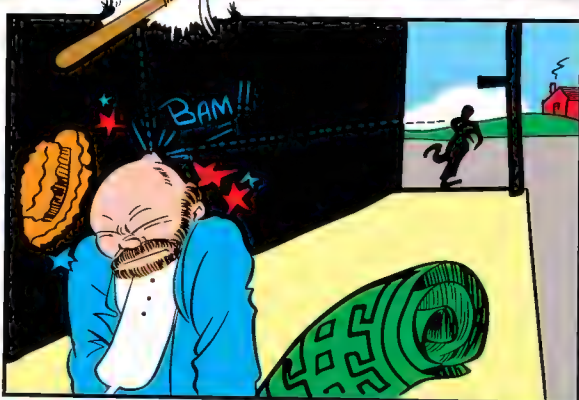
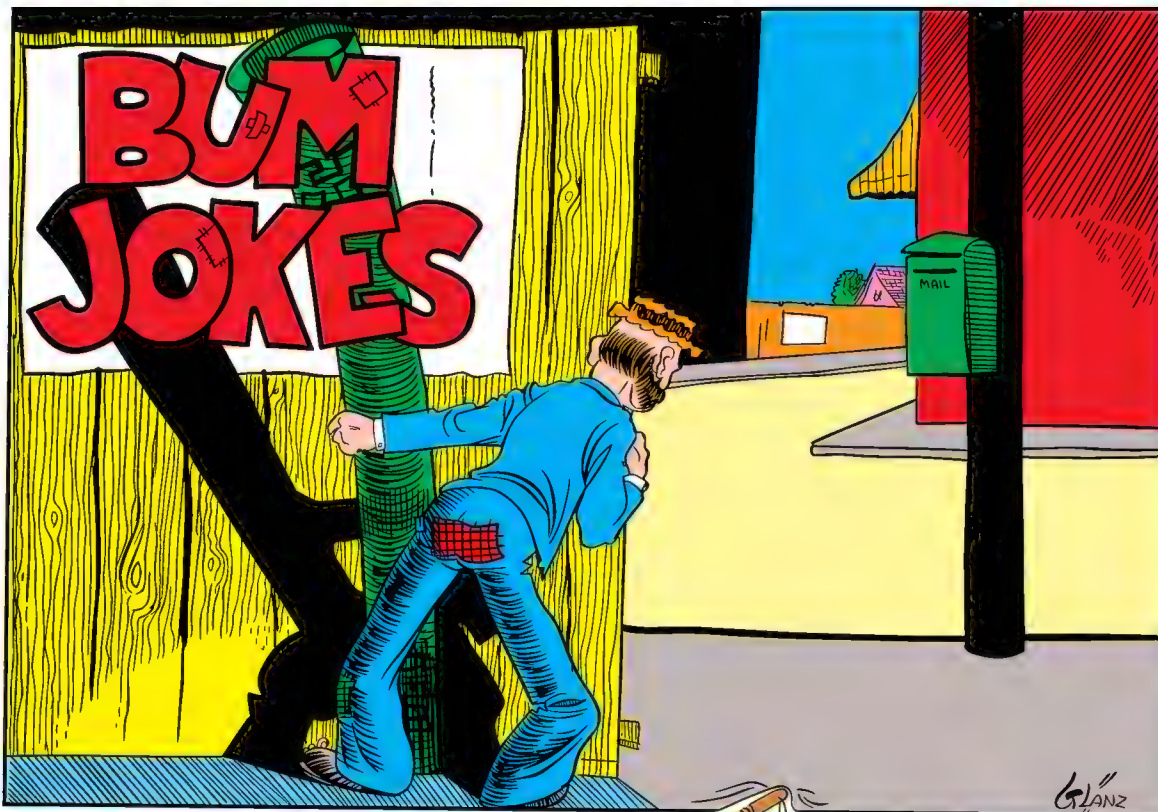
Send THIS COUPON OR WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER ALONG WITH **10¢** to
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330 WEST 42 ST.
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AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD

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AND SECRET CODE *1/2*
THE NEXT BIG ISSUE
of **CAPTAIN AMERICA**

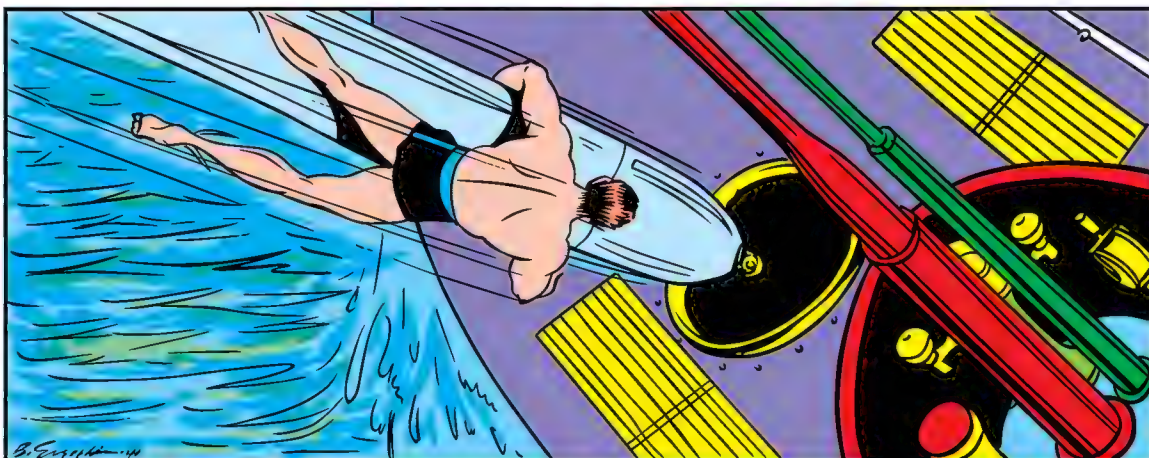
I AM ENCLOSING **10¢**
I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AND HELP TO FIGHT SPIES AND TRAITORS TO THE U.S.A.
NAME AND ADDRESS: _____
CITY AND STATE: _____

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the STORY BEHIND THE COVER



PRINCE NAMOR, the Sub Mariner, was swimming in the warm waters of the South Atlantic with a happy grin on his face. It was the first time in months that he had nothing to do but swim lazily about in the clear sea. There were no Nazi invasions for him to worry about, no Human Torch and Toro flying around to annoy him, and in general, everything seemed rosy and peaceful.

Namor was really enjoying himself. He filled his powerful lungs with air and flew high above the water. Then, he turned and zoomed down in a terrific power-dive, cutting the water cleanly, not stopping until he had reached the very bottom of the sea!

It was there that he got his big surprise. For on the bottom of the ocean, cruising lazily along, he saw—a *Nazi submarine!*

Namor quickly swerved around and swam above the sub so that the occupants would be unable to see him. "Darn -those Nazis!" he growled. "Everytime I go somewhere for a rest, I find them around to make trouble! I guess I might as well start to wreck the sub now and get it over with!"

Then Namor had another idea. "Suppose," he thought, "I wait a while and follow the sub. I'll see where it goes and then, when it's all set to do some damage, I'll swoop down and 'blitz' it! Oh boy, that oughta be fun!"

And so, Prince Namor hovered above the submarine as the grey, deadly craft sliced its way through the waters of the South Atlantic on a mission of destruction! Little did the Nazi sailors dream that swimming right above them was one man who was every bit as deadly and destructive as they were!

In the meantime, high above both the Sub Mariner and the Nazi craft, an English battleship was speeding along the coastline of South America, looking for the secret Nazi "pocket raider" which was sinking many English ships in these waters. The English battleship was one of the largest and most powerful afloat and had been sent out especially to destroy the Nazi "pocket" ship. Although Namor didn't know it, the German submarine was lurking under the sea, waiting to torpedo the searching English vessel.

Suddenly the submarine seemed to give a quick lurch and forged ahead, cutting through the water at a much greater speed than before. "It must have sighted something!" thought Namor. And indeed it had! The sub commander had heard the motors of the English ship and was forging ahead to torpedo it!

BY STAN LEE

"NAMOR 'BLITZES' A NAZI SUB"

KNIFING through the water like an angry hornet, the deadly submarine sped up to the unsuspecting British warship with the Sub Mariner following close behind. "Here's where I have some fun!" grinned Namor as he easily kept within sight of the submarine!

At length, the submarine reached the point where it was directly alongside the British battleship. Inside the sub the commander began to bark his orders. "Make ready mit der torpedo-tubes! Ve'll giff dese English svines something to worry about!" A lieutenant answered, "Der torpedo-tubes are ready, Mein Commandant!" "Very vell then, FIRE!"

The waters around the submarine began to swirl and foam as the deadly torpedo was fired at the English dreadnaught. The Sub Mariner gasped in surprise. "I didn't expect them to do anything that quickly," he thought. "It's time for me to act!"

With the speed of thought, the Sub Mariner whizzed after the torpedo! "I've got to make it! Hundreds of lives are at stake!" The Sub Mariner plowed through the water like an avenging tornado in the wake of the speeding torpedo.

But fast as Namor was, the torpedo had had too big a start! Just as the mighty Sub Mariner came within grasping distance of the deadly missile the torpedo struck! In an instant, the solid steel side of the powerful battleship was reduced to a twisted mass of molten metal! At once the water began to rush in through the tremendous hole which the torpedo had made in the side of the ship, capsizing the great boat and causing it to begin to sink!

Now Namor really went to town! The force of the concussion had only a slight effect on him. Zooming out of the water he flew at breath-taking speed toward the Nazi sub. "The battleship will stay afloat for a few more minutes, but I'm going to stop those Nazi rats from getting away!"

In a flash the Sub Mariner reached the submarine. He thrust his powerful arm into one of the sub's torpedo-tubes and with his steel-like fingers he plucked out a two-ton torpedo! "And now for the fireworks!" he grinned.

Holding the torpedo in one hand, Namor flew above the sub and then . . . ZOWEE! — He plunged down with it, jamming it into the submarine's hatch just as the Nazis began to come out! One German who came up behind Namor with a gun in his hand, got a kick in the chin for his pains! (See cover.) — And a kick from Prince Namor is about the same as having a load of T.N.T. explode right under your nose!

AFTER jamming the torpedo tightly in the hatch of the sub in order to prevent any of the Nazis from escaping, Namor raced to the rear of the ship and grabbed the rudder. "These Nazis were willing to kill all the men on that battleship," thought Namor, "so there's no reason for me not to do the same to them! I'll give the murderers a taste of their own medicine!" So saying, Namor ripped off the rudder as though it had been made of paper! Then he punched a gaping hole into the tail of the sub! "And now," he growled, "to finish it off!"

Swimming under the sub, Namor grabbed it and pulled it down deep into the water after him. He saw the water rush in through the hole he had made and soon the very sides of the sub seemed to crush because of the terrific pressure. Namor took one last look and then rose to the surface. "That's one Nazi sub which has gone down to stay!" he said, happily. "And now for the battleship!"

Only about 20 seconds had elapsed from the time Namor dashed after the sub to destroy it, and now, when he was speeding to the ship to save it! But in those 20 seconds, the mighty man of the sea had succeeded in completely demolishing the Nazi sub!

Reaching the battleship, Namor pushed the side which had been hit by the torpedo above water, so that no more water would leak in, and then he set about to rescue the drowning British sailors. In a few seconds he had them all up on the deck of the ship, safe and sound!

Then, the amazing Sub Mariner dived down into the water and pulled out a solid steel part of the submarine! Holding it in one hand, he swam up again to the battleship and thrust it into the hole made by the torpedo. The hole was now safely sealed.

"Go ahead, Englishmen!" cried the Sub Mariner. "Go and continue your valiant fight against the cowardly Nazis! Go and make the world once again a place of peace and beauty! Go — and good luck!!

AS the battleship went on its way with flags flying and sailors cheering, Prince Namor, the Sub Mariner, with a final wave, turned back toward his own native waters and swam away into the horizon.

THE END



IN LESS THAN A YEAR, A DOZEN SCIENTISTS DISAPPEARED ... WAS THERE ANY LINK BETWEEN THEM? ... THE POLICE SAID NO, BUT THE ANGEL SAID YES! ... FOR HE KNEW THAT BEHIND THE MYSTERY LURKED A GREAT COILED BODY WITH GLITTERING EYES, AND A BRAIN STEEPED IN EVIL ... **THE PYTHON!**

IN SLAVES OF THE PYTHON

THE CAMPUS OF REESE UNIVERSITY IN NEW ENGLAND---

WHY--THERE'S MISS DAWSON, MY CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR, OUT FOR A STROLL ... I'D LIKE TO ASK HER IF SHE'S GOING TO FLUNK ME ...

AS THE CO-ED STARTS TOWARD THE PROFESSOR, SHE SUDDENLY RECOILS...

E-EEK! ... LOOK OUT, PROFESSOR! THERE'S A SNAKE HANGING FROM THAT TREE!



BEFORE MISS DAWSON CAN FLEE, A HUGE, REPTILIAN BODY SLITHERS DOWN!...

HELP!

OH-H-H!... IT'S CRUSHING ME!



THE CREATURE LIFTS THE PROFESSOR INTO THE TREE!...

I... I'M GOING TO FAINT!

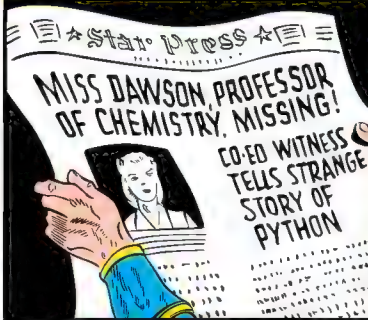


THE ANGEL SCENTS A MYSTERY!...

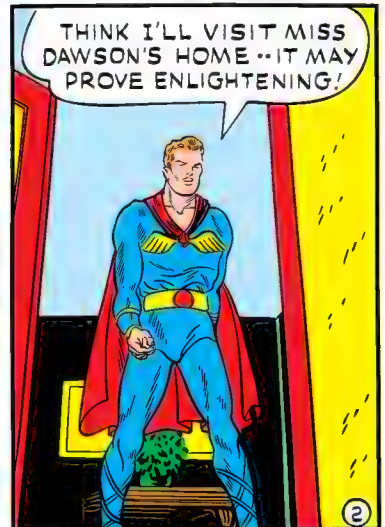
"POLICE SCOFF AT CO-ED'S YARN... SAY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR A PYTHON TO BE IN NEW ENGLAND?... HMM- I WONDER!"

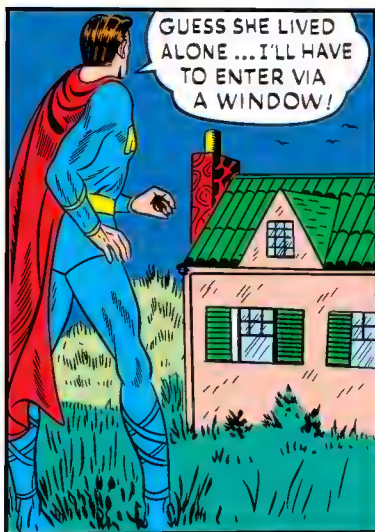


NEXT DAY...



THINK I'LL VISIT MISS DAWSON'S HOME --IT MAY PROVE ENLIGHTENING!





THE GREAT COILS TIGHTEN ...!

I'VE GOT ONE HAND
FREE --- IF I CAN ONLY
FIND ITS HEAD!

GROPING DESPERATELY, THE
ANGEL'S HAND MOVES
UPWARD ...

WHAT THE ...! THIS
PYTHON'S GOT A CHIN--
AND A THROAT! ...

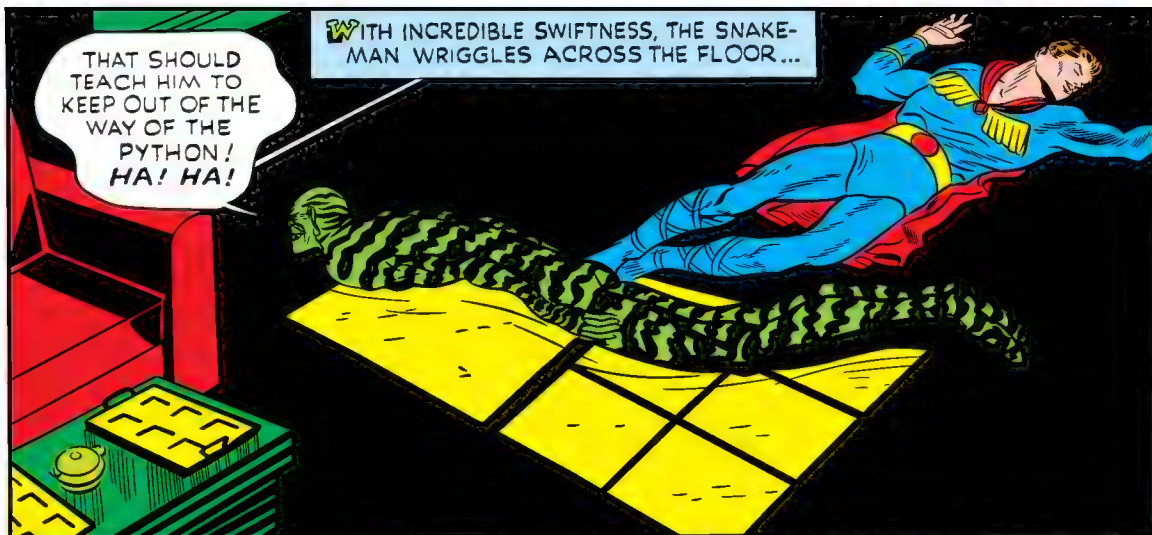
A CHIN --- A THROAT --- AND
THE FACE OF A MAN! ---

LOOSEN UP --- OR
I'LL BREAK
YOUR ADAM'S
APPLE!

THAT DID THE TRICK! --
HE'S UNCOILING!

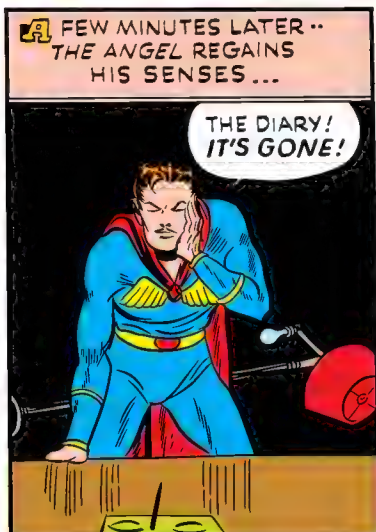
SUDDENLY A STRIPED, BLACK
FIST LEAPS OUT! ...

YEOW!



THAT SHOULD
TEACH HIM TO
KEEP OUT OF THE
WAY OF THE
PYTHON!
HA! HA!

WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS, THE SNAKE-
MAN WRIGGLES ACROSS THE FLOOR...



A FEW MINUTES LATER --
THE ANGEL REGAINS
HIS SENSES...

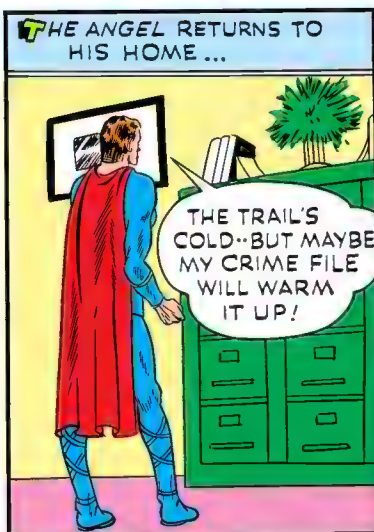
THE DIARY!
IT'S GONE!



THE HUMAN SNAKE
TOOK IT! ... THEN HE
MUST HAVE HANDS,
AND A HUMAN BRAIN!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

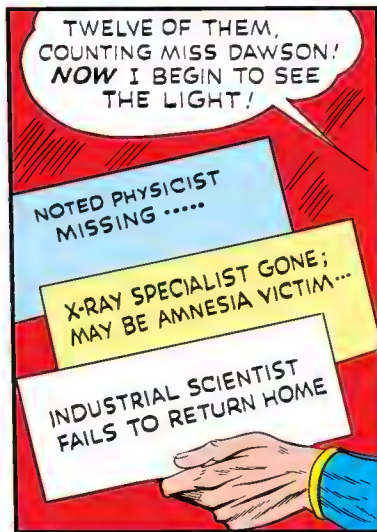


BUT HE MOVES
LIKE A SNAKE!
THERE'S THE
IMPRESSION OF
HIS BODY ON THE
GROUND BELOW--



THE ANGEL RETURNS TO
HIS HOME...

THE TRAIL'S
COLD--BUT MAYBE
MY CRIME FILE
WILL WARM
IT UP!



TWELVE OF THEM,
COUNTING MISS DAWSON!
NOW I BEGIN TO SEE
THE LIGHT!

NOTED PHYSICIST
MISSING

X-RAY SPECIALIST GONE;
MAY BE AMNESIA VICTIM...

INDUSTRIAL SCIENTIST
FAILS TO RETURN HOME



HERE'S ONE WHO
CAME BACK-- A DOCTOR
BACH OF NEW YORK! I THINK,
DOCTOR, YOU AND I ARE
GOING TO HAVE A
LITTLE TALK!

THE ANGEL FLIES TO NEW YORK--

I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR,
DOCTOR... ON AN IMPORTANT
MISSION... MAY I COME IN?

YES--BUT
MAKE IT
SHORT!

A NUMBER OF SCIENTISTS
HAVE DISAPPEARED

YOU'D BETTER
DISAPPEAR, TOO!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE RAVING ABOUT!

MAYBE YOU KNOW WHO
THE HUMAN PYTHON IS?
STOP STALLING, BACH!
YOUR FACE IS A DEAD
GIVE AWAY!

BREAKING FROM THE ANGEL'S GRASP,
BACH GRABS A CHEMICAL JAR

HERE'S HOW I TREAT
SNOOPERS!

MISSED!
NOW I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW I
TREAT LIARS!

THIS MAY PUT
YOU IN A MORE
RECEPTIVE MOOD!

GREAT SCOTT!
THE SCAR OF A LASH!...
WHAT'S THE MEANING
OF IT, BACH?

I CAN'T TELL YOU!
... I CAN'T! ...
THE PYTHON!

DISGUSTED BY THE SIGHT OF THE CRINGING FIGURE ON THE FLOOR, THE ANGEL DEPARTS!

THE SHADOW OF
THE ANGEL!

I'VE GOT TO WARN
THE PYTHON--
AT ONCE!

BUT THE
ANGEL HAS
NOT GONE
FAR!

I KNOW THE
YELLOW BREED...
AS I WATCH HERE,
HE'LL GIVE HIM-
SELF AWAY IN
HIS NEXT MOVE!

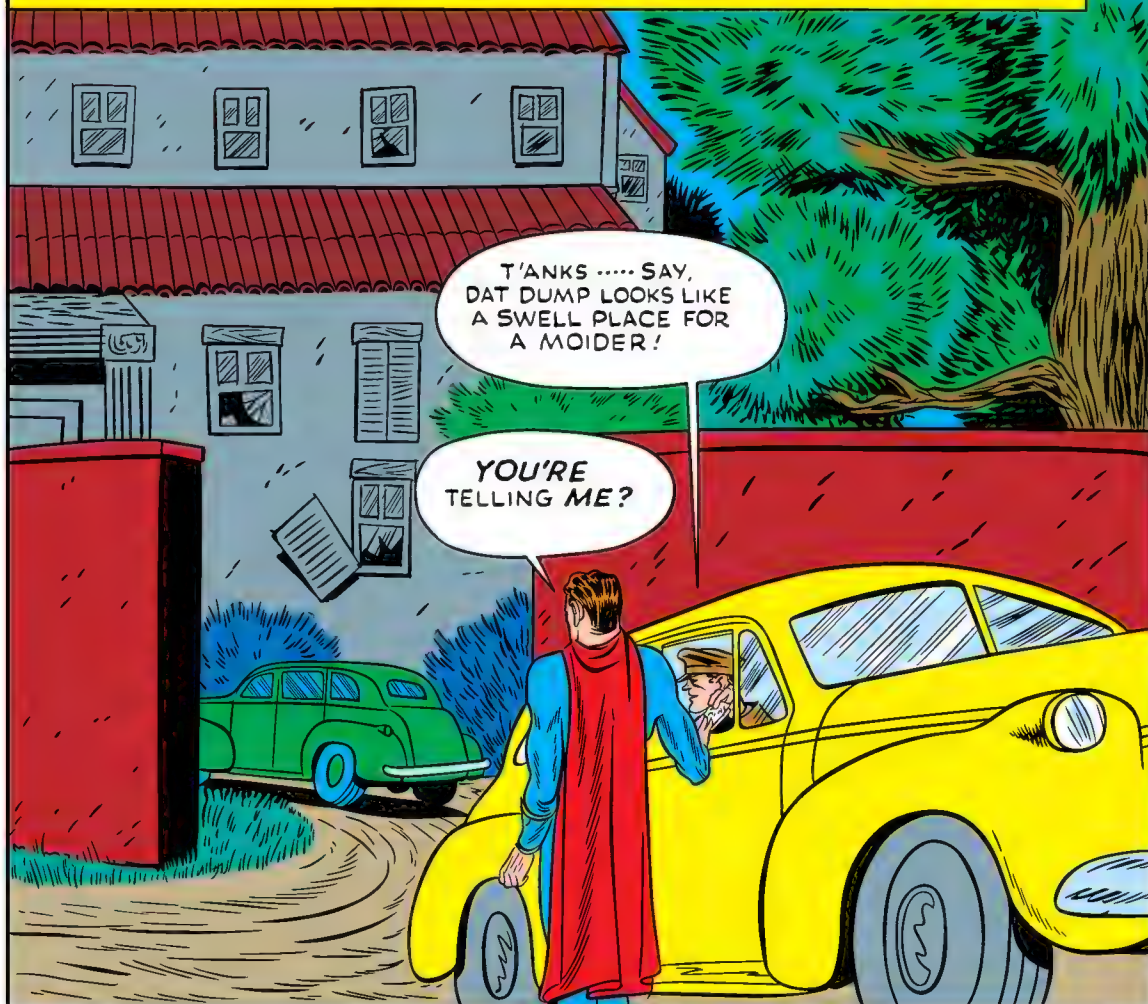
FOLLOW THAT SEDAN--
AND DON'T SPARE
THE HORSES!

OKAY, BOSS!--
HOP IN!

THE SPEEDOMETER HITS SIXTY--
AS SEDAN AND TAXI SPEED
NORTHWARD....

GOING INTO
WESTCHESTER!
STEP ON IT DRIVER...
I DON'T WANT TO
LOSE HIM!

THE SEDAN STOPS IN THE DRIVEWAY OF A LARGE GRAY MANSION, ALMOST HIDDEN FROM THE HIGHWAY BY A DEEP WOOD



STEALTHILY THE ANGEL MOVES TOWARD THE HOUSE



HOWEVER, THIS ISN'T SO BAD-- A VINE STAIRCASE!



UNKNOWN TO THE ANGEL, HIS EVERY MOVEMENT IS OBSERVED

AHA! MY GUEST ASCENDS! SOON HE WILL WISH HE HADN'T!



THE ANGEL REACHES THE ROOF SAFELY... BUT UNSEEN, EVIL EYES GLITTER IN THE DARK!...

TOO BAD THOSE WINDOWS ARE SHADED... BUT MAYBE I'LL FIND A SKYLIGHT!

AS THE ANGEL MOVES STEALTHILY ACROSS THE ROOF, BEHIND HIM LOOMS **THE PYTHON!**

THE PYTHON'S SNAKE-LIKE BODY HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR!

WHAT THE..?

SUDDENLY THE ANGEL SNAPS BACK HIS HEAD!...

UNLIKE A RATTLESNAKE... I GIVE NO WARNING! **NOW, DIE!**

THIS GUY MUST BE DOUBLE-JOINTED FROM THE NECK DOWN!

A FOUL!... BUT IT'S THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO BREAK A SCISSORS-HOLD!

CRACK!

AS THE POWERFUL COILS RELAX, THE ANGEL TOSSES A HAYMAKER!



LATER...THE ANGEL AWAKENS TO THE SHOCK OF ICY WATER---



THE DAZED ANGEL IS LIFTED TO HIS FEET ... PROUDLY
THE PYTHON EXHIBITS HIS SECRET LABORATORY.....

HERE ARE SOME OF THE
MISSING SCIENTISTS ---
WORKING FOR *ME!* -- JUST
A BIG, HAPPY FAMILY!

SO-I SEE -----
IN CHAINS! -- HOW
SILENT THEY ARE--
LIKE AUTOMATONS!

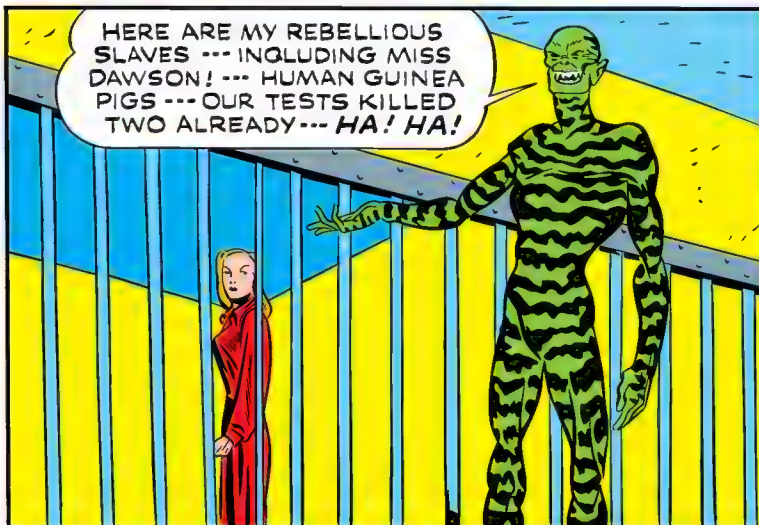
---AND LIKE
AUTOMATONS,
THEY OBEY!



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE
WHIP TO TEACH A MAN TO
OBEY! ONE LASHING SUFFICED
TO SHOW BACH THE
LIGHT -- AND NOW HE'S A
TRUSTED AIDE!



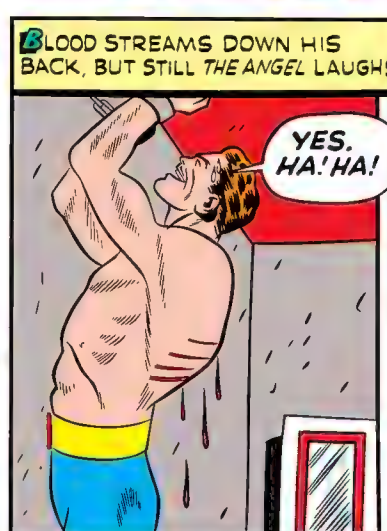
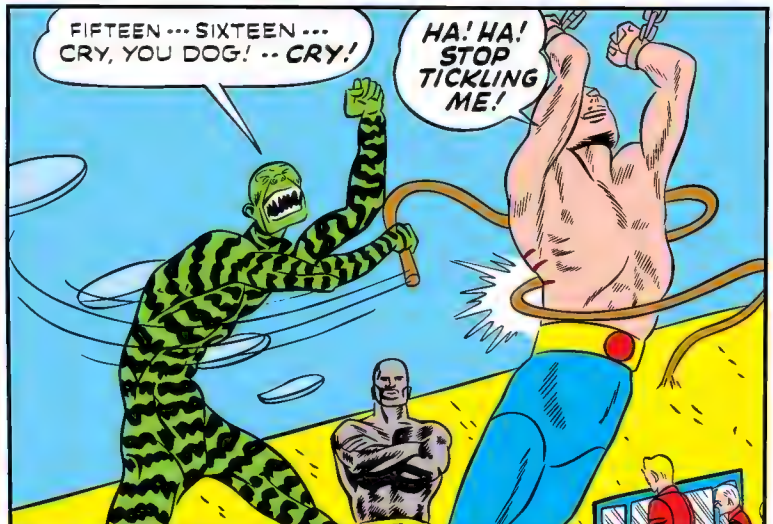
HERE ARE MY REBELLIOUS
SLAVES --- INCLUDING MISS
DAWSON! --- HUMAN GUINEA
PIGS --- OUR TESTS KILLED
TWO ALREADY--- *HA! HA!*



UNAWARE OF HIS OWN
CHAIN, THE ANGEL LEAPS!

*YOU
DIRTY
SNAKE!*





THE PYTHON WHIRLS, STUNG BY THE SOUND OF MUSICAL LAUGHTER...

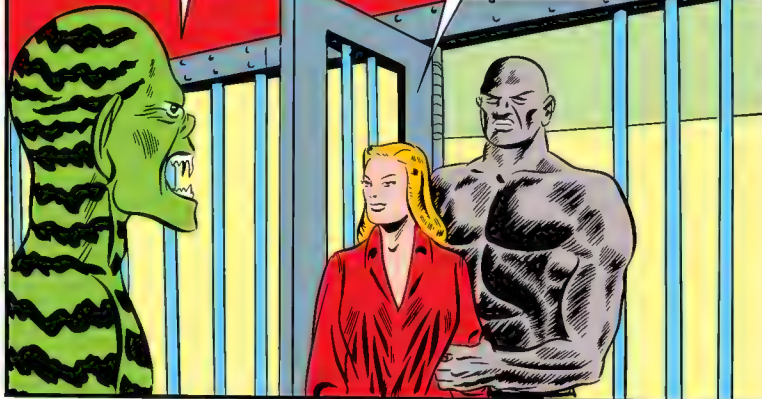


HA! HA!
HA! HA!

DRAW MISS DAWSON OUT OF THE CAGE ---WE'LL MAKE HER LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HER MOUTH!

WHAT WAS SO **FUNNY**, MISS DAWSON?

YOU!...A GROWN MAN, ACTING LIKE A CHILD DEPRIVED OF HIS CANDY! ---



AS FOR ME ---YOU CAN WHIP ME TO DEATH --- BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SIGHT OF THAT MAN DEFYING YOU! ---IT WAS WONDERFUL!



THE ANGEL IS FREED FROM THE WALL ---SUDDENLY **THE PYTHON** GRABS A PITCHER--



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF **WATER**?



IT PREVENTS SCARRING ---HER SKIN IS TOO LOVELY FOR THAT!

WHILE NARMI HOLDS **THE ANGEL** IN CHECK, THE WHIP WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR!



OH!

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH NOW?

ENRAGED BY THE TERRIBLE SIGHT, THE ANGEL EXERTS HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES, BREAKS FROM NARMI'S GRASP---

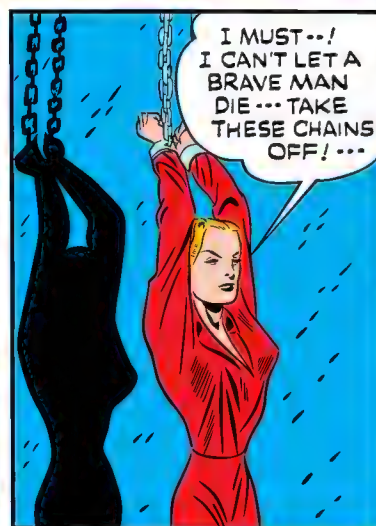
WHEN THE ANGEL PERFORMS A BEAUTIFUL FLYING TACKLE!--



AND ANGEL SWINGS!--

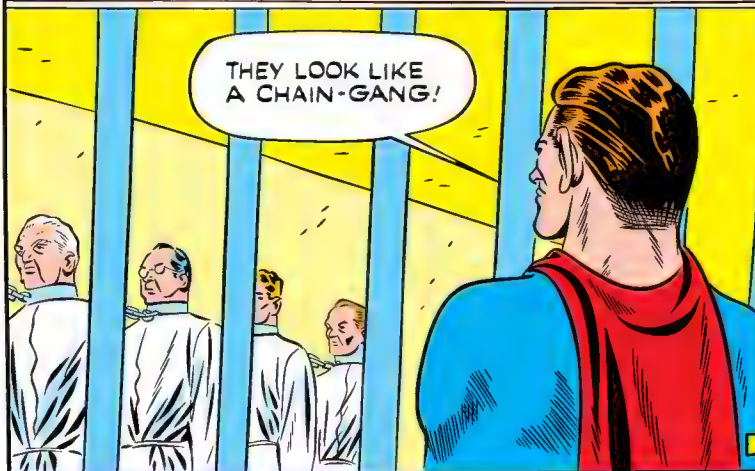


BUT THE PYTHON WRIGGLES FREE AND COILS!-- BACK GOES THE ANGEL'S HEAD--

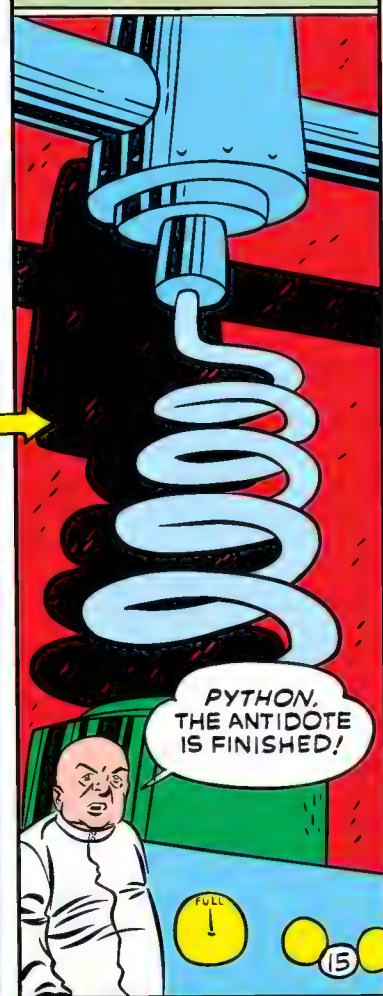




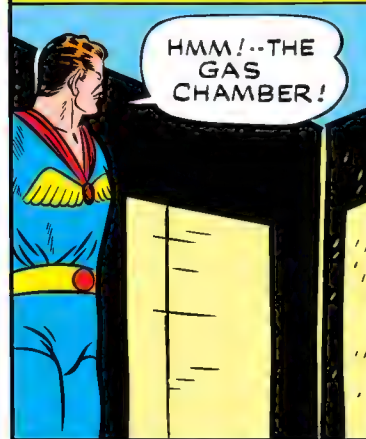
THE NIGHT WEARS ON---THE ENSLAVED SCIENTISTS MARCH OUT--



*Meanwhile--*IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE ---



THE REAR DOOR OF THE ANGEL'S CAGE SLIDES OPEN ---



THE ANGEL'S CAGE TILTS, THROWING HIM INTO THE GAS CHAMBER -----



THE REAR DOOR OF MARY'S CAGE SLIDES BACK, REVEALING A GLASS WINDOW--

IF ONLY THE ANTIDOTE WORKS!



BEHIND A WINDOW IN THE CEILING OF THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

THE EXPERIMENT WILL NOW BEGIN!



PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM AND EVERYTHING!

TURN ON THE GAS, BACH!



FROM A SMALL HOLE POURS A DEADLY WAR GAS!

HERE IT COMES!



SUDDENLY, SOMETHING FLASHES FROM THE CEILING

WHAT THE ??
A KNIFE!



IF THE ANTIDOTE FAILS, DO AS THE BRITISH DID WHEN THE GERMANS INTRODUCED GAS IN THE LAST WAR ---

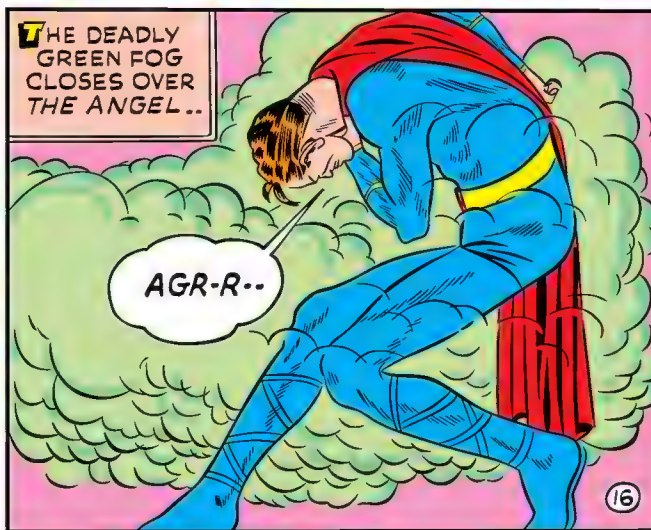


THEY CUT THEIR THROATS WITH TRENCH KNIVES IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO BREATHE!
HEH! HEH!

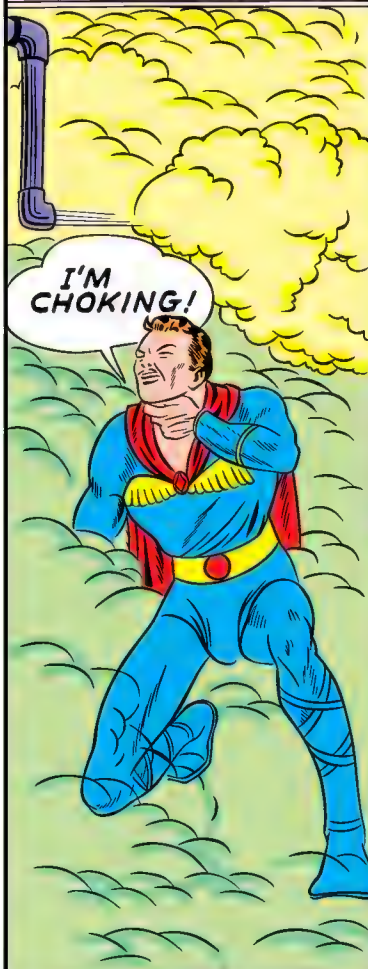


THE DEADLY GREEN FOG CLOSES OVER THE ANGEL...

AGR-R..



A YELLOW VAPOR --THE
ANTIDOTE-- STREAMS
INTO THE CHAMBER...



AIR! GIVE ME
AIR! I CAN'T
BREATHE!



I'LL GET AIR... IF I
HAVE TO SLIT MY
THROAT TO GET IT!



HE'S DONE IT!--THE
ANTIDOTE
FAILED!



AIE-E-EE!



ALL RIGHT, BACH---CLEAR
THE CHAMBER WITH THE
WIND MACHINE!--I WANT
TO STUDY THE EFFECTS
OF OUR TEST!

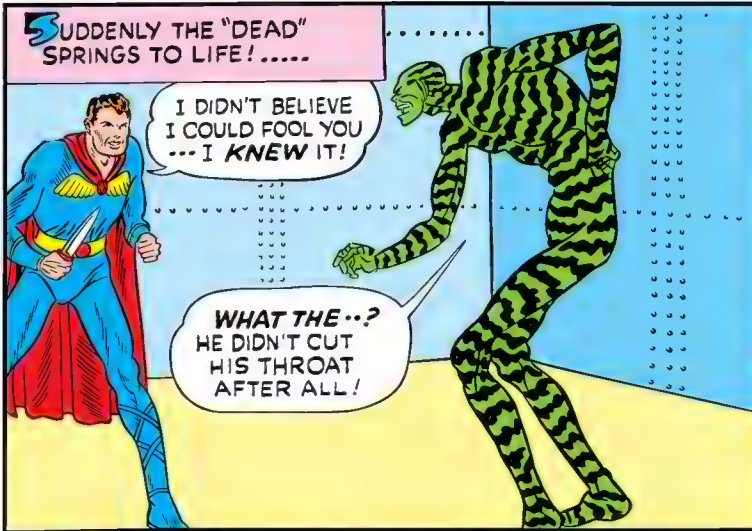


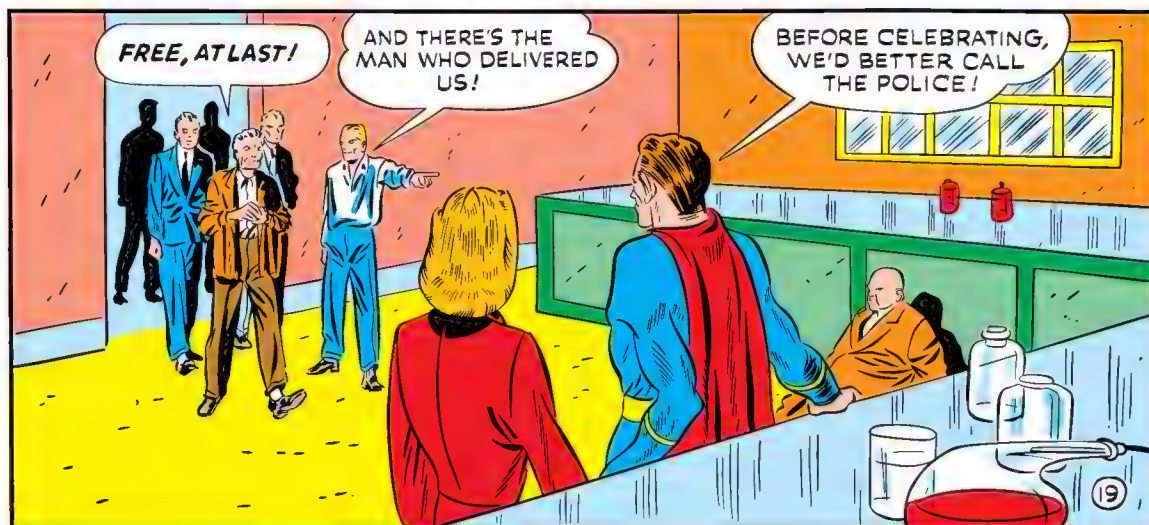
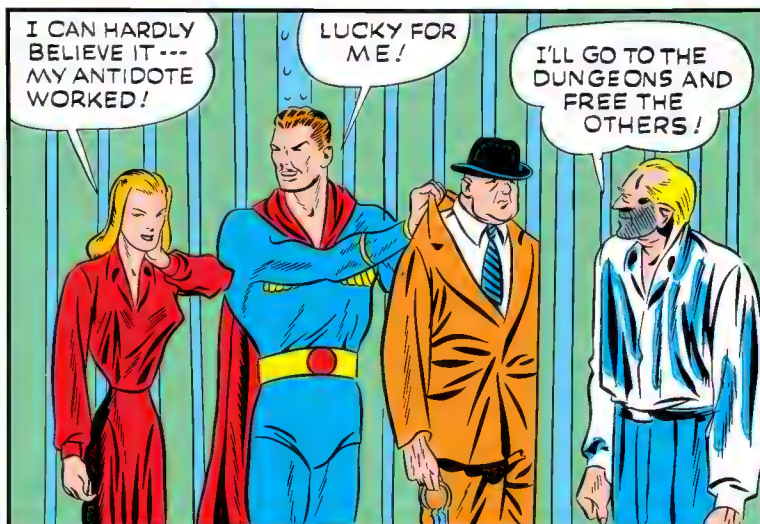
THE CURTAIN OF VAPOR PARTS
---REVEALING A STILL FIGURE---



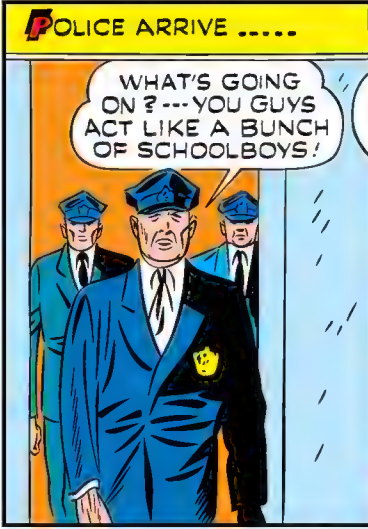
THE GLOATING PYTHON ENTERS





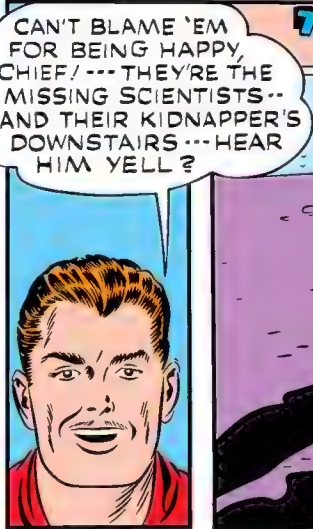


POLICE ARRIVE



WHAT'S GOING ON? --- YOU GUYS ACT LIKE A BUNCH OF SCHOOLBOYS!

CAN'T BLAME 'EM FOR BEING HAPPY, CHIEF! --- THEY'RE THE MISSING SCIENTISTS-- AND THEIR KIDNAPPER'S DOWNSTAIRS --- HEAR HIM YELL?



THEY RUSH TO THE LETHAL CHAMBER WHERE



I TRIED TO BREAK FREE AND TIED MYSELF INTO A KNOT --- UNTANGLE ME, SOMEONE!

FIRST-- YOU'RE GOING TO TALK! WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS?



MY COUNTRYMEN -- THE NAZIS! THE IDEA WAS TO USE AMERICAN BRAINS TO HELP THE **GERMAN WAR MACHINE!** THE FUEHRER ELEVATED ME FROM A CIRCUS CONTORTIONIST TO A SPY --- IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN HEAD OF THE GESTAPO!



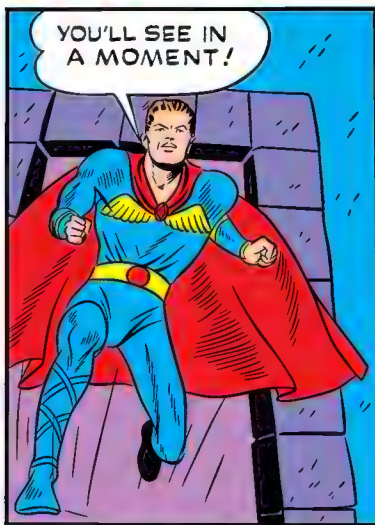
THE ANGEL SLIPS AWAY, FOLLOWED BY MARY



HE WAS SOME KNOT TO UNTIE! --- WELL, I GUESS IT'S "SO LONG"!

BEFORE YOU GO, TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!

YOU'LL SEE IN A MOMENT!




THE ANGEL! WHAT A MAN!

ONLY A SHADOW REMAINS!

20

Another
EXCITING
ESCAPADE OF
THE ANGEL
IN NEXT MONTH'S
MARVEL
COMICS

**DON'T
MISS this
BIG
New Issue
of
CAPTAIN**



AMERICA

COMICS

**READ
THESE
ACTION-
PACKED
MYSTERY
ADVENTURES**

CAPTAIN AMERICA and the CAMERA-FIEND A horrible fate claimed the government men whom the Camera-Fiend focused in his deadly lens . . . until CAPTAIN AMERICA and BUCKY entered the picture.

CAPTAIN AMERICA meets the FANG With the lives of his friends hanging in the balance, CAPTAIN AMERICA invaded the torture chambers of the Fang, arch-fiend of the Orient, whose hatchet-men strike terror in every corner of the globe.

FATHER TIME With every tick of the clock, new horrible crimes are being committed by the denizens of the underworld. But the tolling seconds also bring with them America's newest and most daring crime-fighter . . . FATHER TIME!

CAPTAIN AMERICA and THE HANGMAN It was a bloodthirsty, spine-tingling adventure that almost cost their lives, but when CAPTAIN AMERICA and BUCKY tore off the hangman's hideous mask, they were amazed at finding . . .

CAPTAIN AMERICA and the TRAP FOR A TRAITOR — A smashing novelette.

HEADLINE HUNTER When HEADLINE HUNTER, foreign correspondent, dared to probe behind the walls of the mysterious English factory, he found a sight that was unbelievable in its horrible reality, and led him to another great news scoop.

Sentinel of Liberty Club . . . news and secret code message.

HURRICANE We dare you to follow HURRICANE, Master of Speed, into the Boarding House of Death, where a murdering madman held the very souls of the occupants in mortal terror.

SUB-MARINER

COMICS

No.
3

FALL
ISSUE

10¢

The Sub Mariner attacked the figures of
doom hovering over the Prime Minister
as he prepared to launch the warship!



Smashing **THRU** **AGAIN!**

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NO 9

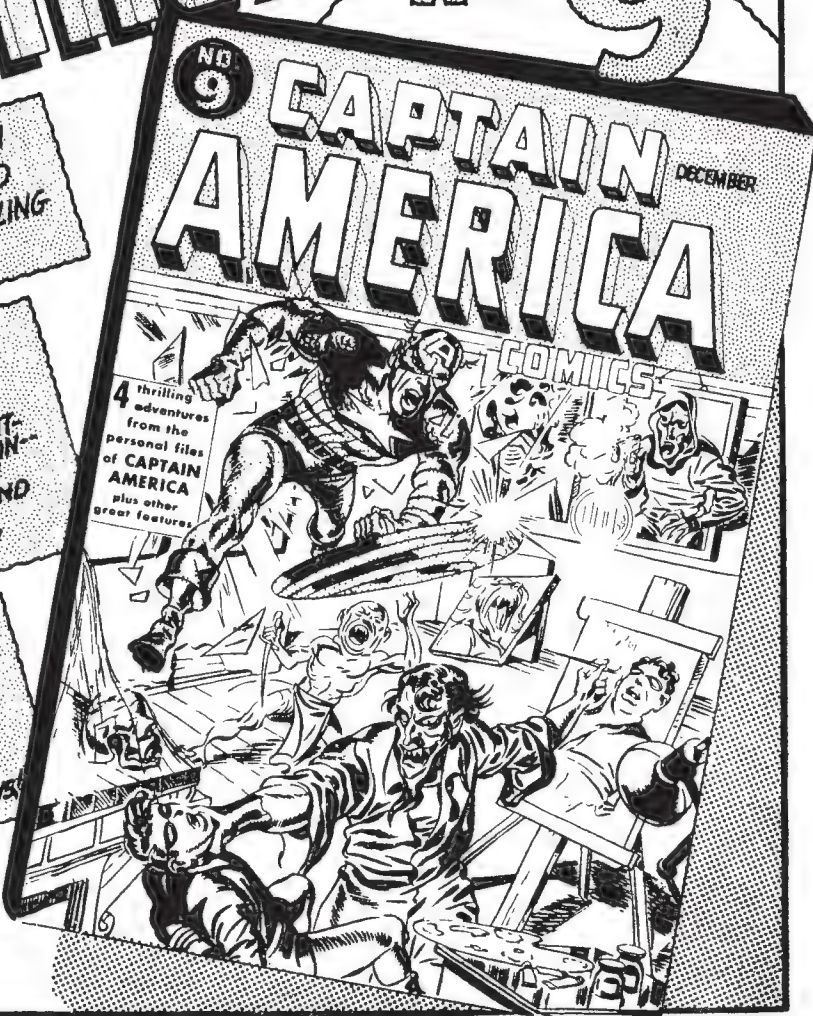
THE MAGAZINE YOU
PROCLAIMED *the*
KING OF COMICS!

The GREAT, NEW CAPTAIN
AMERICA COMICS, ALLIED
WITH NEWER, MORE AMAZING
STORIES THAN EVER!

IN THIS ISSUE, MEET
THE MOST SINISTER
MENACE OF ALL TIME
AS CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY ARE CONFRONT-
ED BY-- THE BLACK TALON--
DEMON KILLER WHO CAN
NOT BE STOPPED!-- AND
THREE OTHER CAPTAIN
AMERICA THRILLERS!!

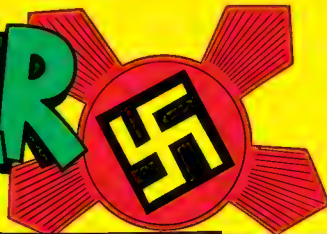
Also, SUCH GREAT,
EXCITING CHARACTERS
AS--
FATHER TIME
HEADLINE HUNTER
AND HURRICANE
AND A FULL PAGE OF
SENTINEL OF LIBERTY NEWS!

**DON'T MISS THIS
BIG ISSUE!!**



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NAMOR THE SUB-MARINER



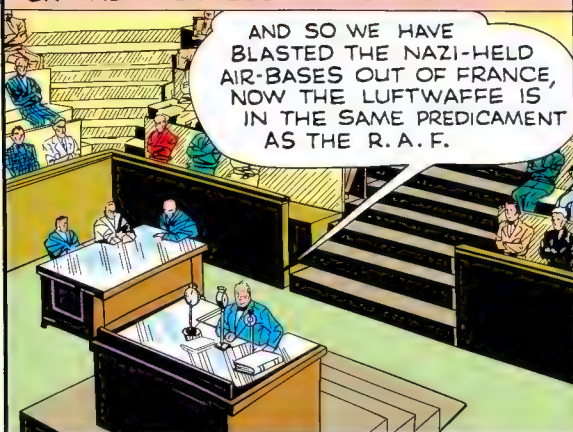
The MYSTERY OF THE
DISAPPEARING ISLAND.



PART I

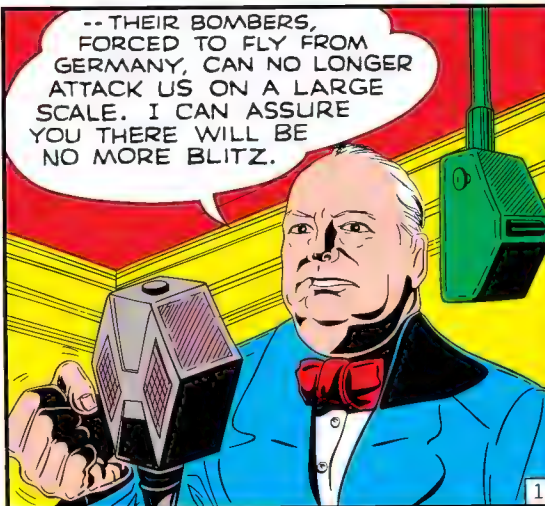
THE SKIES RAINED DEATH OVER ENGLAND, AND NO ONE GUESSED WHY -- NO ONE BUT AN ANCIENT HAG WHO HOBBOLED ALONG THE ROADS AND SHRIEKED HER DREADFUL WARNING! ----- "BANSHEES!" SHE CRIED, AND THEY LAUGHED, BUT THEY CHOKED ON THEIR LAUGHTER LATER! -- FOR STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN, EVEN IN THE 20TH CENTURY, AS **SUB-MARINER** DISCOVERED WHEN HE ENTERED THE BLACK MOORS OF ROCKHEDGE AND READ THE WRITING ON THE BLOOD-STAINED ALTAR OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.

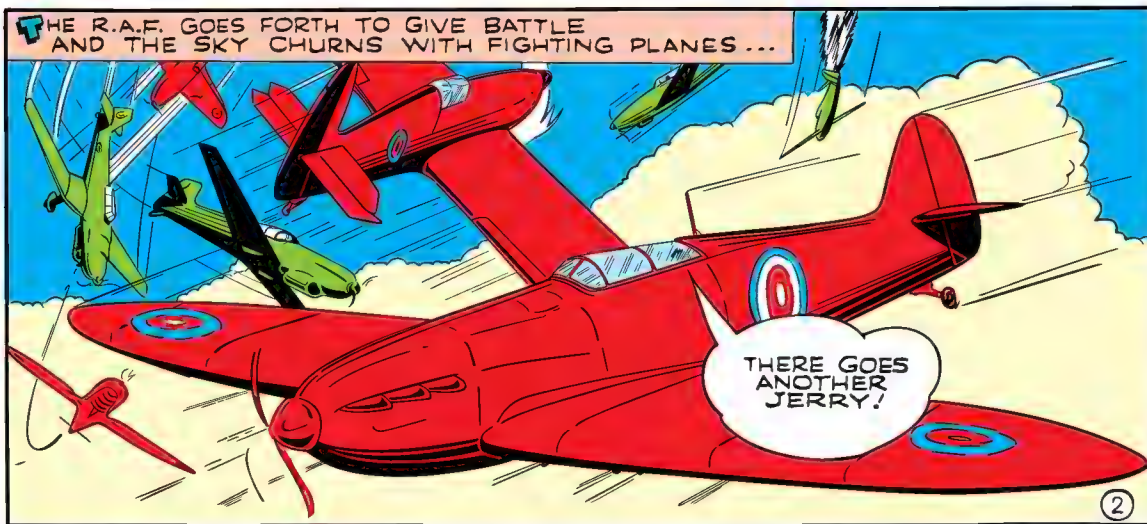
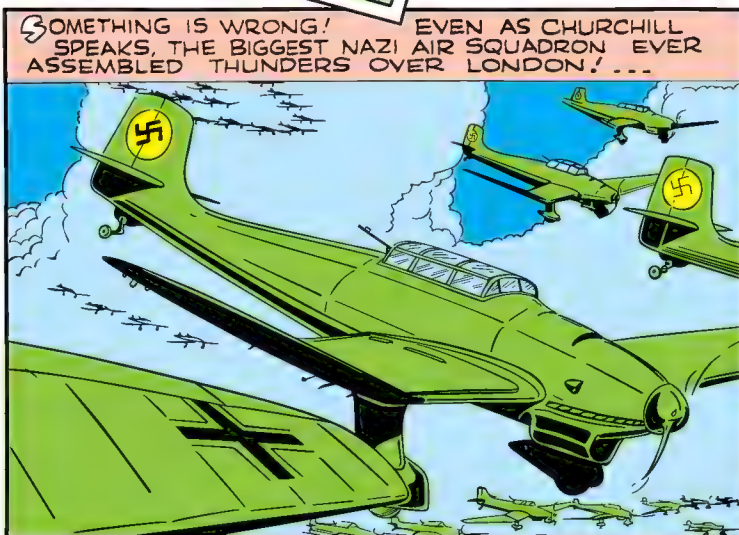
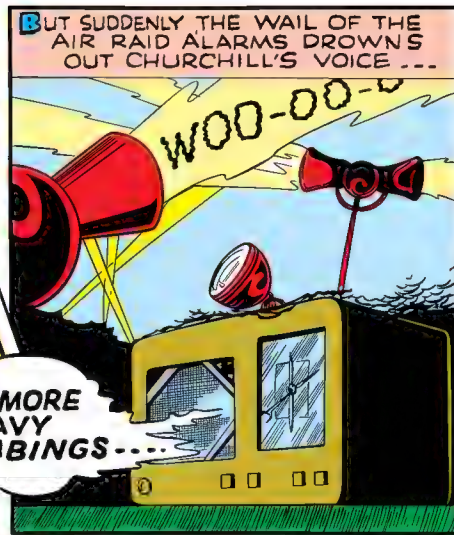
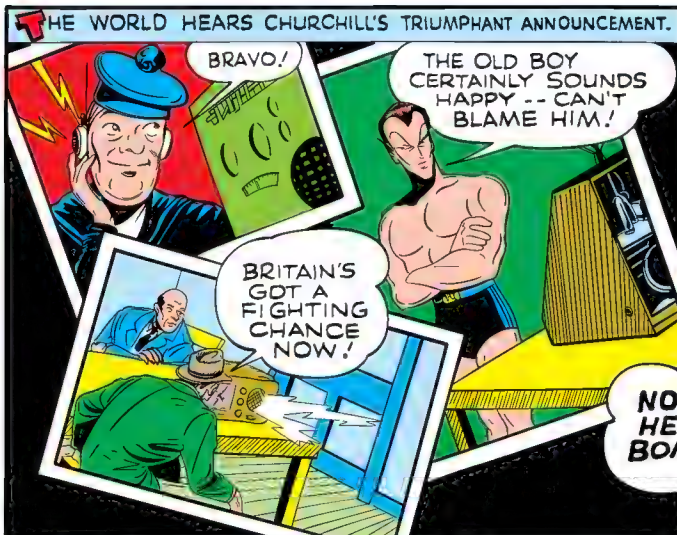
THIS CURIOUS TALE OPENS IN PARLIAMENT... PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL IS REPORTING ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR!



AND SO WE HAVE
BLASTED THE NAZI-HELD
AIR-BASES OUT OF FRANCE,
NOW THE LUFTWAFFE IS
IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT
AS THE R. A. F.

-- THEIR BOMBERS,
FORCED TO FLY FROM
GERMANY, CAN NO LONGER
ATTACK US ON A LARGE
SCALE. I CAN ASSURE
YOU THERE WILL BE
NO MORE BLITZ.

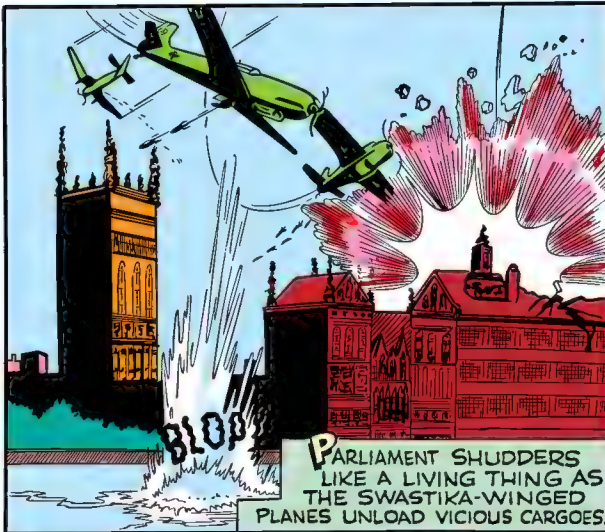






BUT THE OVERWHELMING NAZI AIR FORCE BREAKS THROUGH THE R.A.F!-- THE BUILDING YOU SEE TOPPLING IS BUCKINGHAM PALACE!--

-- AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY, RESTING PLACE OF ENGLAND'S GREAT -- EVEN THE DEAD CANNOT RESIST!



PARLIAMENT SHUDDERS LIKE A LIVING THING AS THE SWASTIKA-WINGED PLANES UNLOAD VICIOUS CARGOES.

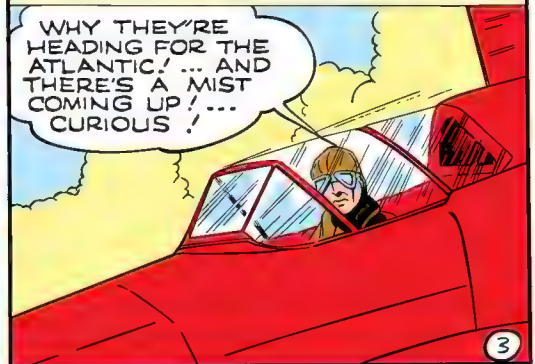
THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION FINISHED, FOR THE MOMENT, THE ATTACKING FLEET VEERS SOUTHWARD---



BUT THE SKY ROAD OF THE NAZIS DOES NOT LEAD TO BERLIN, AS ONE TENACIOUS BRITISHER DISCOVERS.



I'D HAVE CHASED 'EM TO BERLIN IF I HAD ENOUGH PETROL!



WHY THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE ATLANTIC! ... AND THERE'S A MIST COMING UP! ... CURIOUS!

THE LONE R.A.F. PILOT TRAILS ALONG AS THE NAZI SQUADRON FADES INTO THE STRANGE FOG!...



THAT FELLOW'S A GONER!

SUB-MARINER'S SHORT-WAVE SET PICKS UP THE PILOT'S MESSAGE.

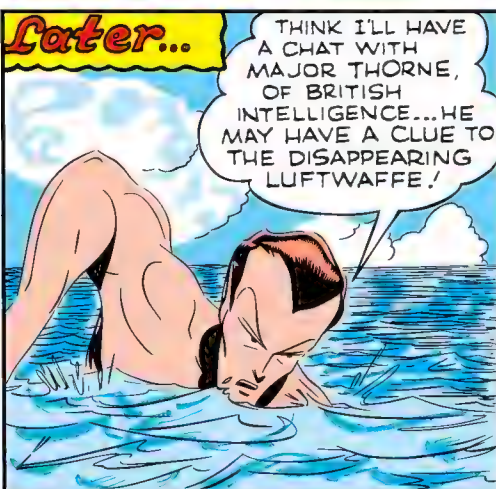


FOG'S LIKE PEA-SOUP! I CAN'T SEE -- A NOISE! GUNS! I'M BEING ATTACKED--AND I CAN'T SEE --- A-EE-EE!

HIS MESSAGE CAME FROM SOMEWHERE WEST OF BRITAIN! SOMETHING SCREWY'S GOING ON -- AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



Later...

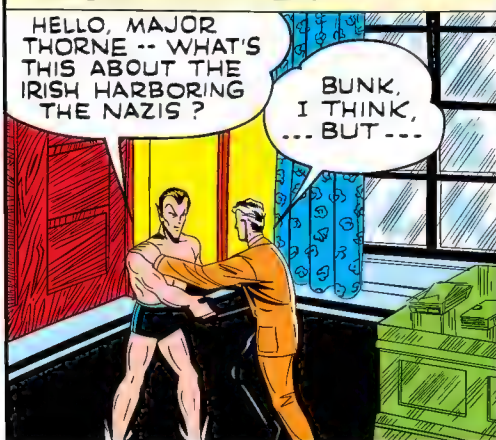


THINK I'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH MAJOR THORNE, OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE...HE MAY HAVE A CLUE TO THE DISAPPEARING LUFTWAFFE!

THE BRITISH PRESS WORKS ITSELF INTO AN INKY LATHER.



Meanwhile...SUB-MARINER ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE OF THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE...



HELLO, MAJOR THORNE -- WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE IRISH HARBORING THE NAZIS?

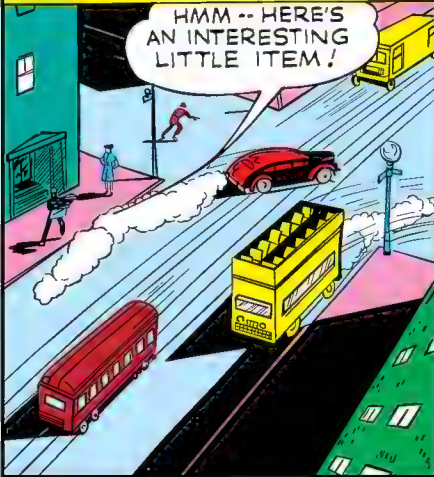
BUNK, I THINK, ... BUT ...



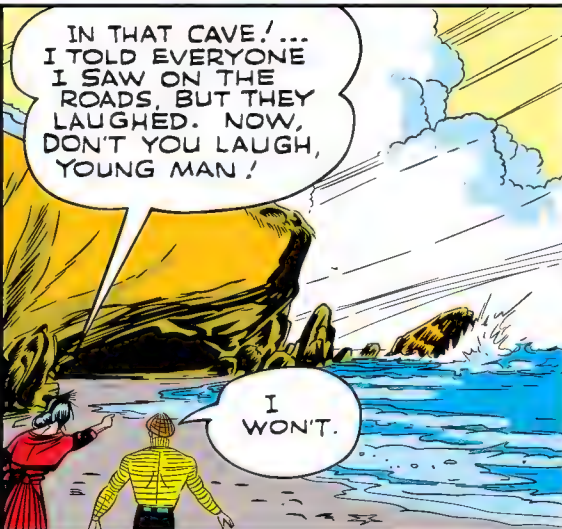
ALTHOUGH IRELAND MAY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE NAZIS, I BELIEVE SHE HOLDS THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY! IF YOU'VE NOTHING TO DO, YOU MIGHT SPEND THE WEEK-END IN DUBLIN!

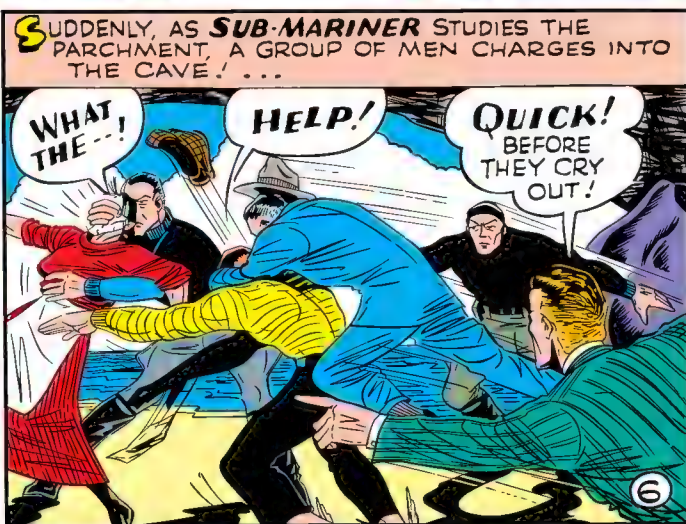
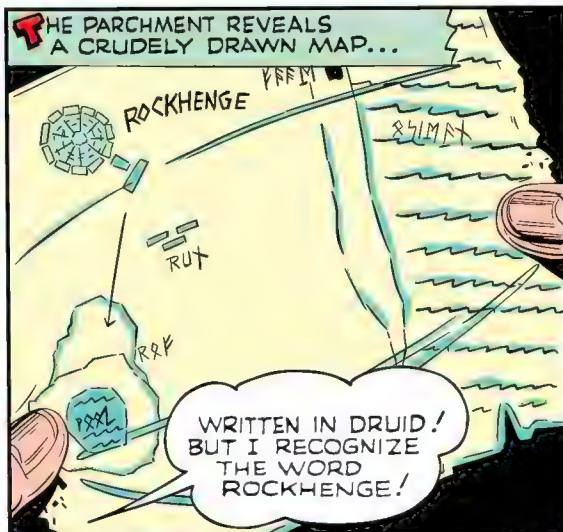
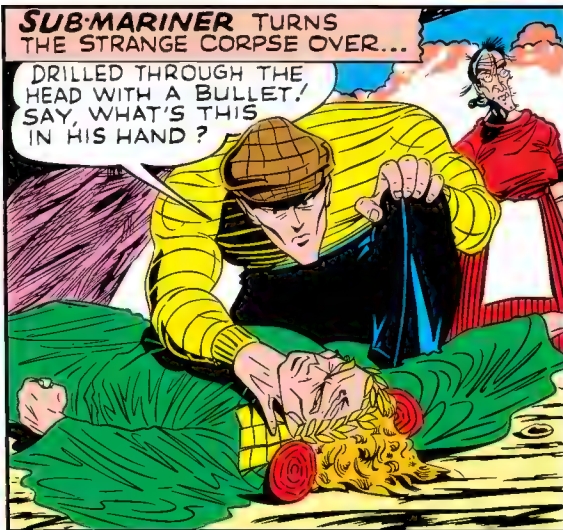
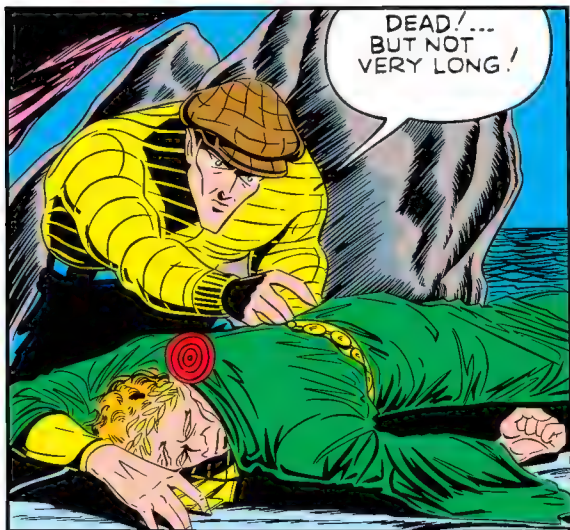
RIGHT! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

SUB-MARINER, DISGUISED, ARRIVES IN DUBLIN...



counte
ARNE... 8-41
Mrs. Anna O'Shaughnessy, aged 86, has been lodged in the county jail on a charge of disturbing the peace. The constable said she had seen a banshee washed up on the shore. The county physician who examined her said she appeared quite mad.
was reported to
een seen about
ster being
orta

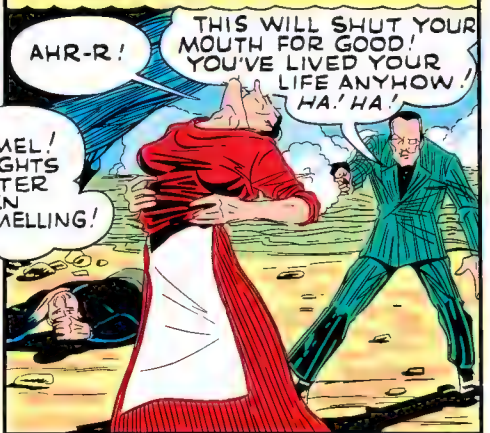




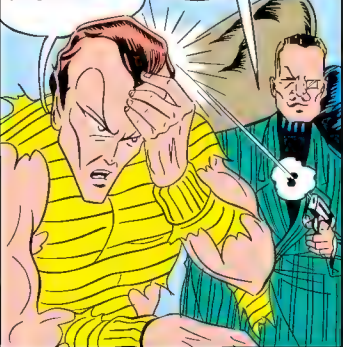
RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK OF SURPRISE, **SUB-MARINER** BECOMES A TORNADO OF FLYING FISTS! ...



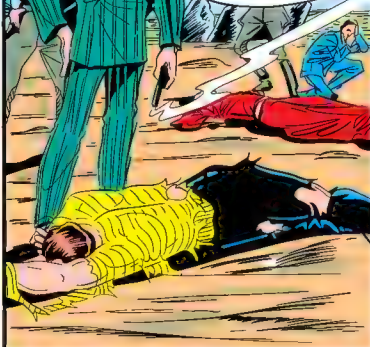
YOU MAY HAVE RECOGNIZED THE MAN WITH THE GUN -- THAT PLEASANT FELLOW, MUELLER, OF THE GESTAPO! ...



AS FOR YOU, DER FUEHRER WILL GIVE ME THE IRON CROSS FOR ELIMINATING YOU!
 AIE-OWW!



IT IS DONE! WITH THEM DEAD, THE SECRET OF THE VANISHING AIR FLEET REMAINS A SECRET.



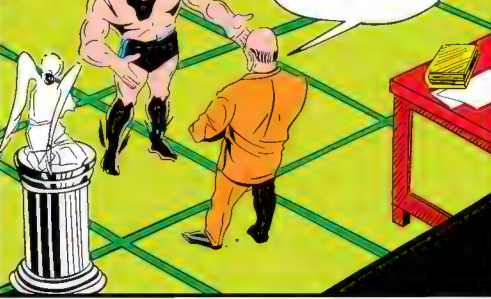
BUT **SUB-MARINER** IS CAST IN A HARDIER MOLD THAN MUELLER SUSPECTED!

GOOD THING I'VE GOT A THICK SKULL! ... THEY'VE GONE! AND THE DRUID'S GONE TOO! I'LL HAVE TO ARRANGE TO BURY THE OLD LADY --- SHE DIED A MARTYR!



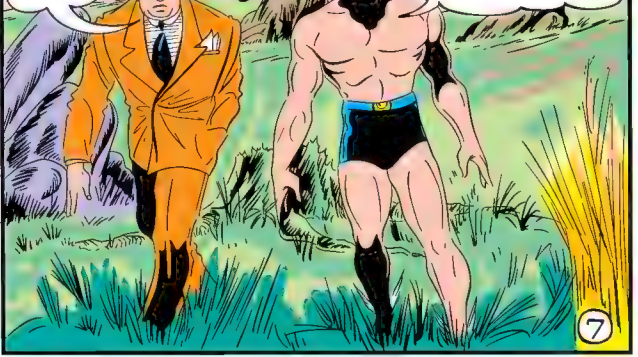
RETURNING TO ENGLAND, **SUB-MARINER** VISITS SMYTHE, CURATOR OF THE LONDON MUSEUM...

THEY STOLE THE MESSAGE, TOO ... ALL I CAN RECALL IS THE WORD "ROCKHENGE."
 WEIRD YARN, BUT IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO! THERE'S A TRAIN LEAVING FOR ROCKHENGE AT 5 P.M.



DUSK IS FALLING OVER THE WILD, UNEARTHLY MOORS WHEN **SUB-MARINER** AND SMYTHE ARRIVE...

THE DRUIDS HELD THEIR RITES HERE CENTURIES AGO!
 I WONDER IF IT WAS AS CREEPY THEN AS IT IS NOW?



AS THEY APPROACH THE RUINED TEMPLE, A WEIRD SOUND COMES TO THEM -- THE SOUND OF FAINT SINGING! ...

I'LL BE ---
WHAT'S
THAT?

NOTHING BUT THE
WIND PASSING THROUGH
THE QUEER ROCK FORMATION.
EERIE, ISN'T IT? IF THE DEAD
COULD SING, I THINK
THEY'D SING LIKE
THAT!

THE DEATH'S SYMPHONY REACHES
A CRESCENDO AS THEY CROSS
THE THRESHOLD OF THE
ANCIENT TEMPLE! ...

NOW WHERE'S
THAT ALTAR? AH!
THERE IT IS!

BRR-R--
WHAT AN
OPERA THAT
WIND
MAKES!

WHAT ARE
THOSE DARK
SPLOTCHES?

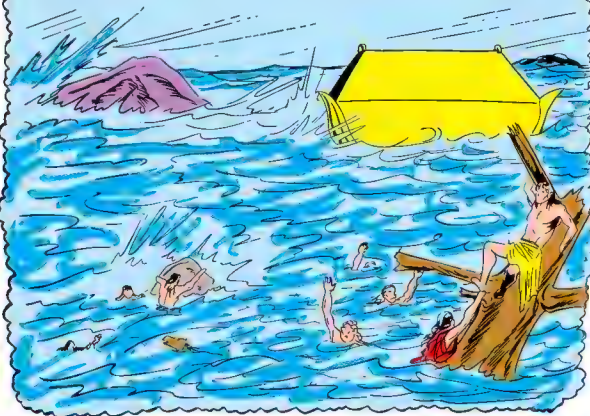
BLOODSTAINS,
PROBABLY! THIS
WAS THE ALTAR OF
HUMAN
SACRIFICE!

ON THIS HIDEOUS ALTAR IS
A TABLET BEARING
DRUID HIEROGLYPHICS...

THIS IS THE
SAME DRUID
LETTERING
AS ON THE
PARCHMENT.
WHAT DOES IT
SAY, SMYTHE?

THE STORY OF THE TABLET IS THIS:
THE DRUID SCIENTISTS PREDICTED
A WORLD DELUGE -- PROBABLY IN THE
TIME OF NOAH AND HIS ARK -- THEY
MADE PLANS TO LIVE UNDER WATER...

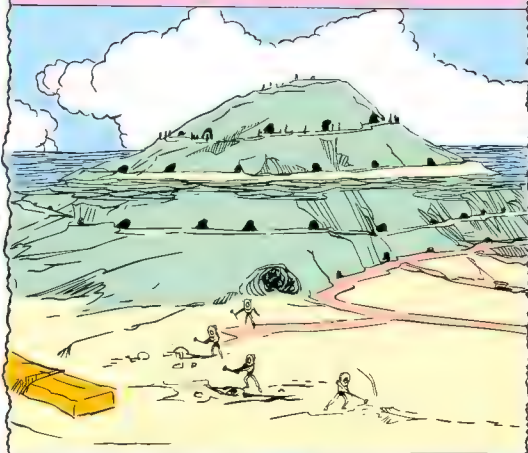
--- **T**HEY CONSTRUCTED A CRUDE TYPE
OF DIVING HELMET -- THEIR INTENTION
WAS TO LIVE ON A SUBMERGED MOUNTAIN
-- SOMEWHERE WEST OF BRITAIN!
WHERE, THE TABLET DOES NOT SAY...



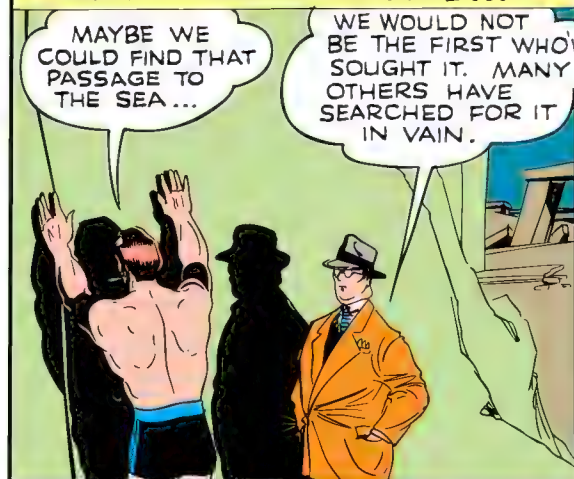
THEY MOVED WHATEVER USEFUL BELONGINGS THEY COULD CARRY TO THEIR NEW-FOUND HOME THROUGH A CAVERN...



... TO THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN WHOSE PEAK CRESTED THE SEA, SOMEWHERE WEST OF ENGLAND.



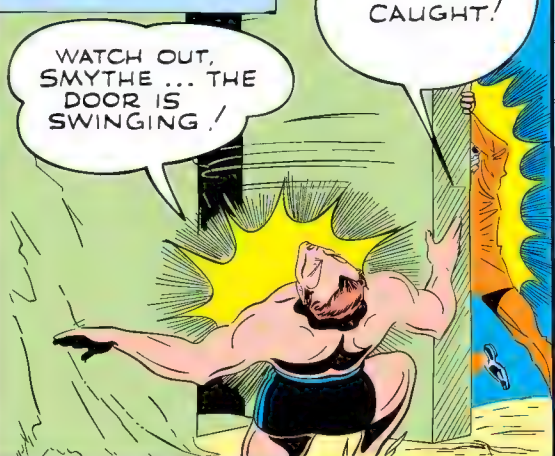
INTO THE DEPTHS THEY GO... THEY REACH A HUGE STONE WALL...



MAYBE WE COULD FIND THAT PASSAGE TO THE SEA...

WE WOULD NOT BE THE FIRST WHO'VE SOUGHT IT. MANY OTHERS HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT IN VAIN.

WITH A GRINDING RUMBLE, THE WALL REVOLVES!



WATCH OUT, SMYTHE... THE DOOR IS SWINGING!

OW-W... I'M CAUGHT!

POOR GUY, HE'S DEAD, BUT I CAN'T PULL HIM OUT NOW. THOUSANDS OF OTHER LIVES HINGE ON THE SOLUTION OF THIS MYSTERY!



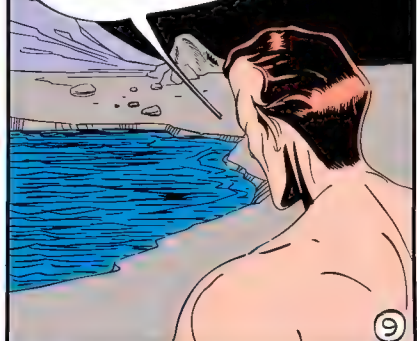
-- I'VE GOT TO ACT -- AND FAST!

SUDDENLY THE ROCK-HEWN DOOR SWINGS OUTWARD, DISGORING THE BODY OF THE UN-FORTUNATE SMYTHE.



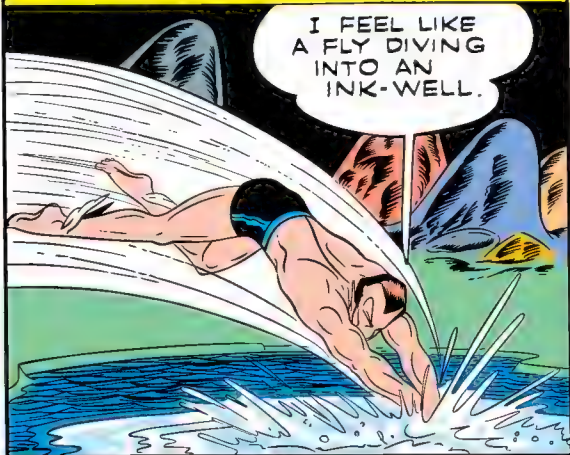
THE WALL CLOSED! I'M TRAPPED! NOW I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING!

THE PASSAGE SEEMS TO END HERE!... WHAT'S THAT?... A POOL-- BLACK AS MIDNIGHT! THINK I'LL TAKE A DIP!



WITHOUT HESITATION, **SUB-MARINER** PLUNGES, HIS POWERFUL BODY KNIFING THE WATER ...

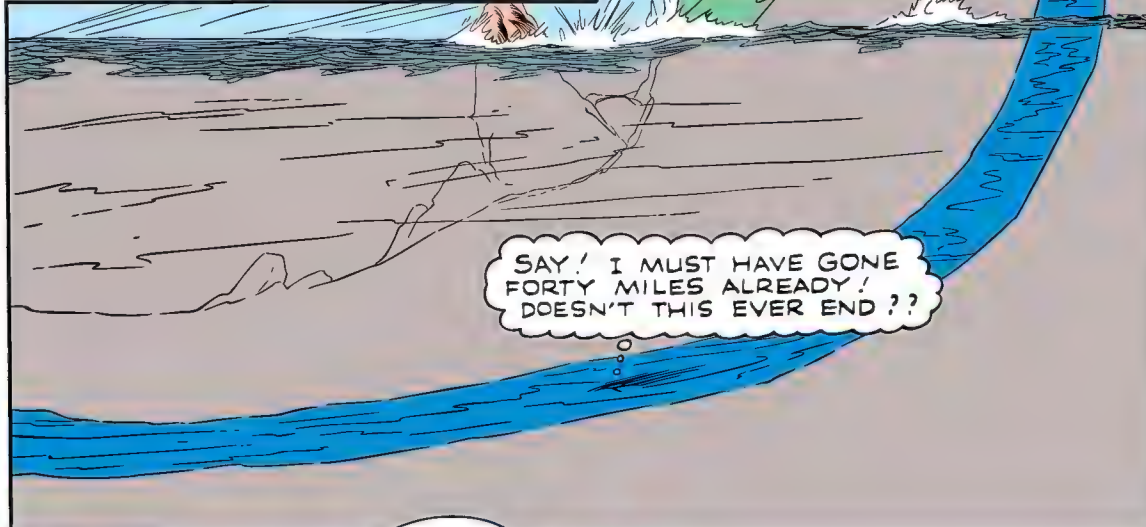
I FEEL LIKE
A FLY DIVING
INTO AN
INK-WELL.



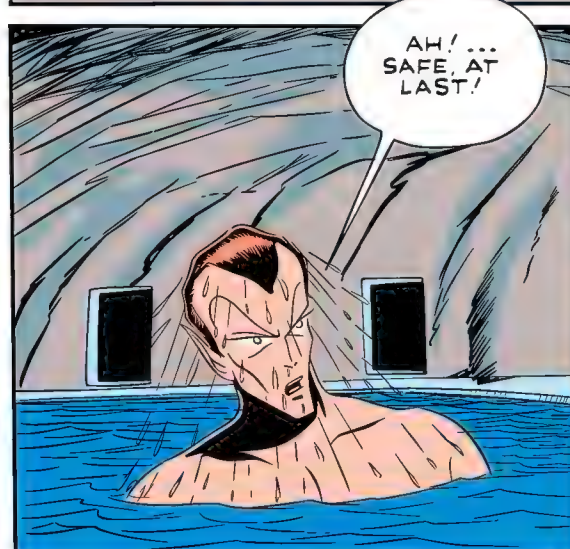
DOWN ZOOMS **SUB-MARINER**, HIS ARMS BEATING AT PROPELLER SPEED!



SAY! I MUST HAVE GONE
FORTY MILES ALREADY!
DOESN'T THIS EVER END??



AH! ...
SAFE, AT
LAST!

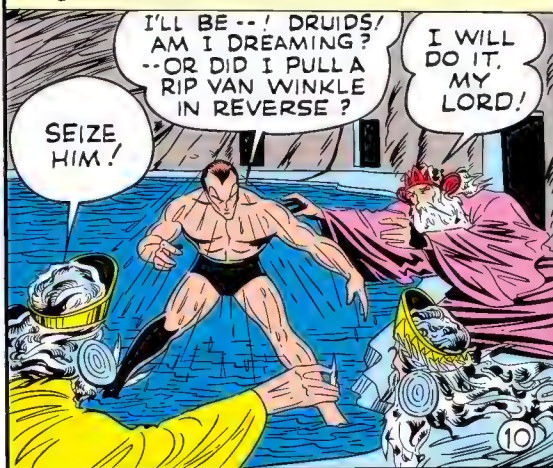


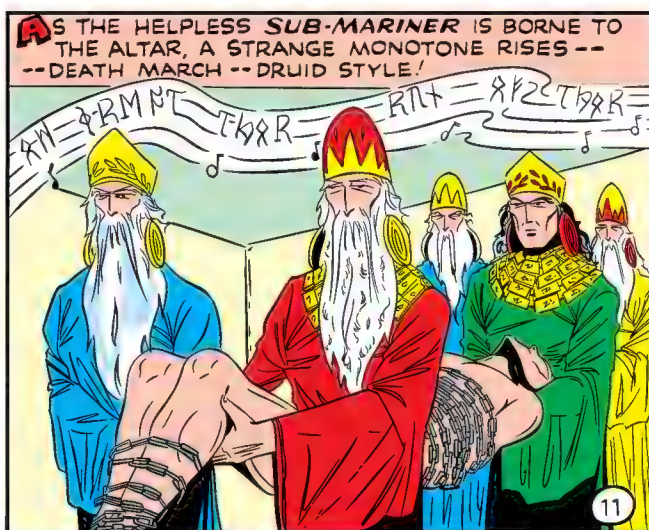
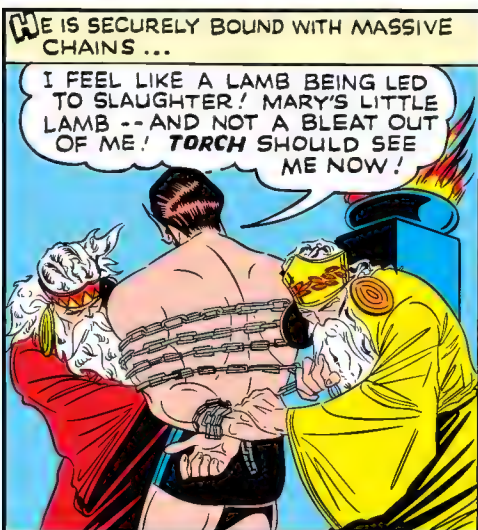
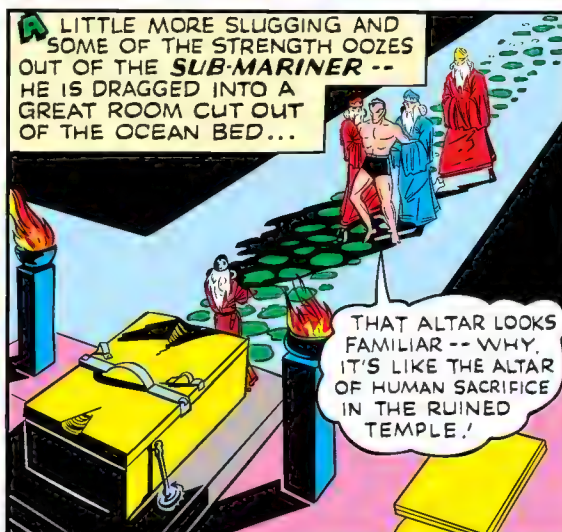
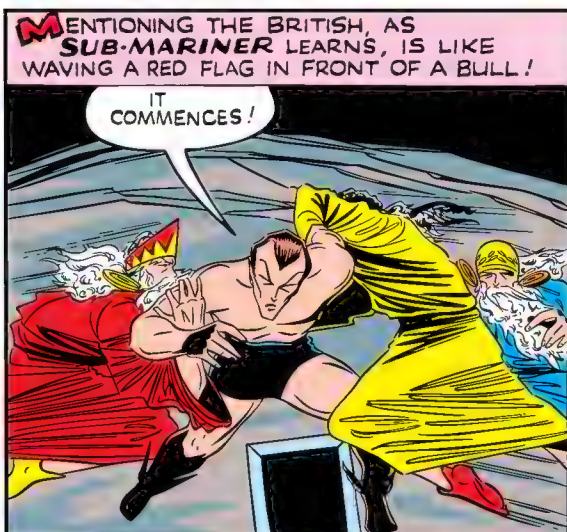
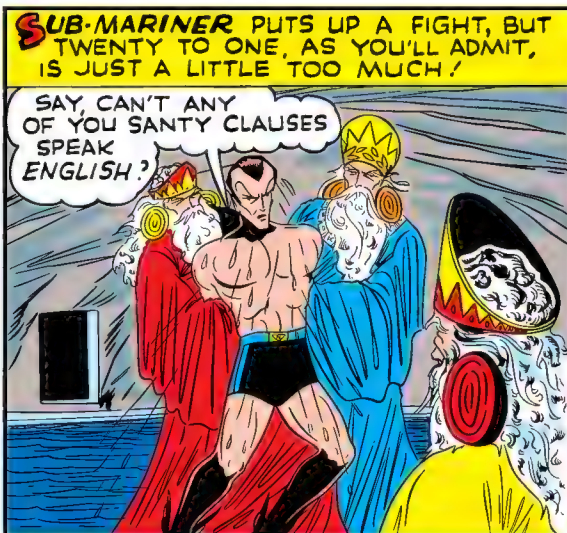
SAFE? -- THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, **SUB-MARINER!**

I'LL BE --! DRUIDS!
AM I DREAMING?
--OR DID I PULL A
RIP VAN WINKLE
IN REVERSE?

I WILL
DO IT,
MY
LORD!

SEIZE
HIM!





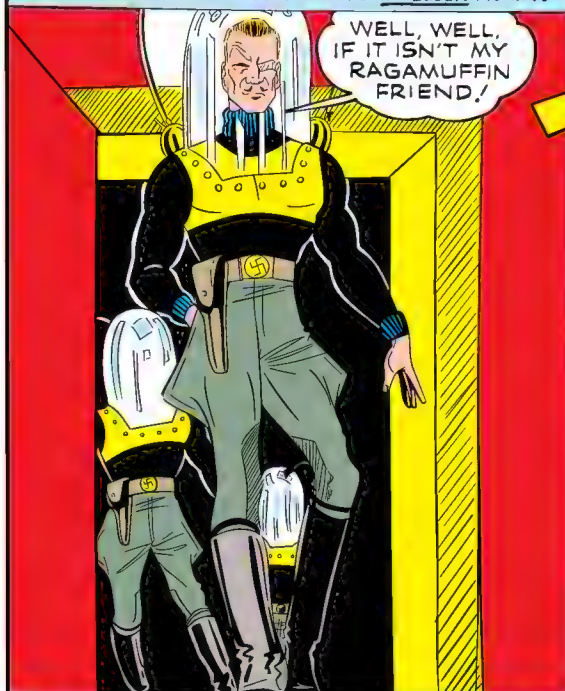
THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE MACE LOOKS AS IF HE MEANS BUSINESS! ...



SUDDENLY A HARSH VOICE CUTS ACROSS THE ROOM.



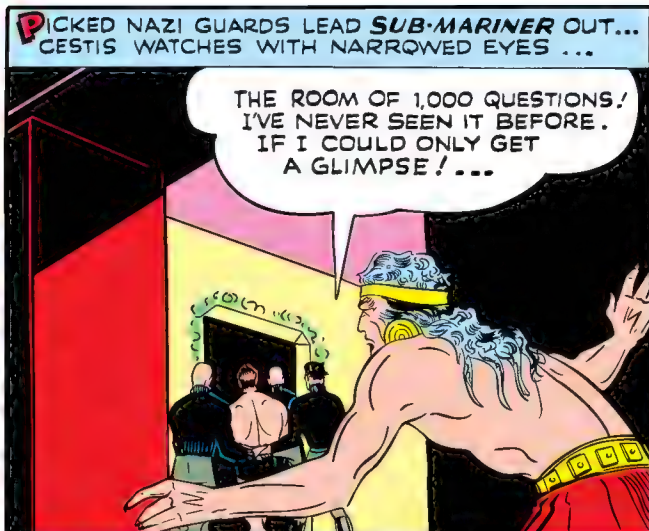
THE OWNER OF THE VOICE ENTERS -- QUEER LOOKING DIVING HELMET HE'S WEARING, BUT WHO'D FORGET THAT FACE? -- IT'S MUELLER AGAIN!





HE CAME FROM THE POOL. BUT WHERE THE POOL LEADS TO I DO NOT KNOW!

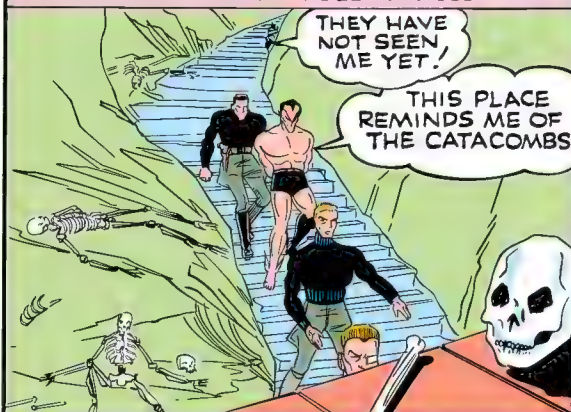
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. TAKE HIM TO THE ROOM OF 1,000 QUESTIONS!



PICKED NAZI GUARDS LEAD **SUB-MARINER** OUT... CESTIS WATCHES WITH NARROWED EYES ...

THE ROOM OF 1,000 QUESTIONS! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE. IF I COULD ONLY GET A GLIMPSE! ...

SUB-MARINER IS DRAGGED BY HIS CAPTORS THROUGH A LABYRINTH FILLED WITH A MUSTY ODOR--THE MUSTY ODOR OF DEATH!-- WHILE THE DRUID CALLED CESTIS CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWS ...



THEY HAVE NOT SEEN ME YET!

THIS PLACE REMINDS ME OF THE CATACOMBS!

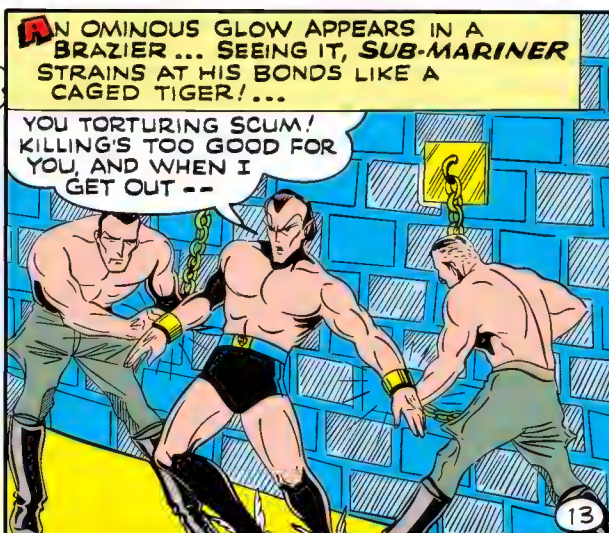


HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!
HEAT THE BRANDING IRON!

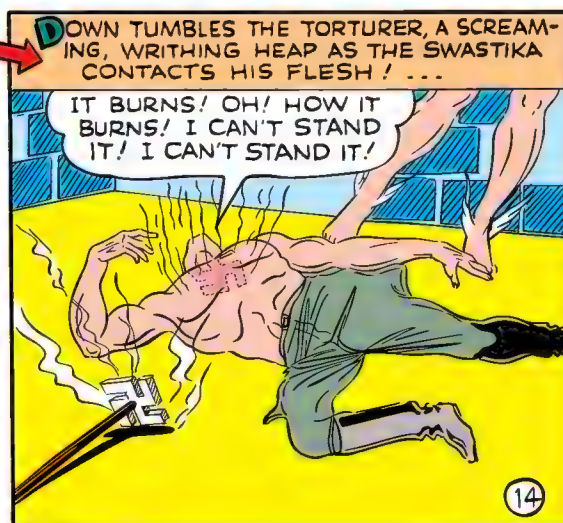
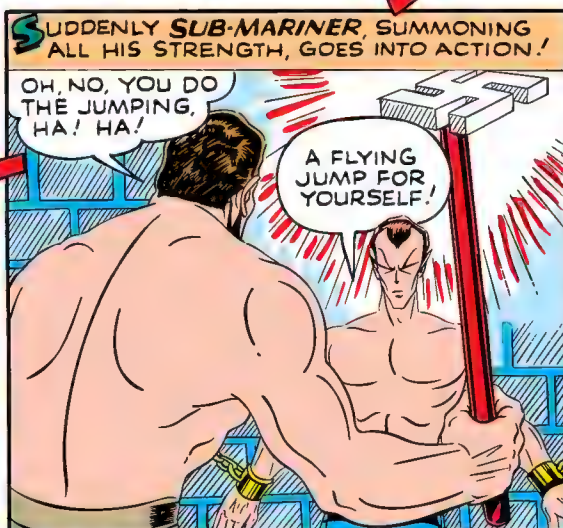
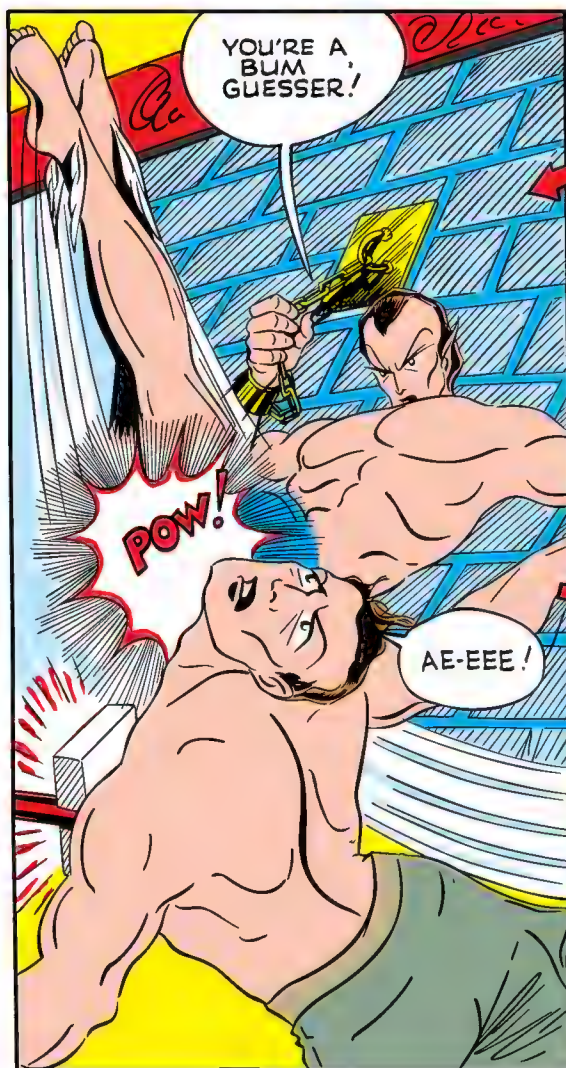


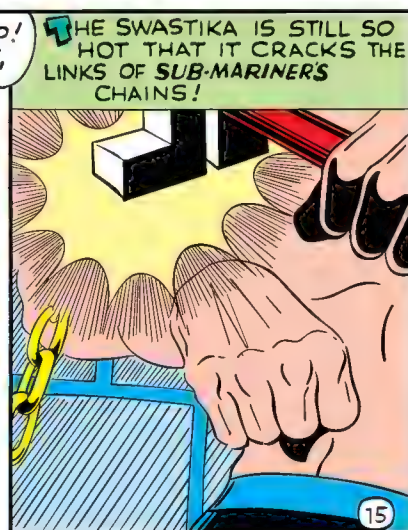
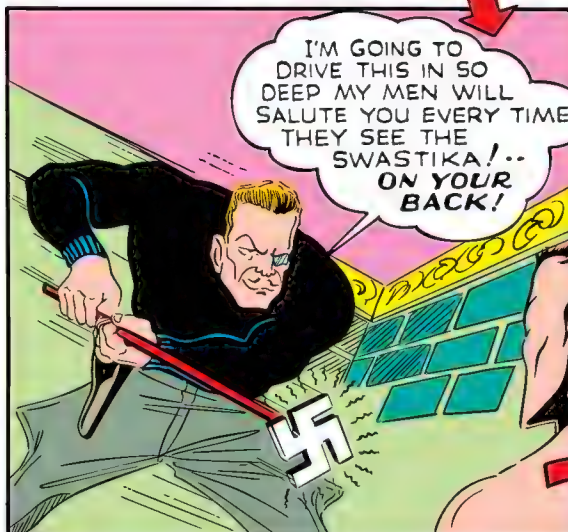
BRANDING IRON! SO THAT'S THE WAY THEY PULL THE THIRD DEGREE!



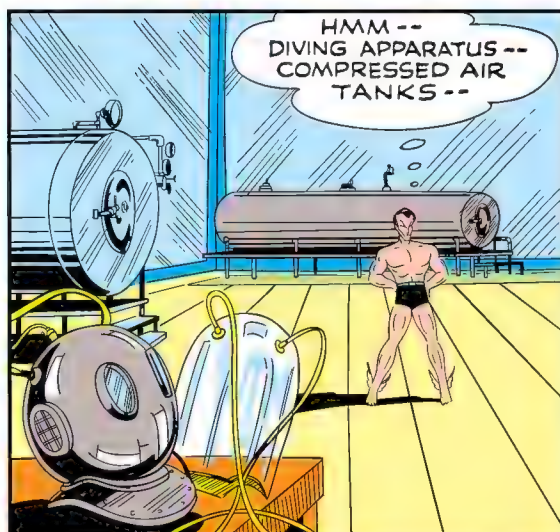
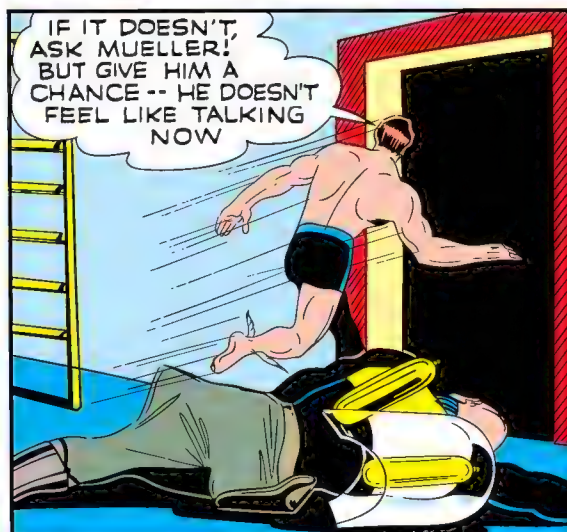
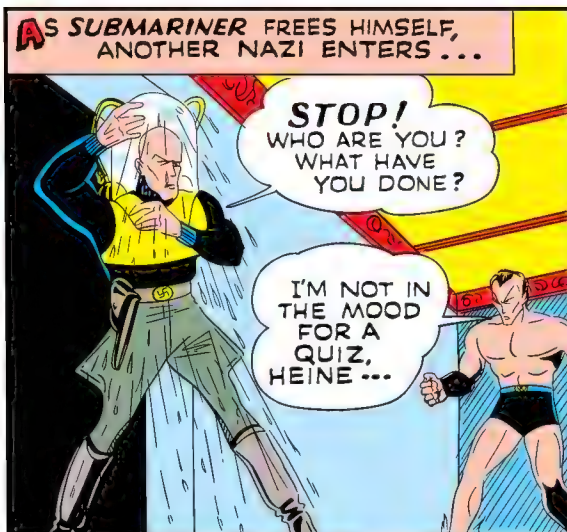
AN OMINOUS GLOW APPEARS IN A BRAZIER ... SEEING IT, **SUB-MARINER** STRAINS AT HIS BONDS LIKE A CAGED TIGER! ...

YOU TORTURING SCUM! KILLING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, AND WHEN I GET OUT --



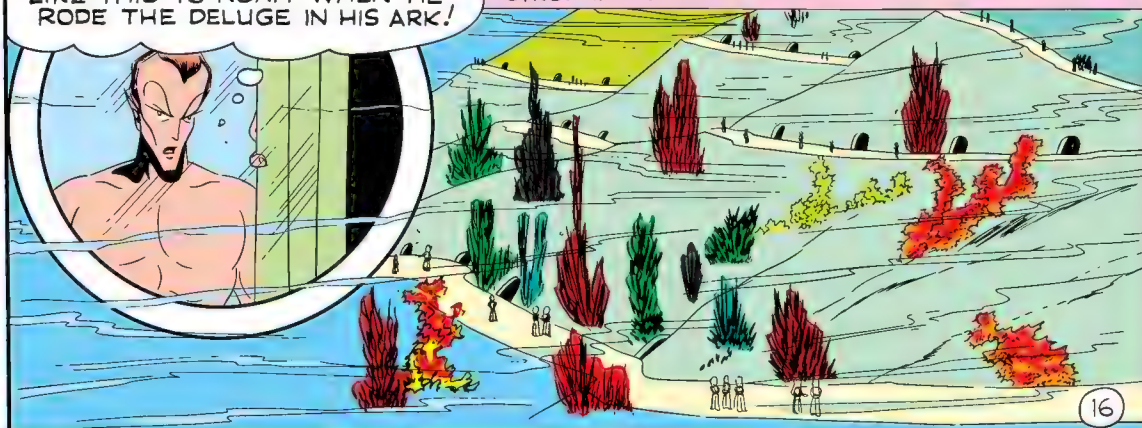


AS SUBMARINER FREES HIMSELF,
ANOTHER NAZI ENTERS ...



--- AND A BAY WINDOW!
WHAT A VIEW! THE ROCKY
MOUNTAINS MUST HAVE LOOKED
LIKE THIS TO NOAH WHEN HE
RODE THE DELUGE IN HIS ARK!

AN AMAZING SCENE UNFOLDS BEFORE THE EYES
OF SUB-MARINER --- FINE ROADS WINDING
THROUGH UNDERWATER RANGES, AND DRUIDS
STROLLING ALONG THEM! ---



WHE BEHOLDS A NATION OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN A MANNER LIKE THAT OF THOSE INHABITING THE EARTH.....

GREETINGS, YOU'RE LOOKING WELL!

I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER IF OUR UNINVITED GUESTS ENDED THEIR VISIT SOON!



THEY EVEN HAVE FARMERS, TILLING THE UNDERWATER SOIL! ...

CROPS LOOK GOOD, THIS SEASON!

YES -- HOPE OUR GERMAN FRIENDS DON'T TAKE IT ALL!



AND UNDERWATER "COWBOYS" GUARDING UNDERWATER CATTLE CORRALLED IN HUGE AQUARIA!

OUR MEAT SUPPLY CERTAINLY GOES FAST DOWN THE GULLETS OF OUR GERMAN FRIENDS!



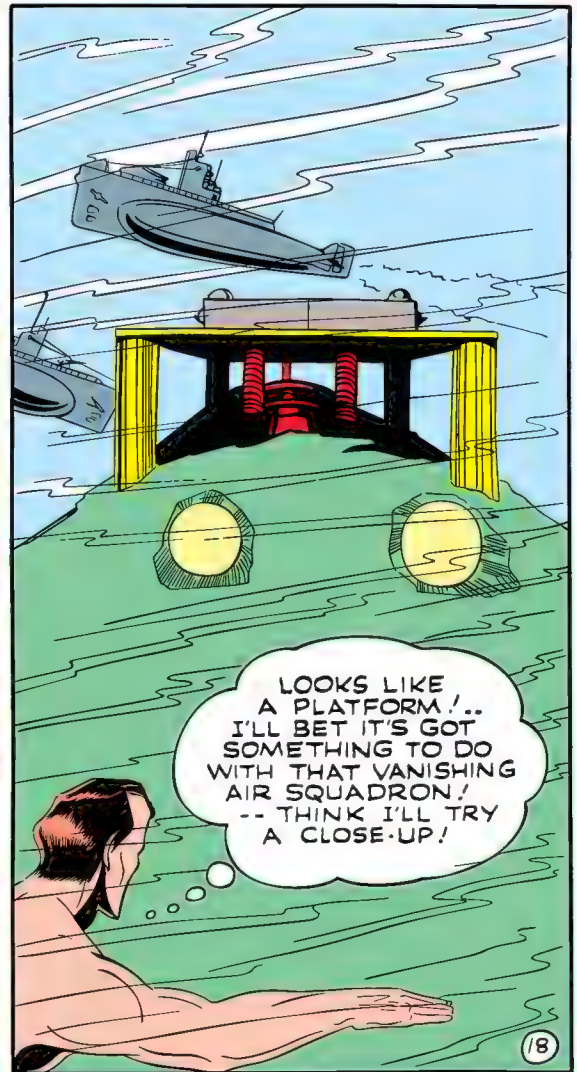
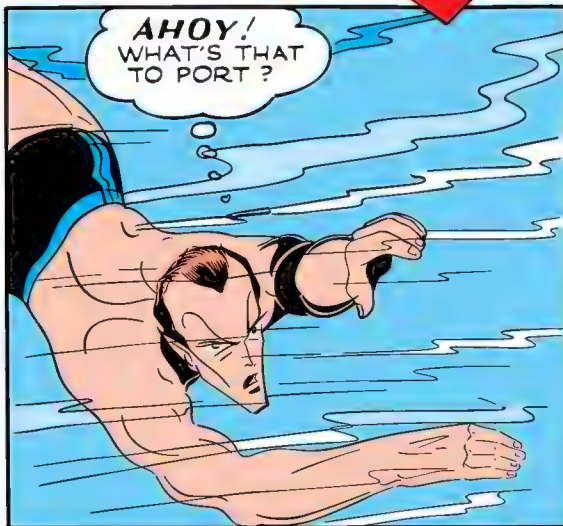
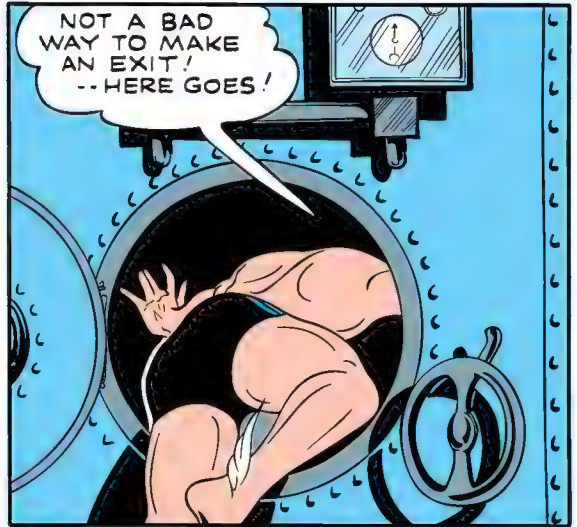
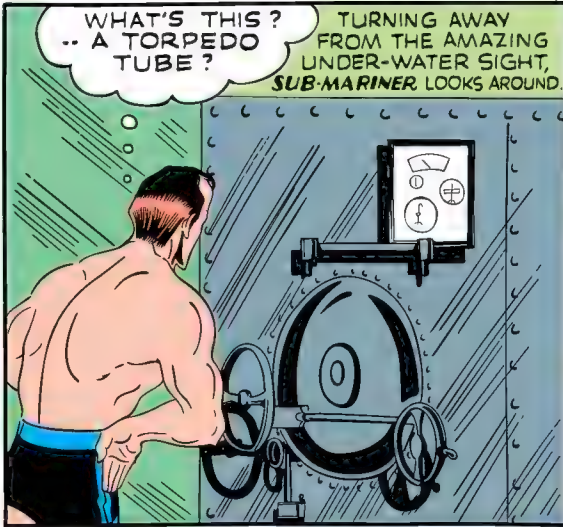
AND SOME WORK FOR THE NAZIS! ----- THEY DO NOT WHISTLE WHILE THEY WORK.

LAZY SCHWEIN! THEY SHOULD SEE HOW WE MAKE DEM WORK IN DER FACTORIES OF BERLIN!

WHEN WILL ALL THIS END?

WHEN THE WARMONGERS HAVE BEEN ERADICATED!





SUB-MARINER EELS CLOSER -- AND SEES NAZIS AND DRUIDS LOADING WATER-TIGHT TUBES INTO A HUGE STEEL SHED -- THE LOADERS COMMUNICATE BY RADIO!--

EASY WITH THOSE TUBES!

TELL FRITZ TO THROW THE SWITCH!

THE HUMAN FISH STREAKS UPWARD--

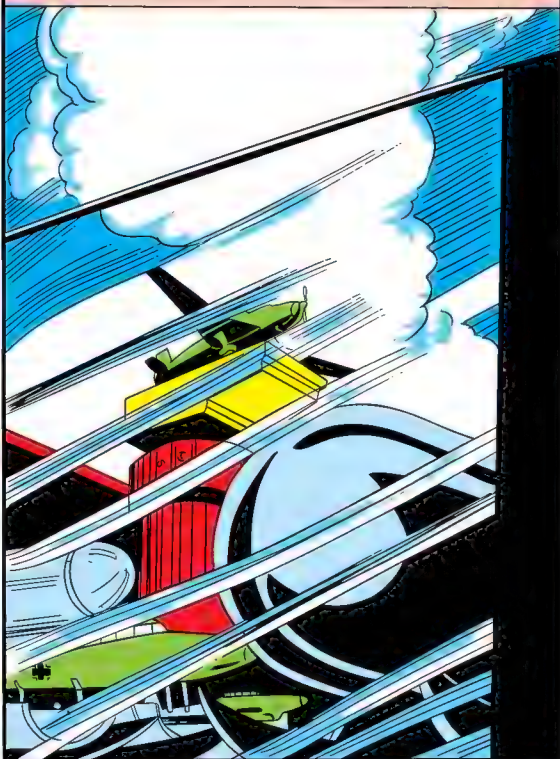
WELL, I'LL BE --! THE PLATFORM'S RISING! THINK I'LL RISE TOO!

IT'S BREAKING SURFACE! -- WITH FOG RISING ALL AROUND IT! I BEGIN TO SEE A LIGHT.

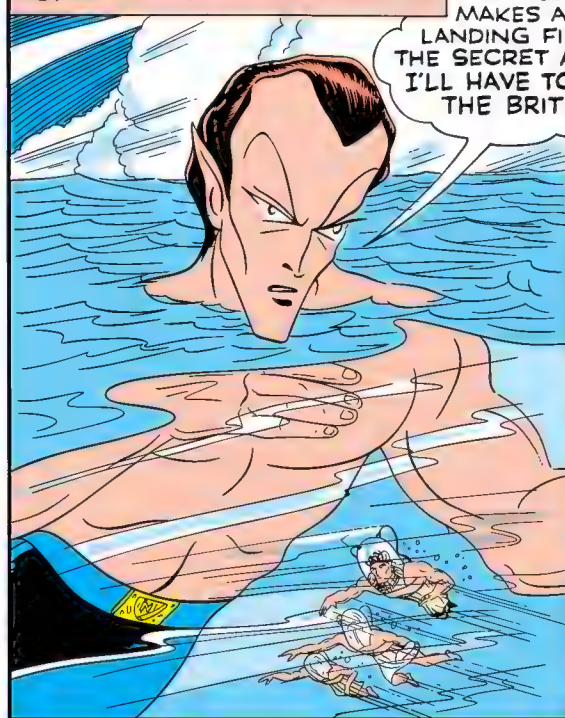
AS THE ARTIFICIAL FOG THICKENS,
THE BIG SHED OPENS



THE TUBES ARE OPENED BY NAZIS --
REVEALING PLANES, PLANES, AND MORE PLANES!

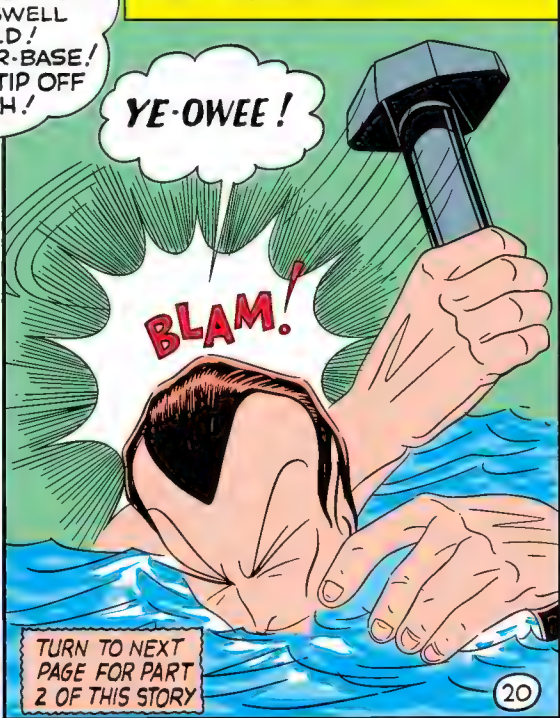


BUT EVEN AS HE TURNS, A
SQUAD OF DRUIDS ZOOMS
UPWARD TOWARD HIM!-----



THAT HYDRAULIC-
OPERATED PLATFORM
MAKES A SWELL
LANDING FIELD!
THE SECRET AIR-BASE!
I'LL HAVE TO TIP OFF
THE BRITISH!

-----AND RENDER HIM HELPLESS
WITH ONE WELL-DELIVERED BLOW
FROM A SMALL MACE .



YE-OWEE!

BLAM!

TURN TO NEXT
PAGE FOR PART
2 OF THIS STORY

WHAMO! THIS ISSUE IS DYNAMITE!

WILL THE **HUMAN TORCH** AND **TORO** BE ABLE TO STOP THE MADDENED **SUB-MARINER'S** PLAN TO BECOME SUPREME DICTATOR OF THE WORLD?

60

SIZZLING
SUPER-ACTION
THRILL-PACKED
PAGES OF ---

ONE STORY!

GRIPPING
DRAMA!

THE HUMAN TORCH

10c

THE **HUMAN TORCH**, **TORO**,
THE **PATRIOT**, AND **KA-ZAR**
-- FIGHTING SIDE BY
SIDE FOR THE
FIRST TIME!

STUPENDOUS
SCENES!

SUB-MARINER'S
STEEL WHALES!

SUB-MARINER
ATTACKING GIBRALTAR
WITH HIS
SHARK SOLDIERS!

SIDE-SPLITTING
SITUATIONS!

THE MEDITERRANEAN
RUN DRY -- AND THE
ITALIAN FLEET
STUCK IN THE MUD!

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COMIC BOOK *Now!*

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NAMOR
THE

SUB-MARINER

PART II

HALT!
WHAT ARE
YOU --
YEOW!

THAT DISPOSES
OF YOU!

HOPE MUELLER'S
RADIO DIDN'T
PICK UP THAT
GUARD'S CRY!

THE MYSTERY OF THE
DISAPPEARING ISLAND.

SUB-MARINER RECOVERS IN A MOUNTAIN CHAMBER ---

WITH A SMILE, CESTIS REPLIES
IN GERMAN ---

WOW! MY SKULL FEELS
LIKE IT CONTACTED A
BUZZ-SAW! OH, MR. CESTIS,
DO YOU MAKE A HABIT OF
CRACKING PEOPLE ON THE
HEAD?

WE FEARED YOU WOULD
STRUGGLE -- BRINGING THE
WHOLE GARRISON UPON US!
WE HAD TO BE DISCREET!

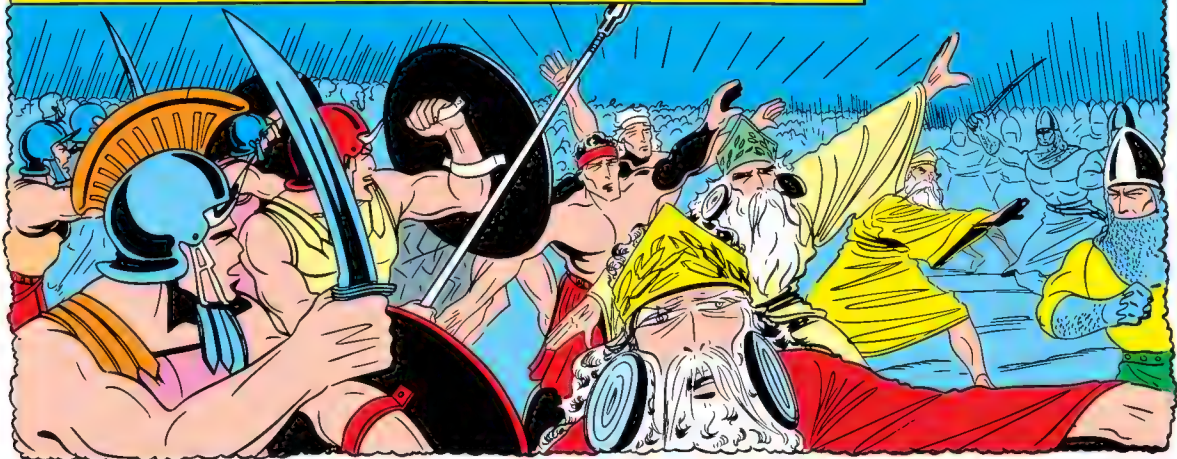
WHY?

WE NEED YOU! YOU SEE, WE
ARE FRIENDS NOW -- EVER SINCE
I SAW THE HORROR OF THE
ROOM OF 1,000 QUESTIONS.

AH! THAT
CONVINCED YOU THE
GERMANS ARE NO
ANGELS?

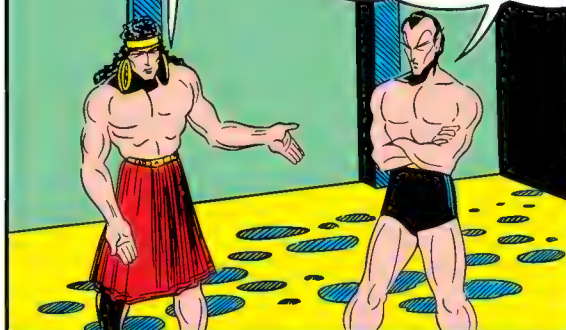
THEY ARE DEVILS!
-- AND WE THOUGHT --
BUT LET ME TELL
YOU THE
STORY -----

-----FOR GENERATIONS WE LOVED PEACE... IN ANCIENT DAYS,
OUR FOREFATHERS OFTEN HURLED THEMSELVES BETWEEN
EMBATTLED ARMIES TO STOP THE FIGHTING! ...



HOW OUR ANCESTORS CAME HERE,
WE DO NOT KNOW... BUT WE
HAD PEACE... AND THEN
THE GERMANS CAME ---

I CAN
GUESS THE REST.
THEY TOLD YOU
THEY, TOO, LOVED PEACE--
AND THAT THE BRITISH
WERE WAR-MONGERS!



NOW THAT YOU KNOW
THE NAZIS FOR WHAT
THEY ARE, CALL YOUR
PEOPLE TO ARMS --
TO ARMS FOR AN
HONORABLE
PEACE!



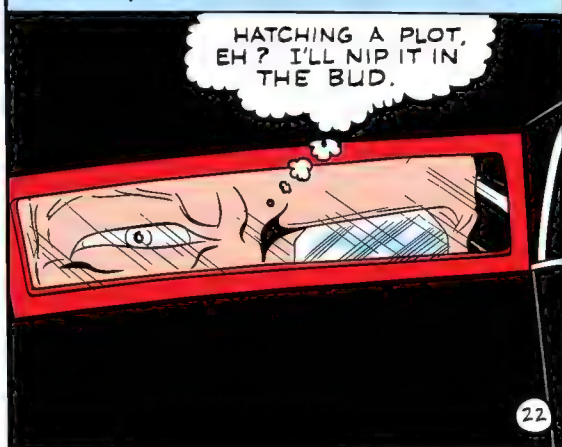
I'M ALL FOR
REVOLT --
BUT
WE HAVE
NO
WEAPONS--

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THAT PART,
CESTIS!



SUDDENLY, AT A GLASS PEEPHOLE IN THE
CHAMBER WALL, APPEAR TWO EYES --
THE COLD, CALCULATING EYES OF MUELLER!

HATCHING A PLOT,
EH? I'LL NIP IT IN
THE BUD.



THE GESTAPO AGENT'S FINGER LEAPS TO A BUTTON ----

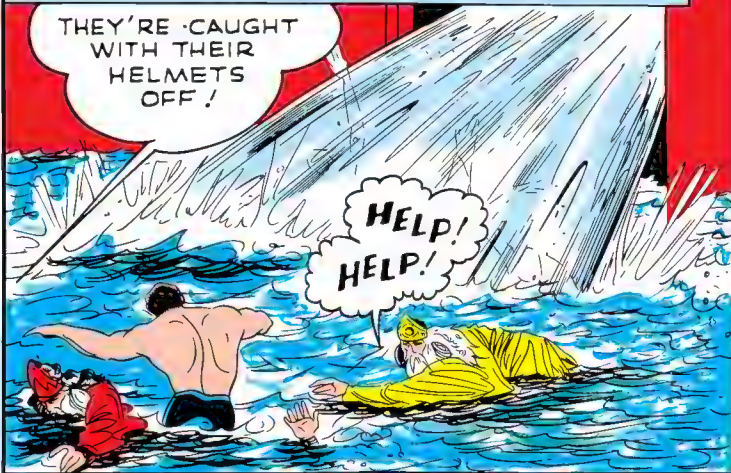
FIRST -- A DASH OF WATER TO COOL THE HOT-HEADS OFF!



SECRET DOORS IN THE CHAMBER WALL OPEN, ADMITTING A RAGING TORRENT OF WATER! ---

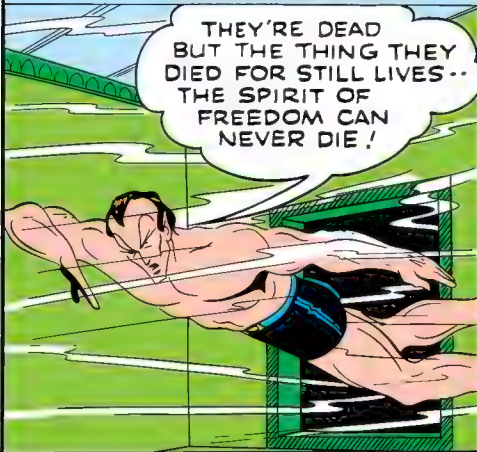
THEY'RE CAUGHT WITH THEIR HELMETS OFF!

HELP!
HELP!



THE WATER RISES TO THE CEILING, SNUFFING OUT THE LIVES OF THE HELPLESS DRUIDS! ---

THEY'RE DEAD BUT THE THING THEY DIED FOR STILL LIVES -- THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM CAN NEVER DIE!



BUT, AS THE **SUB-MARINER** WHIRLS TO FLEE THROUGH THE DOORWAY, HE ENCOUNTERS A NEW MENACE -- A HUGE OCTOPUS, MOVING TOWARD HIM WITH SNAKE-LIKE TENTACLES! ---



WHILE IN THE ADJOINING CHAMBER, A HUMAN OCTOPUS WATCHES, AND WAITS, AND GLOATS! ---

THAT DEVIL-FISH HASN'T BEEN FED FOR DAYS! HE OUGHT TO RELISH THIS MEAL! HA! HA!

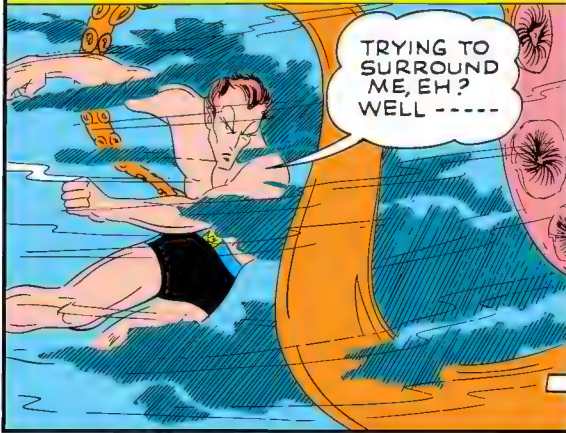


THE VICIOUS EYES OF THE UNDERSEA MONSTER GLEAM WITH A HUNGRY LIGHT AS IT SLITHERS THROUGH THE WATER! ---

DINNER ON THE TABLE, EH? NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

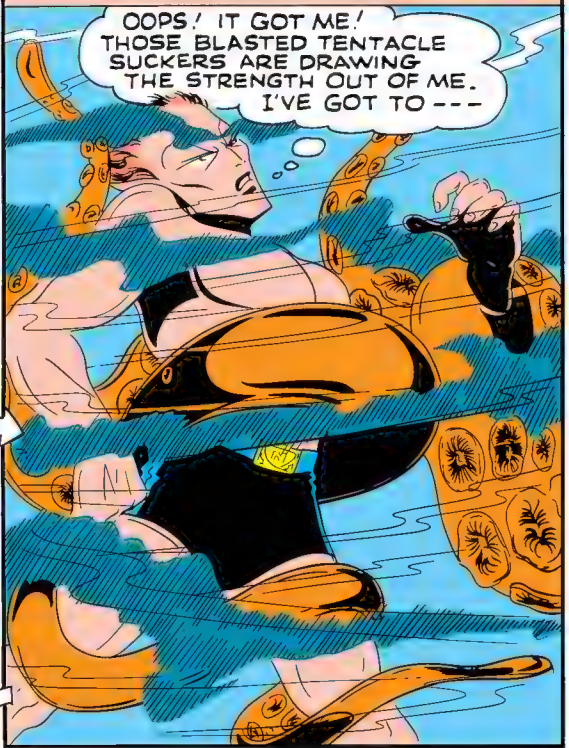


OUT MOVES A COILING TENTACLE -- THE FIRST MOVE IN THIS EPIC BATTLE OF THE DEEP! THEN AN INKY CLOUD POURS FROM THE MONSTER'S MOUTH!



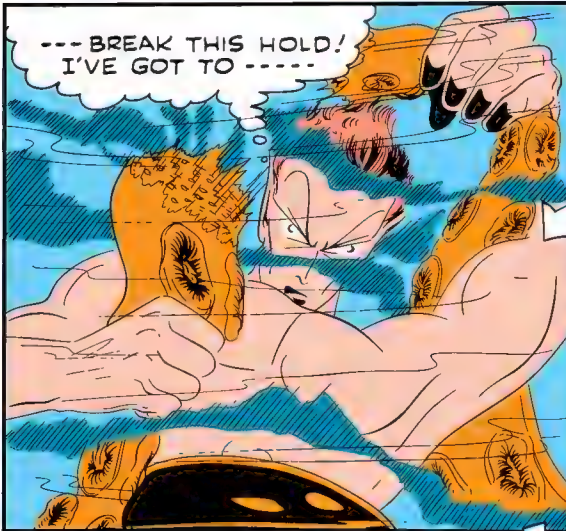
TRYING TO SURROUND ME, EH? WELL -----

LIKE A PYTHON, THE TENTACLE LASHES AROUND THE **SUB-MARINER**!

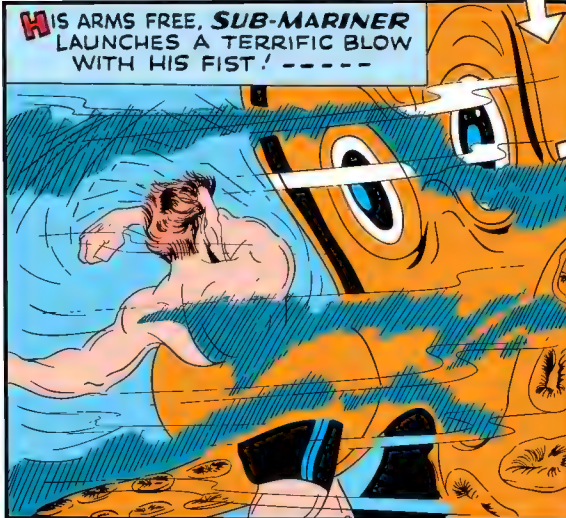


OOPS! IT GOT ME! THOSE BLASTED TENTACLE SUCKERS ARE DRAWING THE STRENGTH OUT OF ME. I'VE GOT TO ---

--- BREAK THIS HOLD! I'VE GOT TO -----



HIS ARMS FREE, **SUB-MARINER** LAUNCHES A TERRIFIC BLOW WITH HIS FIST! -----

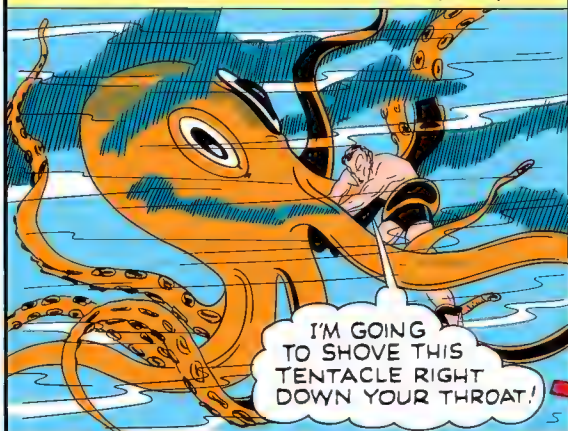


LIKE A FLASH, **SUB-MARINER** POUNCES ON ONE OF THE TENTACLES -----

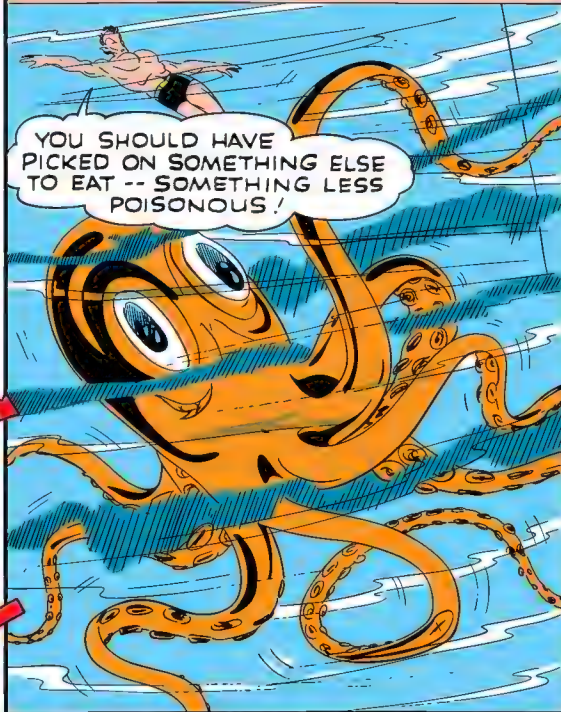


WANT TO EAT? I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO EAT!

THE MONSTER, GROGGY AS A RESULT OF THE **SUB-MARINER'S** HAYMAKER, THRASHES ABOUT DESPERATELY, AS ITS ADVERSARY FORCES ONE OF ITS TENTACLES BACK, BACK, BACK!



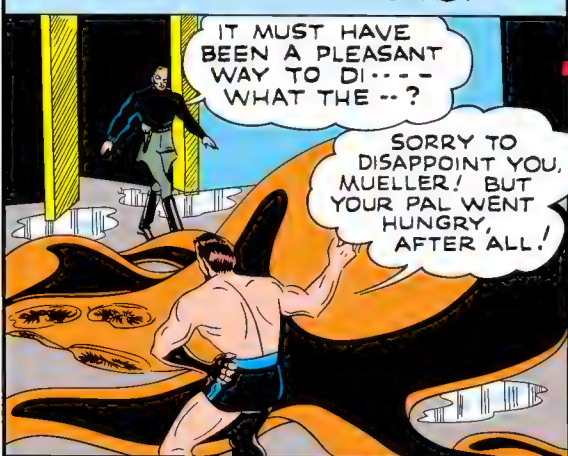
ITS GULLET STUFFED WITH ITS OWN TENTACLE, THE OCTOPUS WRITHES IN THE THROES OF DEATH!



PREVENTED FROM ENJOYING A "RINGSIDE" VIEW OF THE BATTLE BECAUSE OF THE MONSTER'S INKY CLOUD, MUELLER PREPARES TO WITNESS THE END -- OF **SUB-MARINER** ---



AS THE WATER IN THE OTHER CHAMBER RECEDES, MUELLER GOES TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO THE DEAD! ---



AN AVENGING FURY, **SUB-MARINER** LAUNCHES HIMSELF ACROSS THE ROOM!



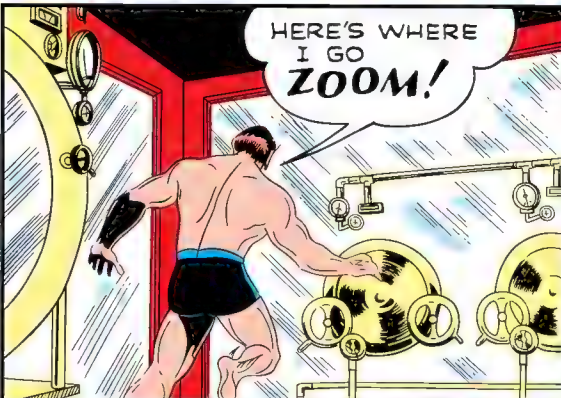
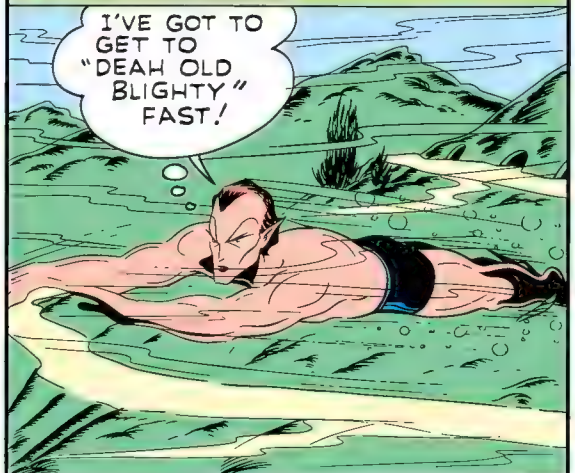
RESPONDING TO THEIR LEADER'S CRY, NAZIS POUR INTO THE CHAMBER, SURGING FORWARD -- BUT, BACK THEY GO!



LEAVING A HEAP OF STRUGGLING, YELLING MEN BEHIND HIM, **SUB-MARINER** RUSHES THROUGH THE DOORWAY! -----



THE HUMAN TORPEDO SHOOTS UPWARD - ITS TARGET, FREEDOM!



THE SURFACE -- AT LAST!

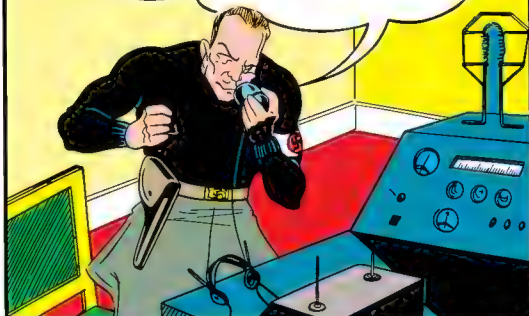


HIS HEAD AWHIRL, HERR MUELLER FINALLY COMES TO -----



MUELLER HURRIES TO THE NAZI UNDERSEA BROADCASTING ROOM...

ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS!
LOAD THE PLATFORM WITH PLANES...
FIGHTERS, BOMBERS, EVERYTHING WE'VE
GOT! GET THE SALVAGE SHIP READY!
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT
SUB-MARINER!



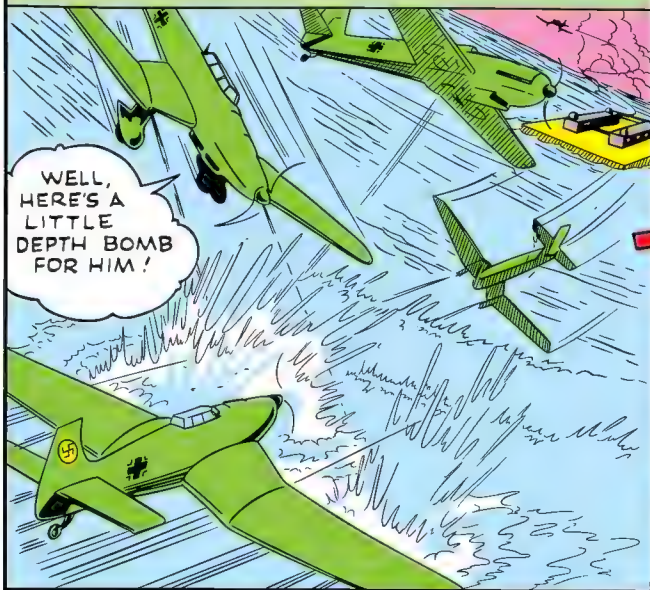
AS SUB-MARINER THRUSTS THROUGH THE WAVES, THE OMINOUS LOOM OF THE HYDRAULIC PLATFORM APPEARS BEHIND HIM!

I KNEW IT. THEY'RE
GOING TO TRY TO
GIVE ME THE
WORKS!

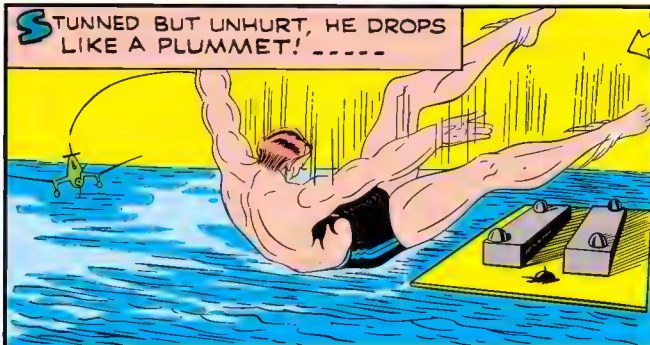


A WAVE OF STUKA DIVE BOMBERS AND MESSER-SCHMITT PURSUITS ROARS INTO THE AIR -- WITH BOMBS, TORPEDOES AND MACHINE-GUN BULLETS, THEY CONCENTRATE ALL THEIR FURY ON ONE MAN --- SUBMARINER.

WELL,
HERE'S A
LITTLE
DEPTH BOMB
FOR HIM!

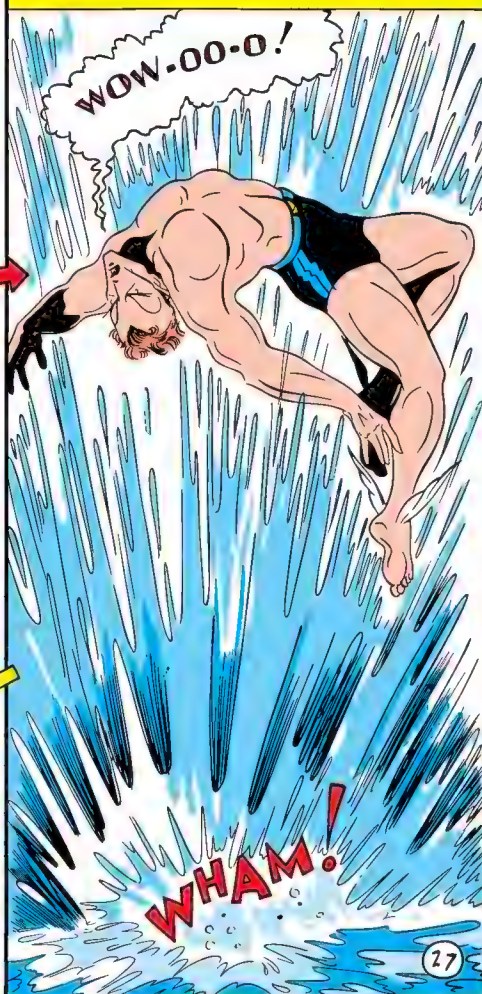


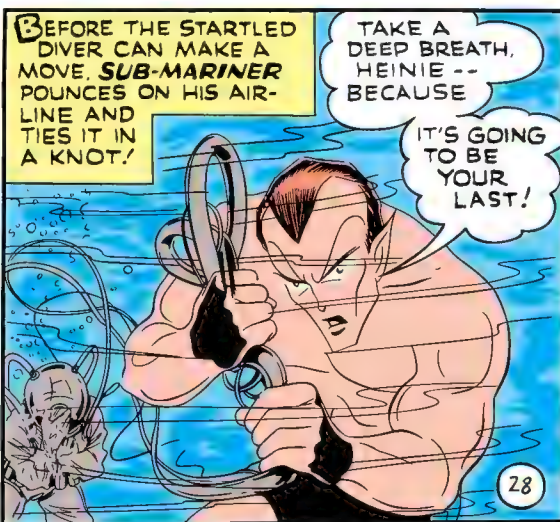
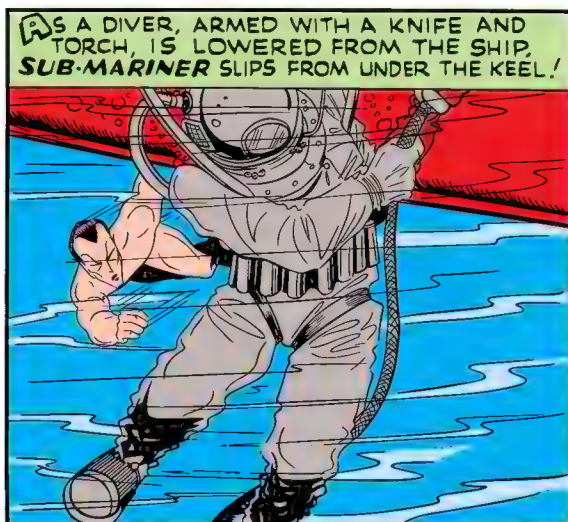
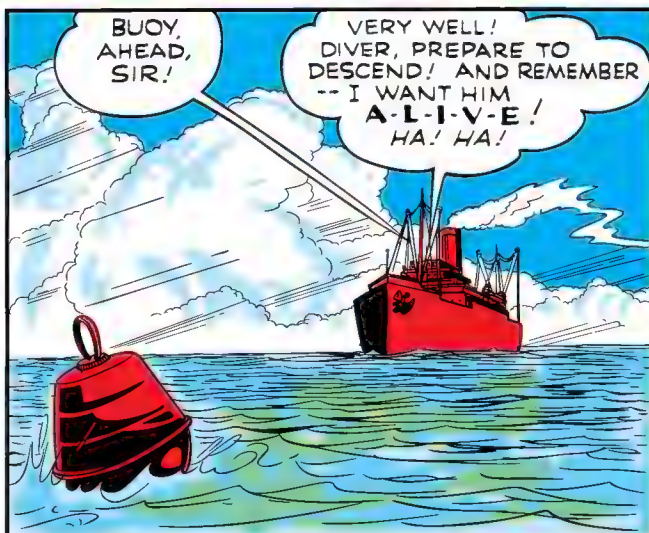
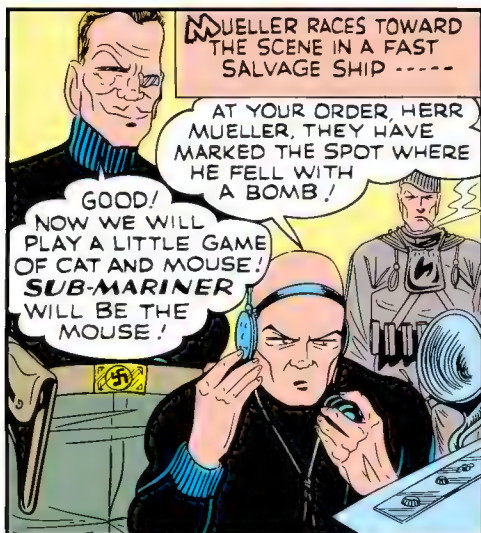
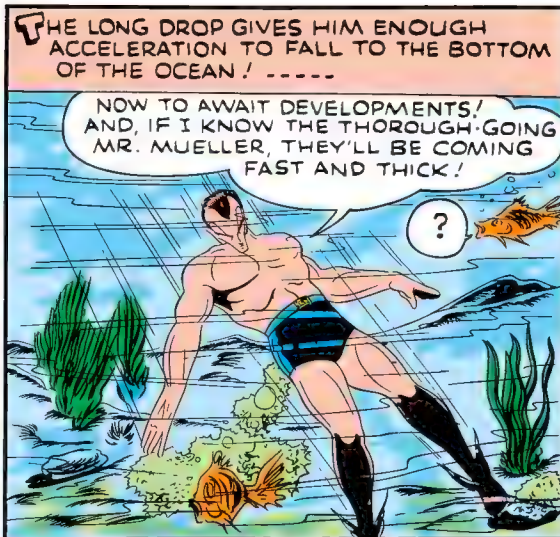
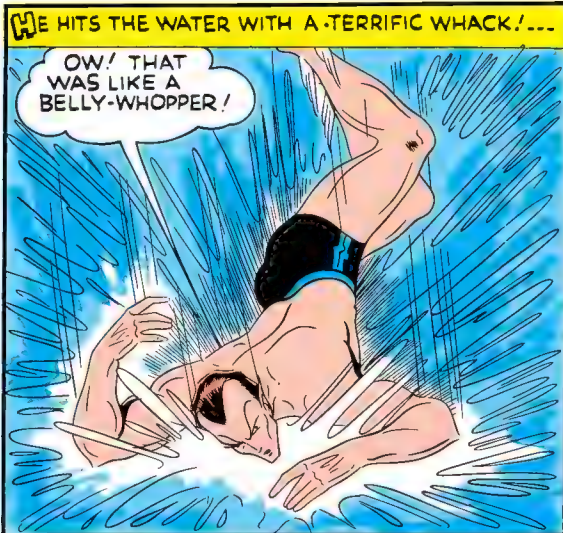
STUNNED BUT UNHURT, HE DROPS LIKE A PLUMMET! -----



WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH, THE DEPTH BOMB EXPLODES, HURLING SUB-MARINER SKY-HIGH!

WOW-OO-O!





THE NAZIS ON THE DECK OF THE SALVAGE SHIP WAIT FOR WORD FROM THE DIVER... BUT NO WORD COMES! -----

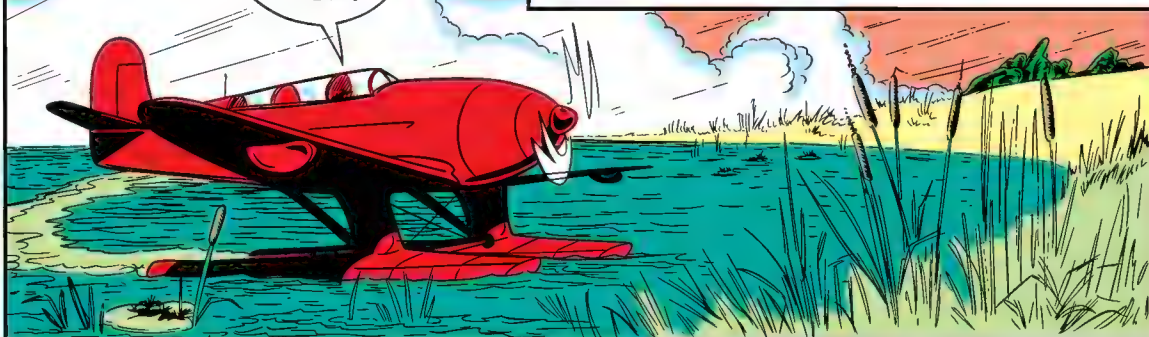
HE MUST BE DEAD! DOT !?!! SEE!! SUP. MARINIER!

PROBABLY ESCAPED-- AND HEADED FOR BRITAIN! KAPTAIN, PREPARE TO LAUNCH MY PLANE AT ONCE!



UNMOLESTED BY THE R.A.F., THE PLANE LANDS ON THE COAST OF BRITAIN, NOT FAR FROM LONDON! --

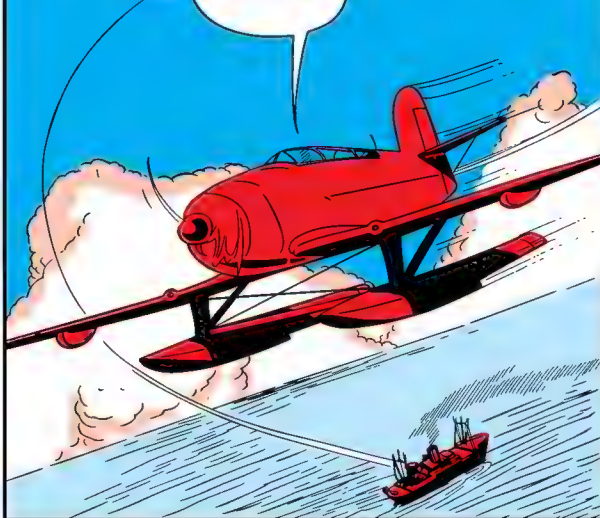
NOW, TO PREPARE MY LITTLE NET FOR THAT HUMAN FISH!



CATAPULTED FROM THE DECK, A PLANE (BEARING BRITISH MARKINGS) CARRIES HERR MUELLER WESTWARD! NOW WHAT IS HE UP TO?

PILOT! -- YOU SEE THOSE MARKINGS ON THE MAP?

LAND THERE!



BOLDLY, THE GESTAPO AGENT WALKS ALONG THE SHORE -- HE HAS REASON TO BE BOLD FOR HE WEARS THE UNIFORM OF A BRITISH MAJOR!

I HOPE MY OXFORD ACCENT HASN'T GONE RUSTY!



HE ENCOUNTERS AN AIR RAID WARDEN AND THE "LITTLE NET FOR THAT HUMAN FISH" STARTS TO UNFOLD! -----

I'M LEADING A SEARCH FOR A NAZI SPY -- POSING AS THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER! PASS THE WORD ALONG!

RIGHT-HO, MAJOR, WE'LL GET THE BLIGHTER IN HALF A MO'!



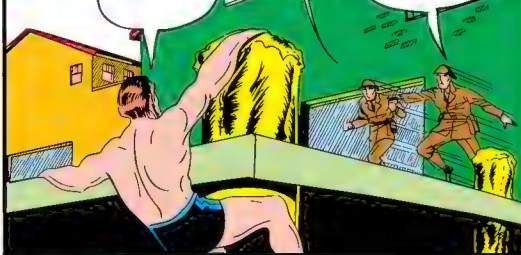
Meanwhile -- **SUB-MARINER** EMERGES FROM THE THAMES RIVER, UNAWARE OF THE RECEPTION IN STORE FOR HIM

HERE COME SOME SOLDIERS! THEY CERTAINLY KEEP ON THE ALERT AROUND HERE --

HI!

GET HIM! HE LOOKS LIKE SUB-MARINER!

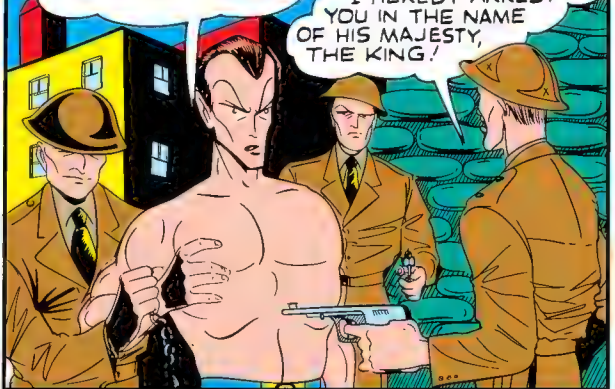
SUSPICIOUSLY SO, THE DIRTY SPY!



SOLDIERS CONVERGE ON HIM FROM ALL SIDES! HERR MUELLER'S NET IS CLOSING!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? I'M SUB-MARINER -- A FRIEND! I'VE GOT IMPORTANT NEWS!

WE THOUGHT YOU'D SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT -- YOU IMPOSTER! I HEREBY ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF HIS MAJESTY, THE KING!



I COULD SLAP THESE LIMEYS FOR A ROW -- BUT THAT WOULDN'T HELP!...

LOOK HERE! TAKE ME BEFORE MAJOR THORNE. HE'LL TELL YOU WHETHER I'M THE REAL SUB-MARINER OR NOT!

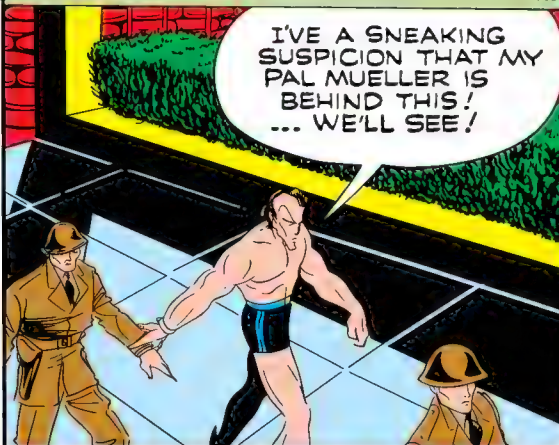


VERY WELL! TAKE HIM TO THE OFFICE OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE!



CONFIDENT THAT THEIR PRISONER IS A PHONEY, THE SOLDIERS HURRY HIM TO MAJOR THORNE'S OFFICE...

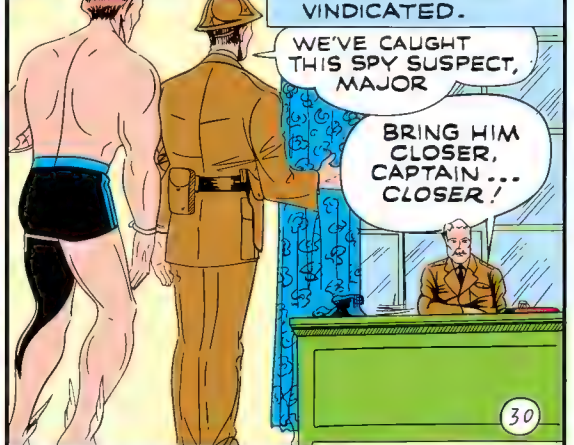
I'VE A SNEAKING SUSPICION THAT MY PAL MUELLER IS BEHIND THIS! ... WE'LL SEE!

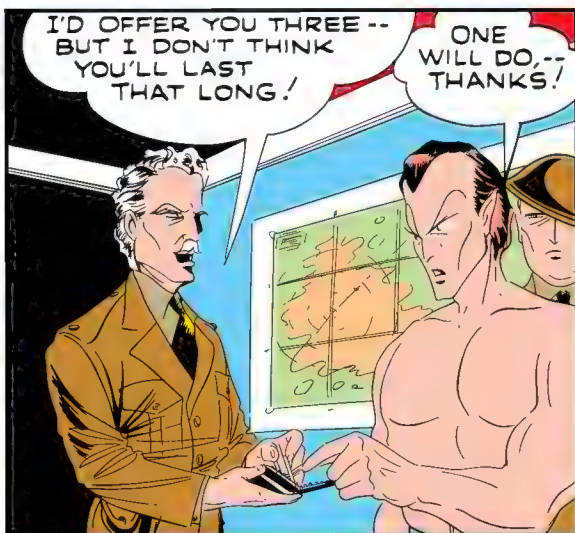
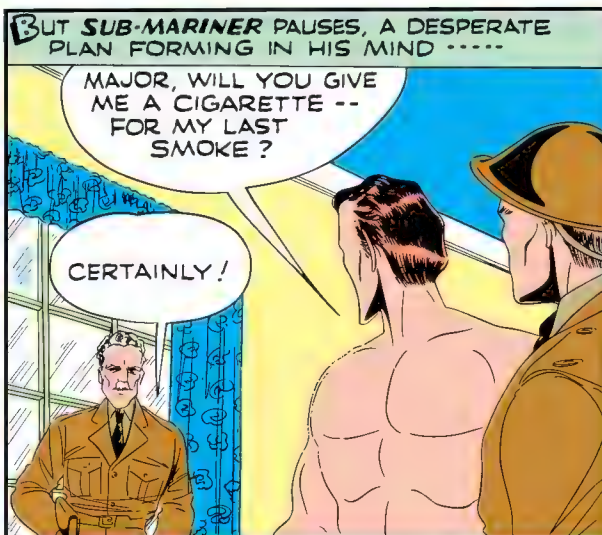
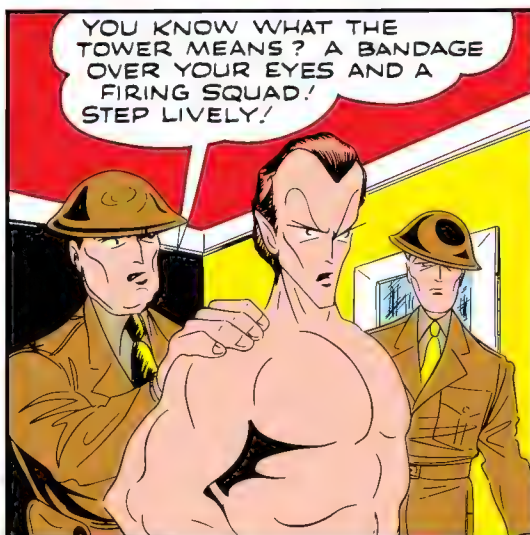


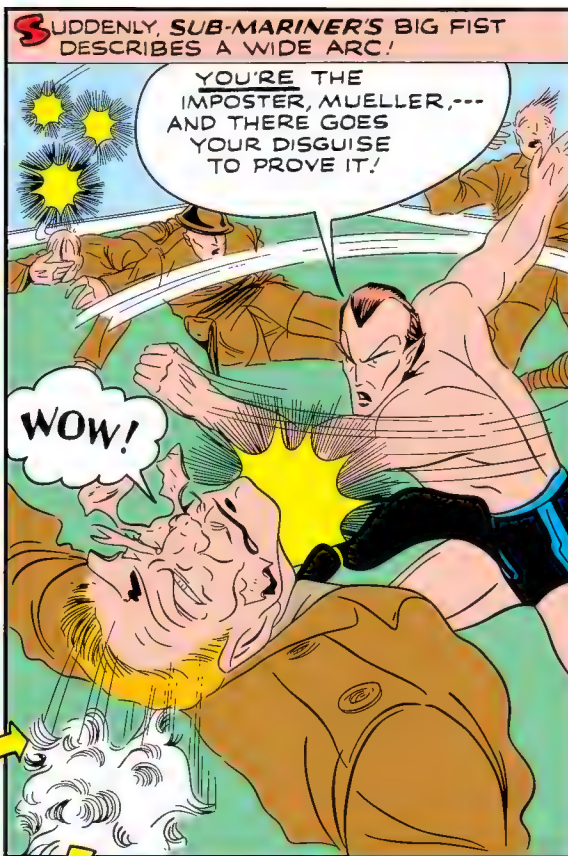
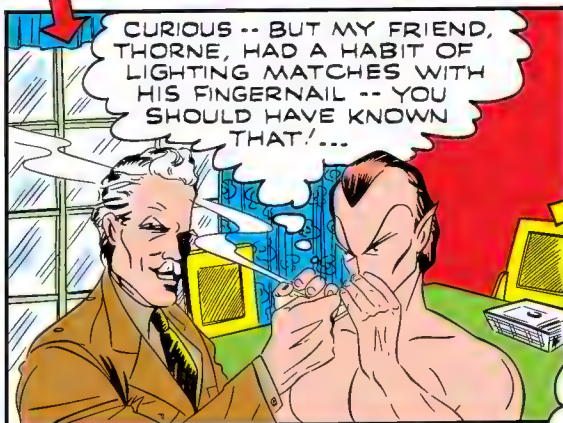
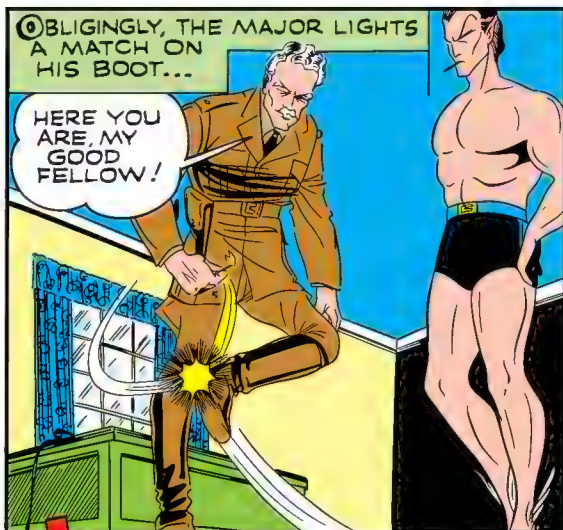
SUB-MARINER SMILES AS HE IS USHERED INTO MAJOR THORNE'S OFFICE, FOR HE IS SURE HE'LL BE VINDICATED.

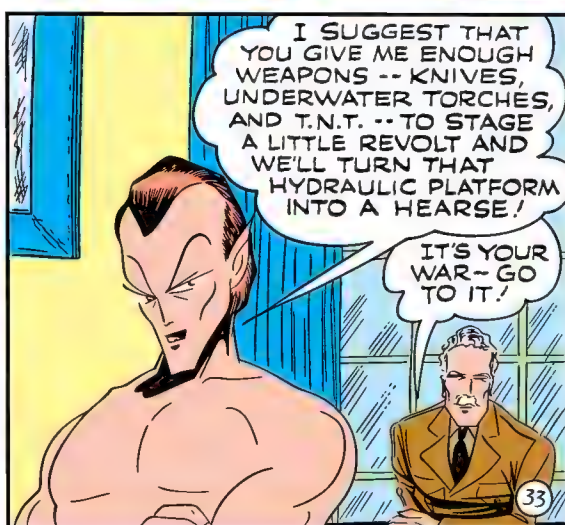
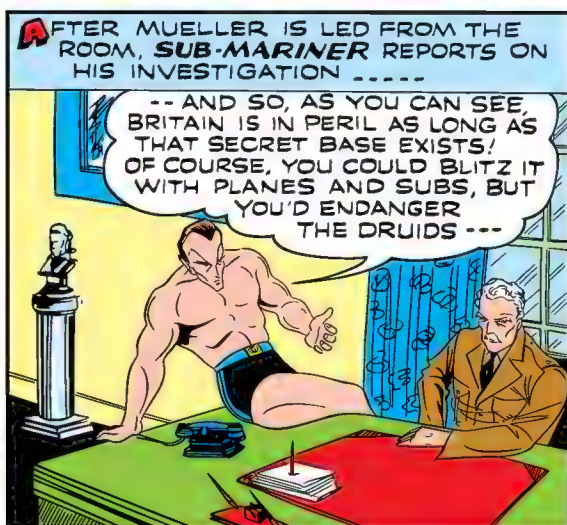
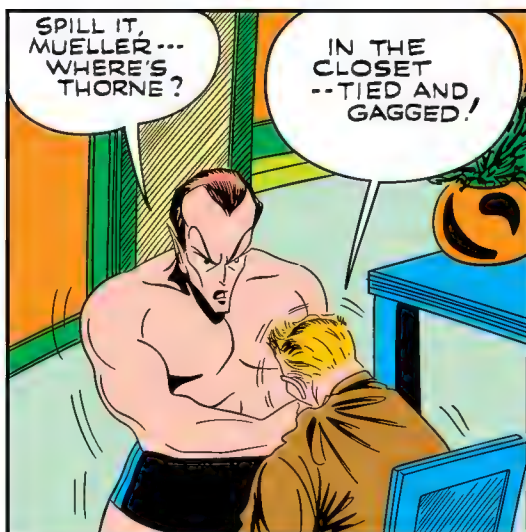
WE'VE CAUGHT THIS SPY SUSPECT, MAJOR

BRING HIM CLOSER, CAPTAIN ... CLOSER!

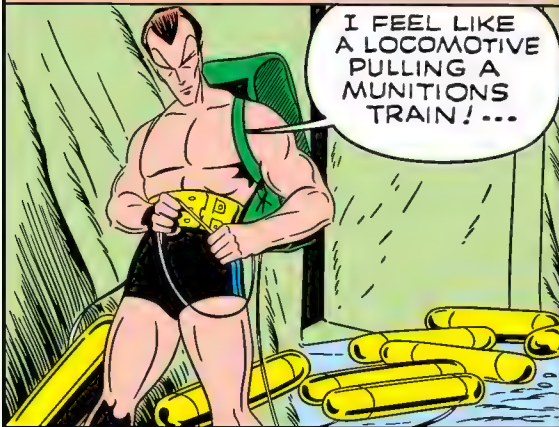






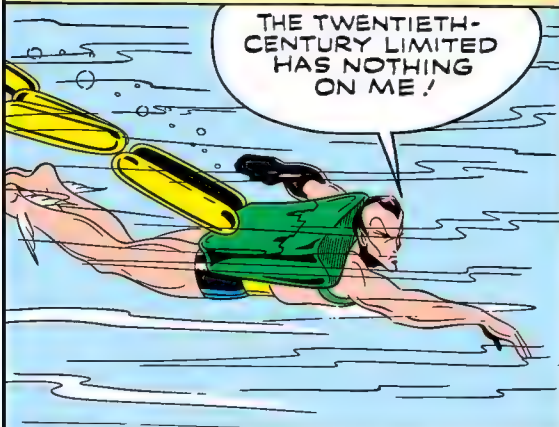


LATER WITHIN THE IMPLEMENTS OF REVOLT SEALED IN WATER-TIGHT TUBES, **SUB-MARINER** LINKS THEM TO HIS BODY AND PREPARES TO STEP THROUGH THE SECRET DOOR AT ROCKHENGE



I FEEL LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE PULLING A MUNITIONS TRAIN!...

THE STREAMLINED "SEA TRAIN" HITS TOP SPEED IN THE UNDERWATER TUNNEL ...

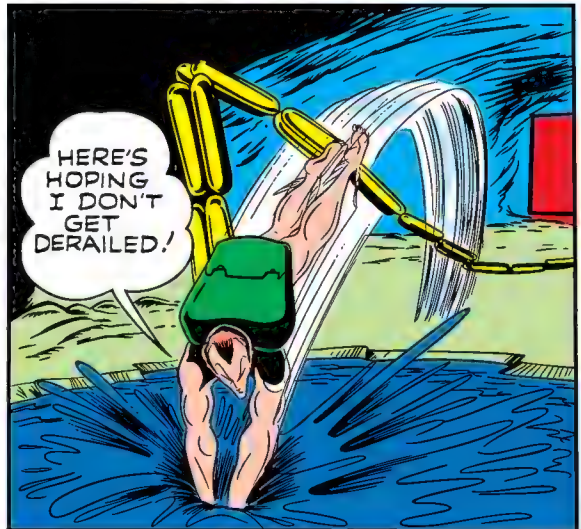


THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY LIMITED HAS NOTHING ON ME!

THE CONDEMNED SPY OPENS A HOLLOW HEEL IN ONE OF HIS BOOTS ...



BUT I'M GOING TO WRITE THE FINAL CHAPTER WITH THIS LITTLE POWDER!



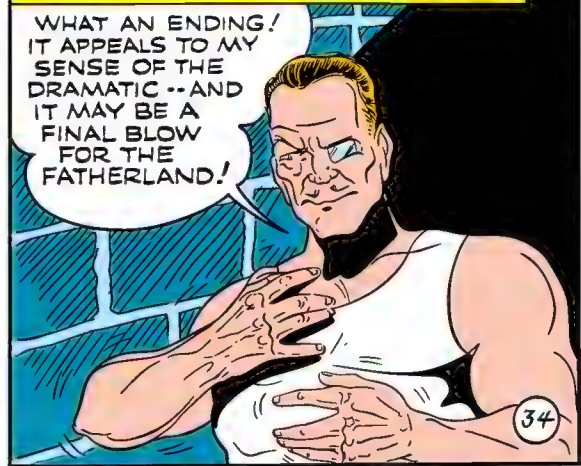
HERE'S HOPING I DON'T GET DERAILED!

Meanwhile -- MUELLER, DULY COURT-MARTIALED, PREPARES FOR THE FATE HE ONCE DECREED FOR **SUB-MARINER**! --



THEY'RE BEATING THE DRUMS AND BLOWING THE BUGLE -- THAT MEANS "FINIS" FOR ME!

QUICKLY, HE RUBS THE POWDER INTO HIS CLOTHING ...

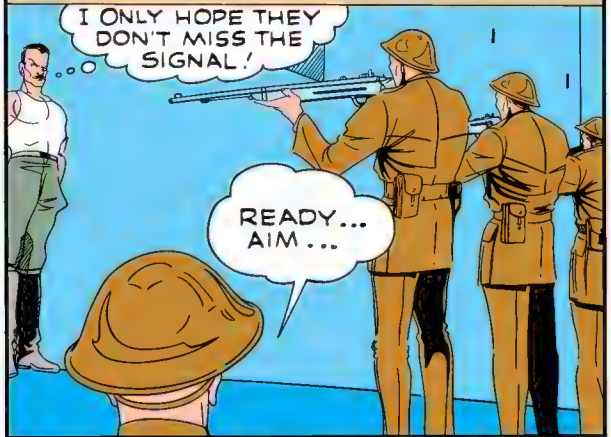


WHAT AN ENDING! IT APPEALS TO MY SENSE OF THE DRAMATIC -- AND IT MAY BE A FINAL BLOW FOR THE FATHERLAND!

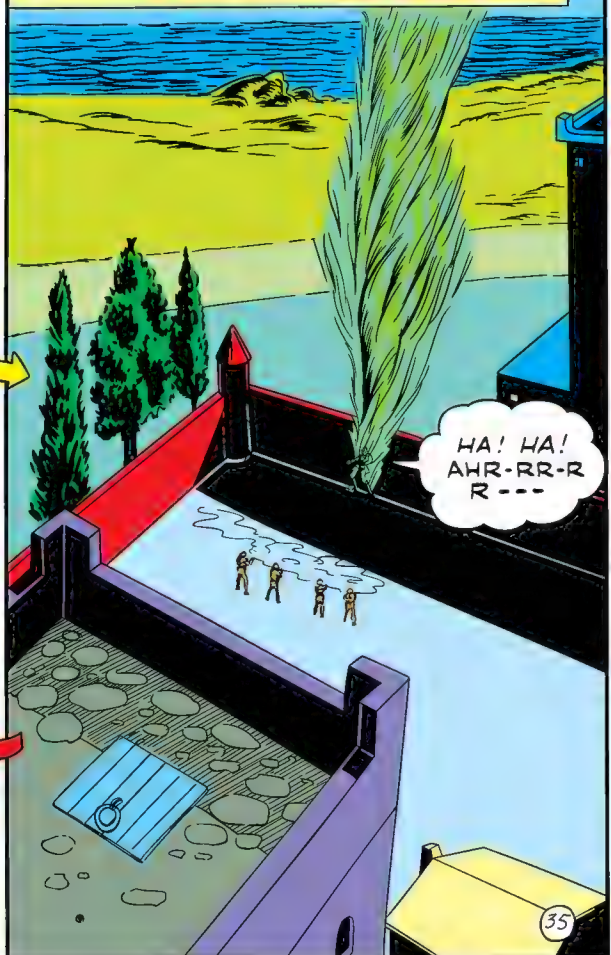
THE PRISONER IS LED INTO THE GLOOMY YARD OF THE HISTORIC TOWER OF LONDON, WHERE CROWNED HEADS HAVE FALLEN.

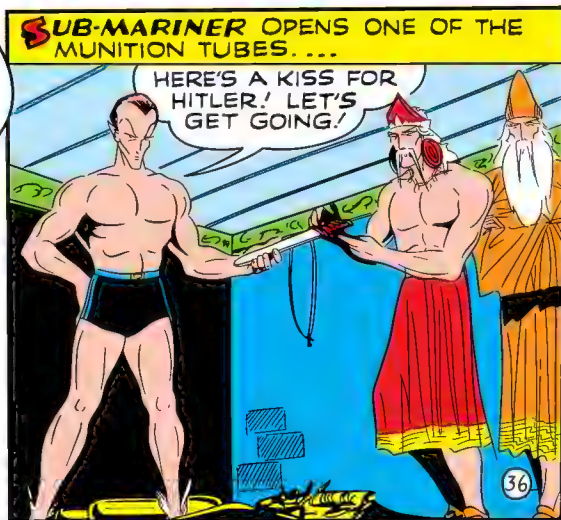
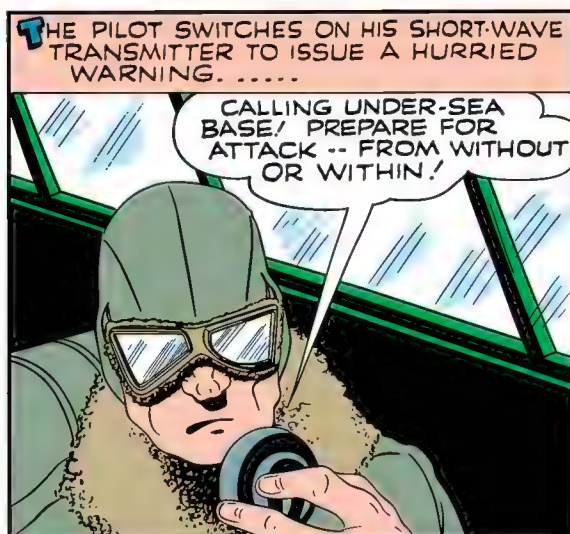
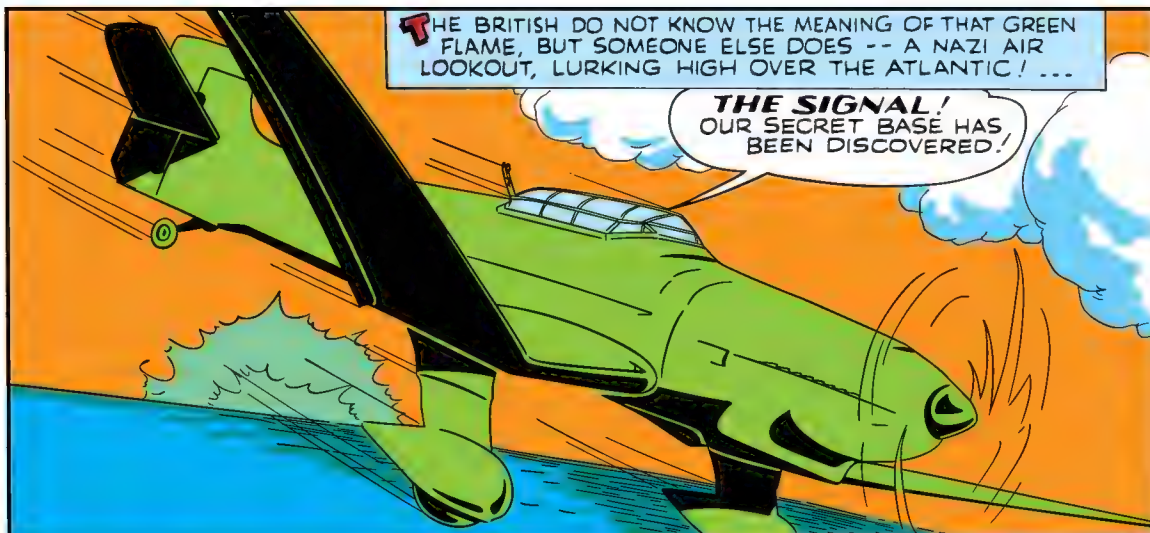


FACING THE FIRING SQUAD WITH THE COURAGE OF A FANATIC, HERR MUELLER OF THE GESTAPO RAISES HIS EYES FOR THE LAST TIME TOWARD THE DYING SUN ...

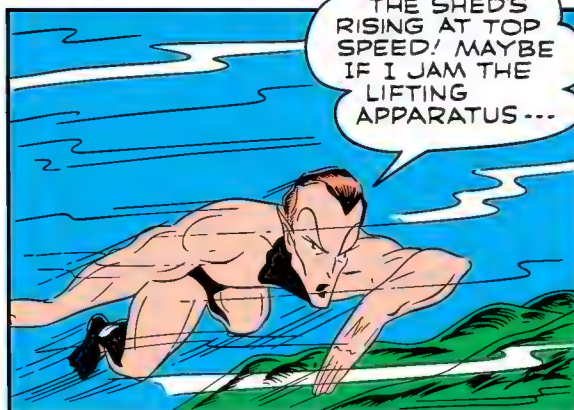


AS THE BULLETS THUD INTO MUELLER'S BODY, THEY IGNITE HIS CHEMICALLY-TREATED CLOTHING, SENDING A GREAT PLUME OF FIRE INTO THE SKY --
THE SIGNAL!





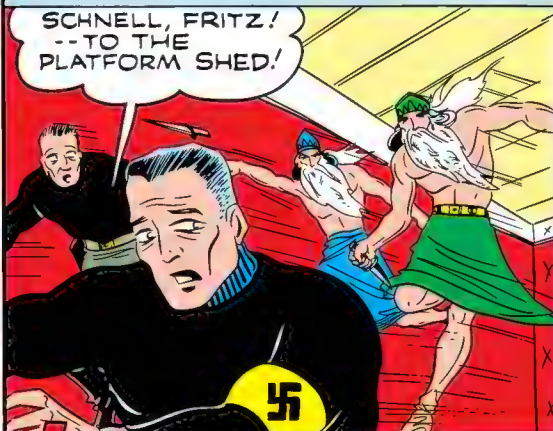
WITH VENGEANCE IN THEIR HEARTS, THE "PEACE-LOVING" DRUIDS STEAL FROM CHAMBER TO CHAMBER, BUT THE NAZIS HAVE BEEN FOREWARNED AND A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE ENSUES! --



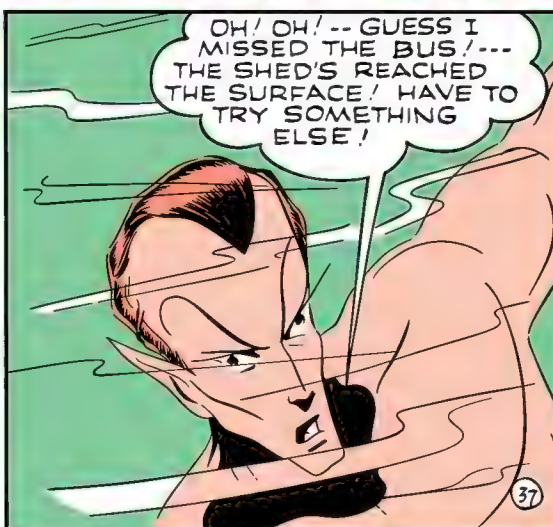
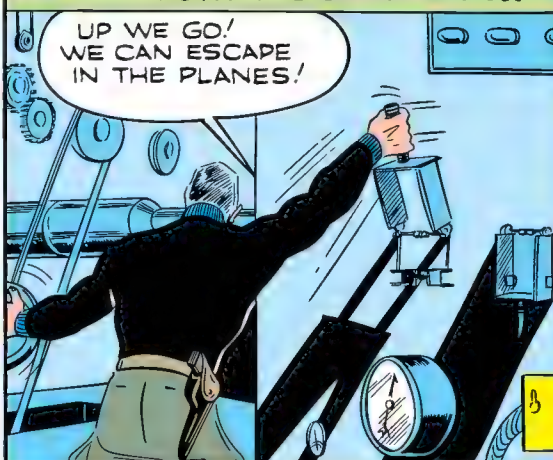
EVEN AS THE SHED PLOWS UPWARD, **SUB-MARINER** WITH A MIGHTY WRENCH, TEARS THE GEAR APART!



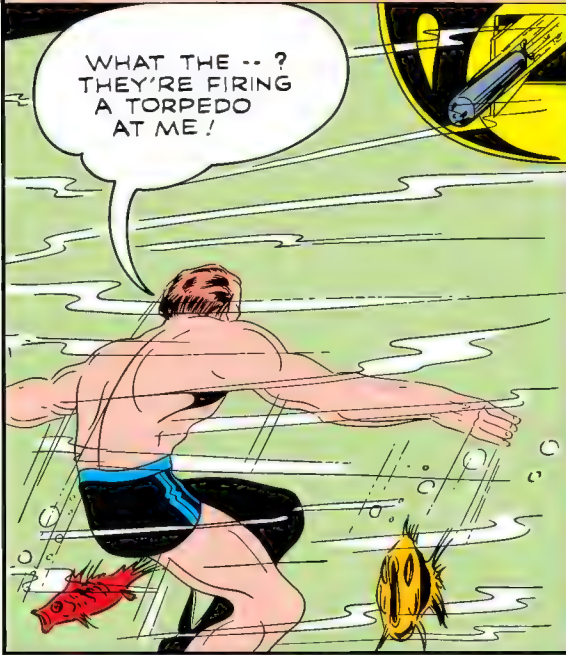
THE NAZIS CAN FIGHT. BUT THE DRUIDS HAVE SOMETHING TO FIGHT FOR -- WHICH IS SOMETIMES MORE IMPORTANT.



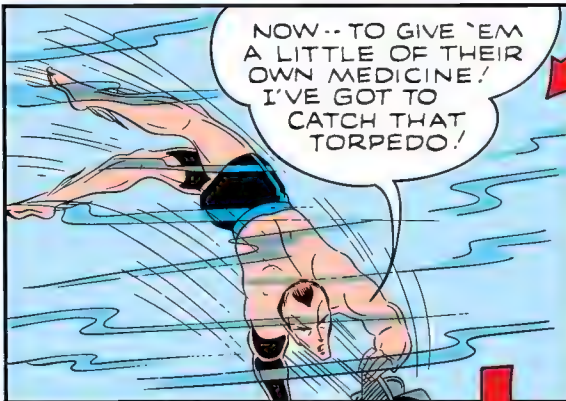
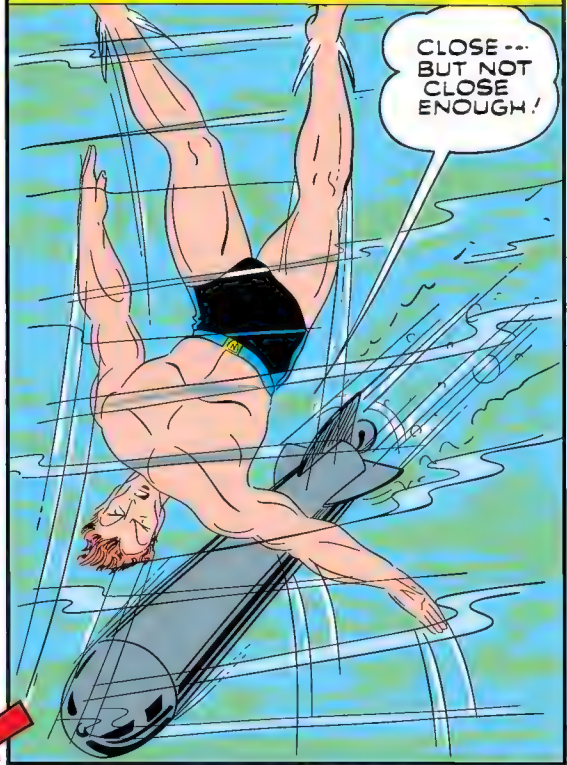
SURVIVING NAZIS TAKE REFUGE IN THE SHED -- ONE OF THEM THROWS A BIG SWITCH! ...



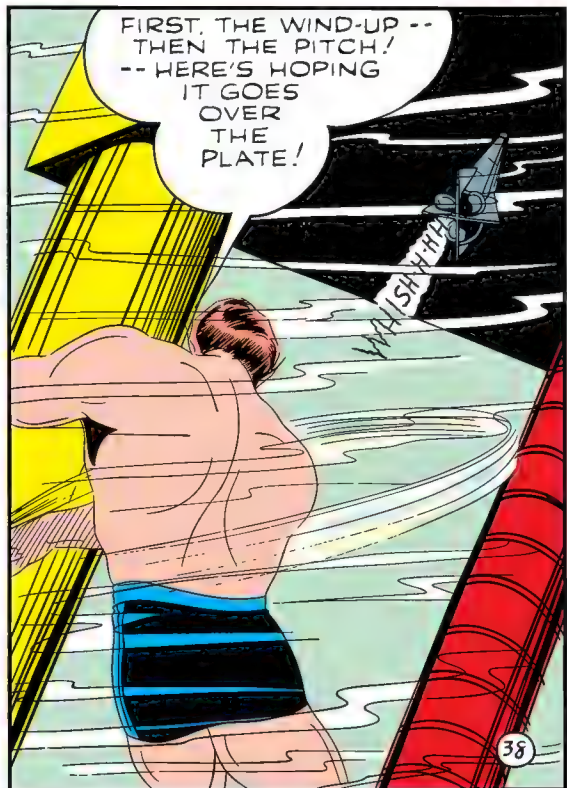
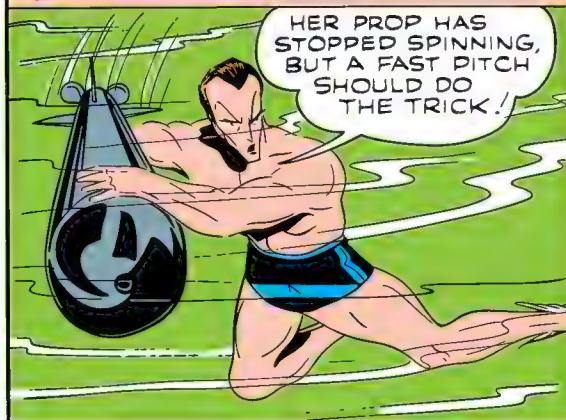
SUB-MARINER ASCENDS TOWARD THE STALLED SHED, STOPS AS A DOOR OPENS!



HIS SINUOUS BODY TWISTS DESPERATELY DODGE THE ONCOMING MISSILE OF DEATH!



SWIFT AS A BULLET, HE LUNGES, SEIZING THE TORPEDO. . . .



THROUGH A PEEPHOLE IN THE SHED, A NAZI SEES THE TORPEDO TEARING THROUGH THE WATER! ...

HIMMEL!
VEE MUST GET
OUDT-- VATER OR
NO VATER-- OPEN
DER DOORS OR
VEE ARE LOST!

TOO LATE! THE TORPEDO STRIKES, AND WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE HUGE SHED, LOADED WITH PLANES, MEN AND MUNITIONS, IS BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS! FOR ONE BREATH-TAKING MOMENT, SKY AND WATER SEEM TO MEET. ...

BOOM!

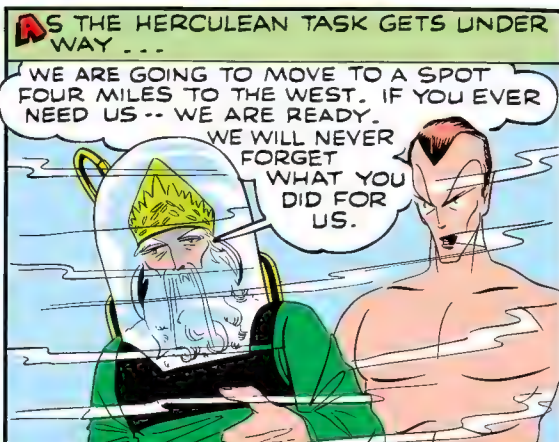
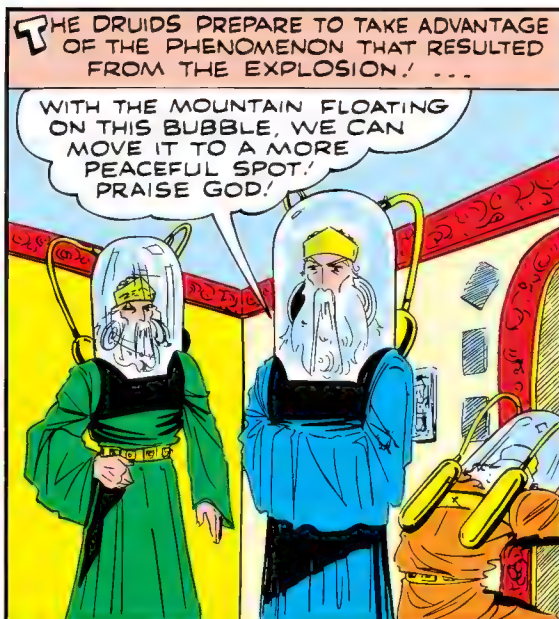
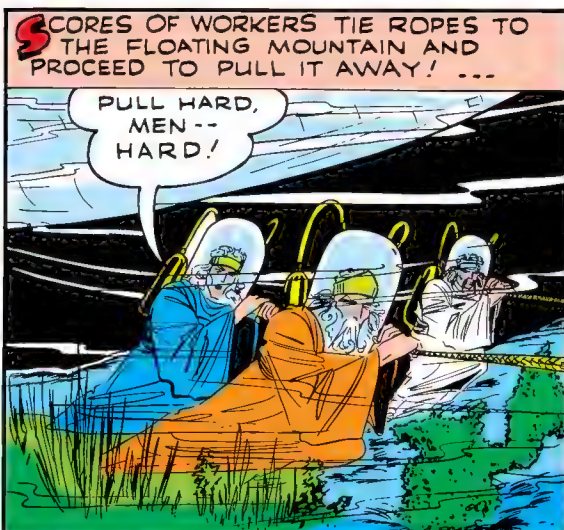
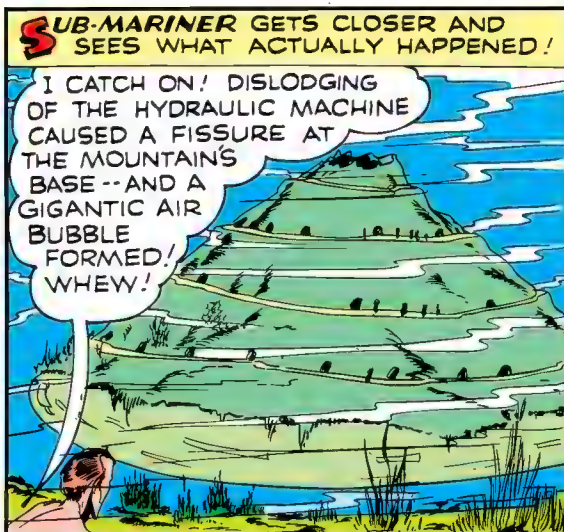
SUB-MARINER HIMSELF, HURLED INTO THE AIR BY THE BLAST, MAKES A SWIFT DESCENT ...

THAT ENDS THE
SECRET BASE!
NOW--TO GO BELOW
AND SEE HOW MY
PALS MADE OUT!

HOPE THE
EXPLOSION
DIDN'T GET
THEM, TOO!

W STRANGE SIGHT CONFRONTS HIM AS HE REACHES THE OCEAN FLOOR --

GREAT SCOTT!
THE MOUNTAIN
OF THE DRUIDS
IS FLOATING!
HOW COME?



What
WILL THIS WONDER-MAN OF THE WATER TACKLE NEXT ????
 ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO GET THE VERY NEXT ISSUE of **MARVEL COMICS** AND READ THE ACTION-PACKED -- FAST-PACED ---
SUB-MARINER FEATURE UNDER-SEA ADVENTURE IN WHICH ONLY THE SUB-MARINER EXCELS!
MARVEL COMICS-110^E EVERYWHERE!

DISPATCH AFRICA

GARRETT, THE BRIGHT young man from the New York Globe, gazed out at the white monotony of the African desert and heaved a sigh of boredom. True, bombs were dropping, making a low klump-klump as they exploded in the sand, but they were Italian bombs and far from their objective, the brown tents of the 133rd Royal Riflemen, encamped outside the lonely outpost of Sombra.

"This," asserted Garrett with supreme disdain, "is no place for a war correspondent!"

Bellows, of the London Telegram, screwed his monocle into place and stared at Garrett as if he were beholding a new species of animal. "Indeed!" he said. "Fancy that!"

Moore, of the New York Star, the Globe's chief rival, said nothing. A mild, inoffensive man, whose inseparable companion was a thick, dog-eared dictionary, he was engrossed in writing on a leaf of his Webster some notes regarding the minor engagement he and his colleagues were witnessing.

The lone Italian bomber had ventured low—5,000 feet was considered daringly low for Mussolini's birdmen—and it was jettisoning its cargo as rapidly as possible, for a British anti-aircraft battery was pumping shells at it in a steady stream. Having discharged all his bombs, the Italian pilot turned the nose of the bomber upward, but it swung down again when something flashed close to the cockpit; it was a shell, but from the ground it looked like the flame of a match.

"There he goes!" cried Garrett, no longer looking bored. Leaping to his feet, he broke into a sprint.

"And," said Bellows, "There goes Garrett!" The ghost of a sneer curled the British reporter's lip. Through the window, they could see Garrett typing his dispatch, while the Morse operator filed it over the ticker. It was an unbreakable rule that only one correspondent at a time should occupy the office; the others must wait their turn.

"Garrett reminds me of a fellow I once knew home," he said. "He always wanted to be first—at show openings, bridge openings—a queer kind of complex. Garrett always makes it his business to be first at the cable office. I suppose he'll be famous one of these days."

When Garrett emerged from the building, he was smiling. "You guys are too slow. Bad habit. Just wait till a big yarn breaks!"

"Just wait," Moore said under his breath, but Bellows caught the words and stared at the quiet little man.

"Maybe the worm's going to turn," Bellows told himself as he followed Moore into the office. **BOOM!**

It was far-off, but deep-voiced. Garrett, lying in the tent he shared with the other two correspondents, opened his eyes and tensed.

BOOM! Say, that was heavy artillery, not the kind of stuff they threw around here as a rule. It seemed to be coming from the direction of Harbruk, strategic seaport that had been in British hands since the start of the North African campaign. Was it in British hands tonight?

Garrett dressed hurriedly, noiselessly, and slipped out of the tent. He proceeded hastily to the commandant's tent, only to find it empty. The 133rd Royal Riflemen had skipped!

At the next boom, Garrett's gaze leaped eastward. There the night was edged with intermittent flame, increasing in intensity. "At last!" he murmured. "A real battle for a change! Front page stuff and my pals are still asleep! Wow!"

But Garrett, plunging on foot across the sands toward that streak of flame in the east, was sadly mistaken. The ears of Bellows and Moore were not quite as dull as he had thought.

"Mr. Scoop's going to be first again!" cried Bellows, as he pulled on his boots.

"Not if I can help it!" snapped Moore. "I rented a camel the other day from an Arab—got him tied up nearby. So if a big battle's brewing, we'll have a box seat." He smiled in the darkness. "Portable, too!"

Bellows' respect for the mild-mannered American mounted.

MARSHAL GATZIONI, bewhiskered commander of the Italian forces in North Africa, had launched his long-rumored offensive against Harbruk.

The strength of the two opposing armies was about equal. It promised to be one of the most important battles on the African front.

The last Italian tank had passed through the gates of Harbruk by the time Bellows and Moore, bouncing along atop the camel, overtook the footsore, thirsty Garrett.

Mild—meek correspondent Moore showed a smart reporter how to use his dictionary while the British blasted the Italians out of Harbruk!

'Hop aboard," called Moore "You look all in."
"Don't be a fool!" Bellows whispered fiercely to Moore "He tried to beat us — now it's *our* turn!"

"Too dangerous to leave him out here," Moore replied firmly "Anyway, there are other ways of skinning a cat—or a reporter!" He leaned down and hauled his rival onto the camel.

A FEW HUNDRED yards from the city's outskirts, they dismounted and Moore produced binoculars. From a vantage point behind a huge, trench-like dune, he surveyed the city, looming high above the desert, with the sea at its rear. "Flying the Italian flag!" he announced.

Garrett shed his weariness like a cloak. "Let's go back to Sombra and file our stories — this yarn's terrific!"

"We'll only have to come back here again," replied Moore. "The real battle hasn't begun yet. But, if you insist, you can hike it."

Garrett glared. It rankled him to think that this excuse for a man, certainly no reporter, held the whip-hand—that camel!

"GOSH! Looks like a war on the planet Mars!" exclaimed Garrett, his cockiness supplanted by awe at the sight unfolding before him.

With an ear-splitting crash, the two columns collided, broke up, withdrew, then charged each other, again and again, until in a few minutes, more than a score of tanks lay upside down, or on their sides, some flaming, others twisted, motionless masses of steel.

Tac-tac-tac-tac!

A stray burst of machine-gun fire kicked up sand on the rim of the dune behind which the reporters were sprawled. "Hey!" yelled Garrett, "That was close!" He ducked hastily for cover.

"Too close," said Moore, in a low voice that carried just enough of a trace of emotion to make Garrett turn. Moore was looking at Bellows, and Bellows was looking up at the blazing sun, but he was beyond seeing it, for in his forehead was a neat hole. Bellows had died without a sound.

"I'll file for him," Moore said. "His last story."

Garrett shrugged. There had not been much love lost between him and the Britisher. Cautiously he raised his head above the dune. The battle was rapidly approaching its climax.

"Let's get back to Sombra," Moore said. "Less likelihood of being censored, and there's plenty of—"

He never finished the sentence, because something slammed against his jaw, five fingers clenched into a vicious fist, and he went down like Bellows, without a sound, as if he'd been shot. Garrett stood above him a moment, smiling and rubbing his sore knuckles. Then he whirled and mounted the camel

SOMBRA WAS a gray blob in the night when Garrett, riding with his eyes half-open, heard the roar of a motor behind him. He snapped upright just in time to see something low and fast—a British tank—scoot past him on quick-churning treads. He caught a glimpse of the man in the open turret, and cursed. Moore! That dictionary-swallowing pencil-pusher had probably borrowed the machine in Harbruk!

When Garrett and the camel got to the cable office, the tank was parked outside, and from within came the familiar click of a typewriter. Moore was filing dispatches, for Bellows and himself.

Fifteen minutes later, the clatter of the typewriter ceased and Garrett rose eagerly. He tensed a bit, when the door opened and Moore came out, but Moore walked past Garrett as if he hadn't seen him.

"Say, aren't you finished filing Moore's stuff yet?" Garrett demanded.

"No," said the operator, "and from the looks of things, I won't be through a for a long, long time!"

With an icy clutch at his heart, Garrett leaned over the operator's shoulder and, when he saw what the operator was transcribing into Morse his eyes almost popped from their sockets!

IT WAS 9:45 A.M. in New York when a copy boy ran to the cable desk of the Star and handed the editor a sheaf of yellow paper. Giving it a quick glance, the cable editor whirled in his swivel chair and shouted to the managing editor. "Hold everything! Just got a bulletin from Moore—he says the Italians are on the run!"

The pace of the newspaper office accelerated perceptibly. A moment later the copy boy dropped another sheaf of yellow paper on the cable desk. This time, when the editor read it, he scowled. "Has Moore gone nuts? Great Scott! He's filing every word in the dictionary — and giving the full definitions, besides!"

He showed it to his superior, whose face went a lobster-red. "Shoot him a cable saying he's fired! At the current cable rates, the contents of his dictionary will cost us a young fortune! The heat must have gotten him!"

As the cable editor prepared to scrawl a suitably acid message to his correspondent, his pencil suddenly dropped from his hand. Inspiration lit his face. "Fire him?" he yelled. "He out to get the Croix de Guerre—with palms! At least a *bonus*!" he added hastily, as the managing editor glared at him.

"What for?"

"Don't you see?" demanded the cable editor "He's tying up the cable—so that none of his rivals will have a chance to use it in time to make the first edition deadline!"

THE END

The ***BOOK YOU WANT!***

The ***STORIES YOU DEMANDED***

The ***EXCITEMENT YOU LOVE***

ALL BROUGHT TOGETHER IN THE NEW, LARGE,
ACTION-CRAMMED VOLUME OF

LED

OFF BY
15 PAGES OF THE NEWEST
DESTROYER
ADVENTURE, AS KEEN
MARLOW BATTLES NAZISM
INSIDE GERMANY WITH
HIS VERY LIFE HANGING
IN THE BALANCE!

Also

DON'T MISS!
the CHALLENGER
the BLACK WIDOW
DAVY AND THE DEMON
the WITNESS
BLACK MARVEL
BLAZING SKULL
the TERROR



THE ANGEL

THIS IS THE CORPSE.
DEAD MEN CAN'T TALK.

THIS IS THE ANGEL.

WHO DID IT?
COME ON --
START TALKING
OR ---

DEATH
DRAWS A
COMIC
STRIP!

AND THIS IS HOWARD, THE COMIC STRIP WRITER.

ME? DON'T BE A SAP!
I'M AN AUTHOR,
NOT A KILLER!

JERRY GUNTHER BROTHER OF THE DEAD MAN.

WHY SHOULD I WANT TO MURDER HIM -- MY OWN BROTHER!

AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, PEDERSEN, THE CARTOONIST --

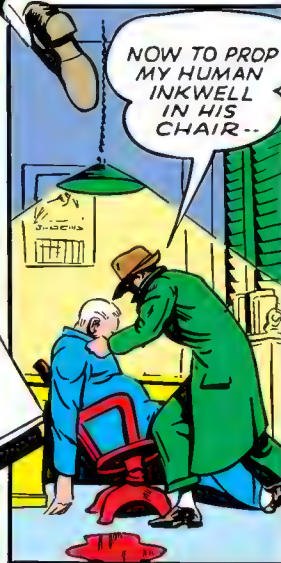
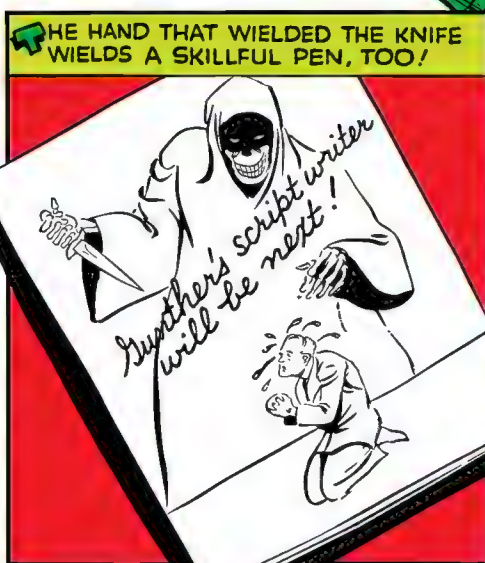
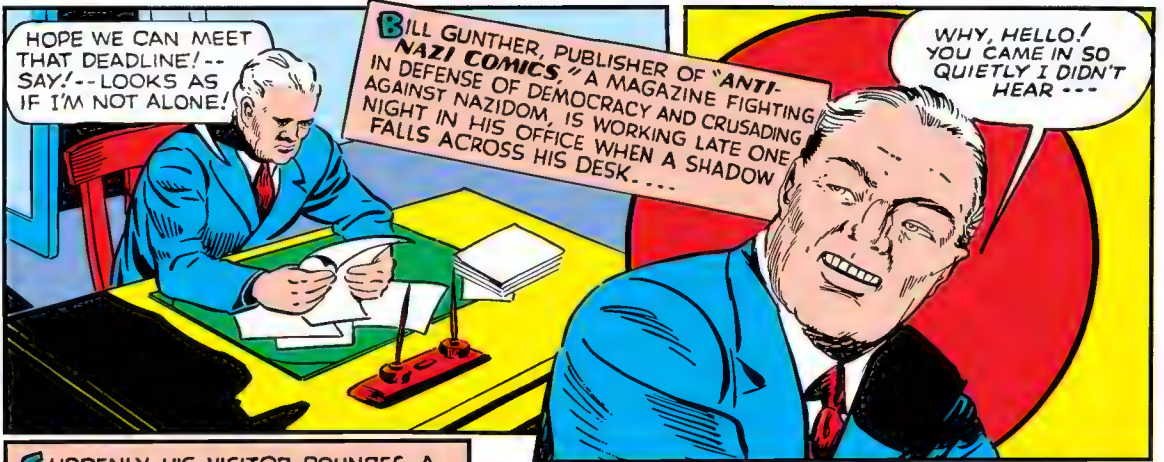
DEATH DRAWS LIKE ME -- BUT I'M NOT DEATH!

ROBERTS, THE EDITOR --

I DIDN'T DO IT! SOMEONE ELSE KILLED HIM -- SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO KILL ME, TOO!

BOOK NO.

FLAT NO.



A hand is shown holding a newspaper titled "EVENING STAR". The main headline on the newspaper reads "ANTI-NAZI PUBLISHER SLAIN. KILLER LEAVES DEATH CARTOON". To the right of the headline is a portrait of a man, identified by the caption below as "WILLIAM GAINES". The newspaper is tilted, and the background is a solid blue color.

A man in a blue trench coat and a grey fedora is running away from the viewer down a bright yellow hallway. The hallway has green walls and a red fire escape on the right. A speech bubble is coming from the man, but it is empty.

Howard Stern is shown from the chest up, wearing an orange suit jacket and a blue bow tie. He is holding a black telephone receiver to his ear with his right hand. His eyes are closed and he has a pained or frustrated expression. A large yellow speech bubble above him contains the text: "I UNDERSTAND, HOWARD -- I'LL PHONE SOME C WRITERS -- MAY THEY'LL BE W TO TAKE A CHANCE". To his left, a yellow circular light fixture is visible against a dark background. On the far left edge, a portion of another speech bubble is visible with the text: "S... ANTI-NAZI / MMBER, / S GOT / O AS / T".

MAYBE! ...

OTHER
BE
LING

SORRY, JERRY!

NO!

NOPE!

SORRY!

NO!

NO!

3

SORRY,
JERRY!

NO!

NOPE!

SORRY!

NO!

(NO

3

AS JERRY CALLS EVERY SCRIPT WRITER IN TOWN, THE **ANGEL** APPEARS -- IN DISGUISE !

GUESS THAT'S THE NEW PUBLISHER--



HELLO, TOM -- I NEED A WRITER -- NOW DON'T GET SCARED -- YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF PROTECTION !

OHO! -- LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A JOB OPEN FOR ME !

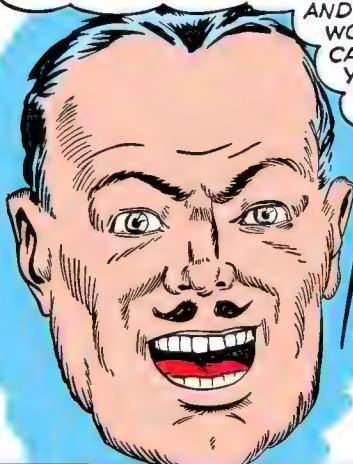


SITUATION WANTED --

HELLO, MR. GUNTHER! -- I THINK I'M JUST THE MAN YOU WANT! I'D LIKE TO WRITE SOME ANTI-NAZI STRIPS!



YOU MEAN YOU'LL TAKE THE JOB ? YOU'RE HIRED! TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND GET TO WORK! YOU CAN NAME YOUR OWN PRICE!



THE FAMOUS ADVENTURER STARTS TYPING A COMIC STRIP----

THIS IS TOUGH! -- AND I THOUGHT WRITING ADVENTURE WAS EASIER THAN LIVING IT!



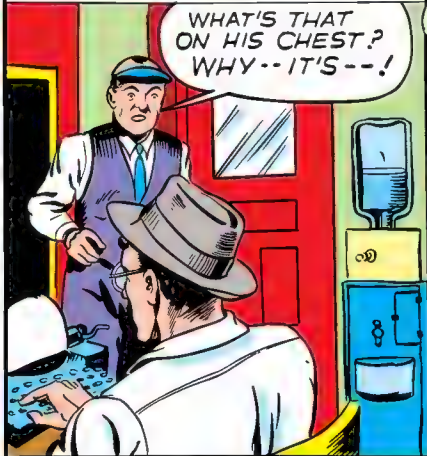
WARM WORK! IN A MOMENT OF FORGETFULNESS, THE **ANGEL** OPENS HIS SHIRT.

WHEW!



AS ROBERTS, THE EDITOR, PASSES, HE SEES --

WHAT'S THAT ON HIS CHEST? WHY-- IT'S--!



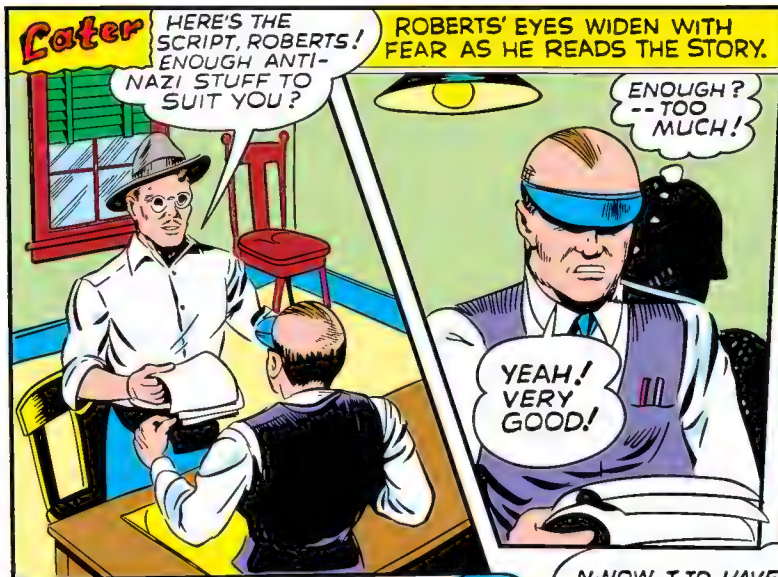
--THE INSIGNIA OF THE **ANGEL**! -- HEY, YOU'RE NOT A WRITER! YOU'RE THE **ANGEL**!



YOU'RE WRONG! -- JUST A TATTOO MARK! HA, HA!



FORCING A SMILE THE **ANGEL** BUTTONS HIS SHIRT COLLAR!



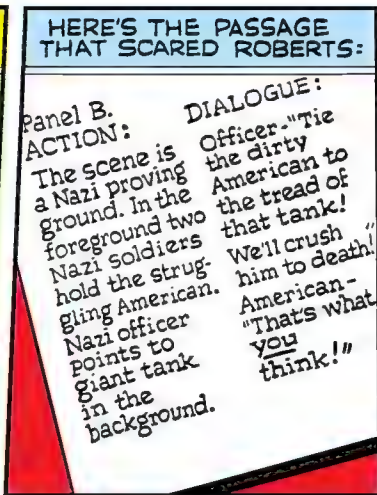
Later

HERE'S THE SCRIPT, ROBERTS! ENOUGH ANTI-NAZI STUFF TO SUIT YOU?

ROBERTS' EYES WIDEN WITH FEAR AS HE READS THE STORY.

ENOUGH? -- TOO MUCH!

YEAH! VERY GOOD!



HERE'S THE PASSAGE THAT SCARED ROBERTS:

Panel B. ACTION:
The scene is a Nazi proving ground. In the foreground two Nazi soldiers hold the struggling American. Nazi officer points to giant tank in the background.

DIALOGUE:
Officer--"Tie the dirty American to the tread of that tank! We'll crush him to death! American--"That's what you think!"

THE EDITOR SUMMONS A MESSENGER ---



THE EDITOR'S HAND TREMBLES AS HE APPROVES THE SCRIPT ---

that tank. We'll crush him to death! American-- "That's what you think!"



N-NOW T-TO HAVE PEDERSEN DRAW THIS STRIP -- GOSH -- I FEEL C-COLD -- AS IF DEATH WERE BEHIND ME!



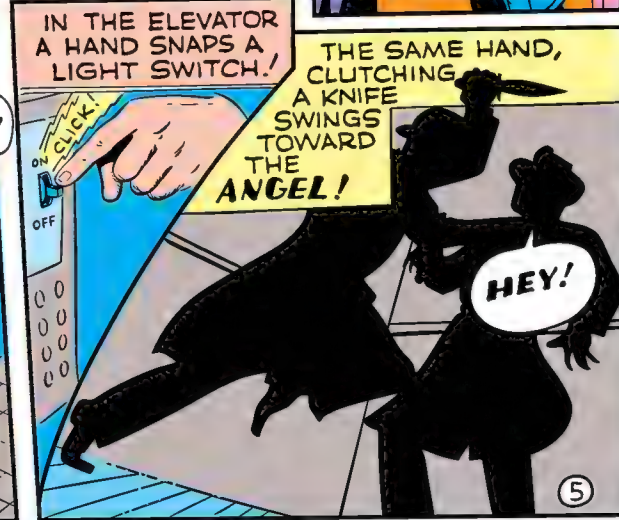
TAKE THIS TO PEDERSEN'S HOME. TELL HIM I WANT A RUSH JOB!

O.K. MR. ROBERTS! SAY-- HE SURE IS SHAKY-- MUST BE THE MURDERER!

AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE STAFF OF "ANTI-NAZI COMICS" STARTS HOMEWARD.



KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE, FELLOWS! THE KILLER WILL BE CAUGHT!



IN THE ELEVATOR A HAND SNAPS A LIGHT SWITCH!

THE SAME HAND, CLUTCHING A KNIFE SWINGS TOWARD THE ANGEL!

HEY!

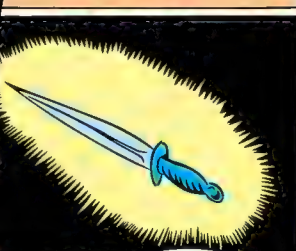
THE **ANGEL** SEIZES THE KILLER'S HAND!



THEY'RE DANGEROUS TOYS!



THE KNIFE CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR --



KEEN EYES PROBING THE DARKNESS, THE **ANGEL** LEAPS TO THE LIGHT SWITCH --



AS THE LIGHTS FLASH ON ---



EMERGING FROM THE BUILDING,
THE **ANGEL** BIDS GOODBYE
TO THE OTHERS ---

SO LONG!
BE
CAREFUL!

THE **ANGEL** STROLLS AWAY
--SUDDENLY HE DARTS
INTO AN ALLEY---

NOW TO GET
INTO MY
WORKING
CLOTHES!

STEALTHILY--THE
ANGEL MOVES
THROUGH THE
DUSK---

A MOMENT LATER ---

LET'S
GO!

*The **ANGEL***

I'M GOING TO
TRAIL ROBERTS
--SOMETHING FISHY
ABOUT
THAT
GUY!

AH--
THERE
HE IS!

NERVOUSLY, ROBERTS TURNS
AND DISCOVERS ---

AI-YI--I'M
BEING
FOLLOWED!

I'LL
FIX
HIM!

AS THE **ANGEL** ROUNDS
THE CORNER, ROBERTS
HURLS A TERRIBLE
RABBIT PUNCH!

WOW!

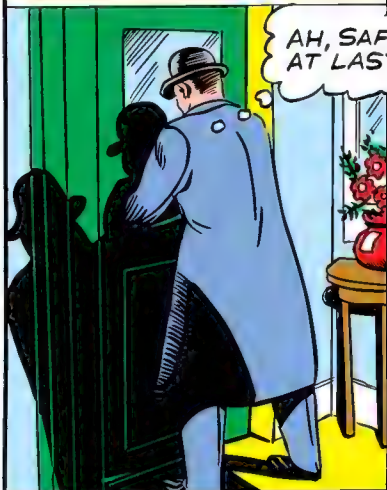
THE **ANGEL** FALLS,
STUNNED --- HIS
ASSAILANT FLEES --

I'VE GOT
TO GET
HOME!

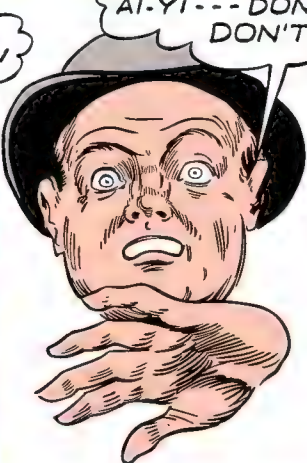
AS ROBERTS ENTERS HIS HOUSE, A SHADOW FALLS BEHIND HIM --- WHOSE?

HE TURNS --AND HIS FACE GOES WHITE AS A SHEET!

THE SHADOWY FIGURE LUNGES AND DRIVES A KNIFE IN THE EDITOR'S THROAT!



AH, SAFE AT LAST!



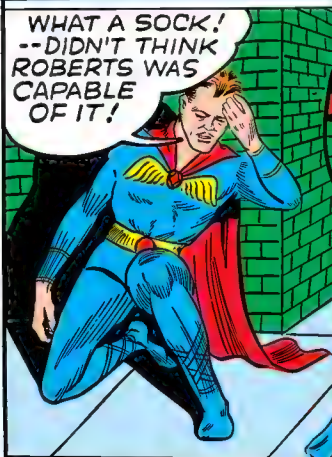
AI-YI --- DON'T! DON'T!



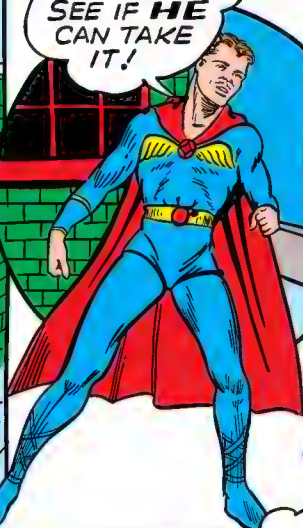
ARRGH...

MEANWHILE
THE DAZED ANGEL
RISES -----

WHAT A SOCK!
--DIDN'T THINK
ROBERTS WAS
CAPABLE
OF IT!

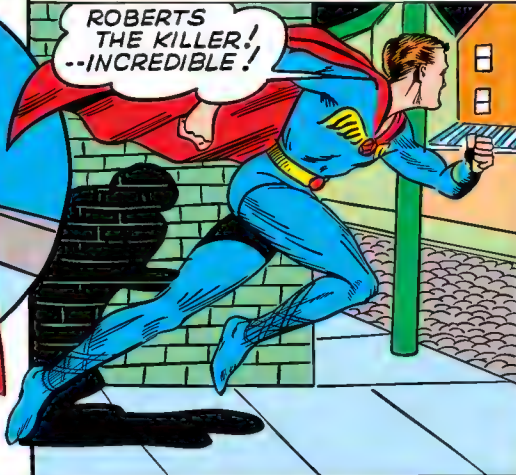


NOW WE'LL
SEE IF **HE**
CAN TAKE
IT!



SWIFT AS THE WIND, THE **ANGEL**
RUNS THROUGH THE NIGHT ---

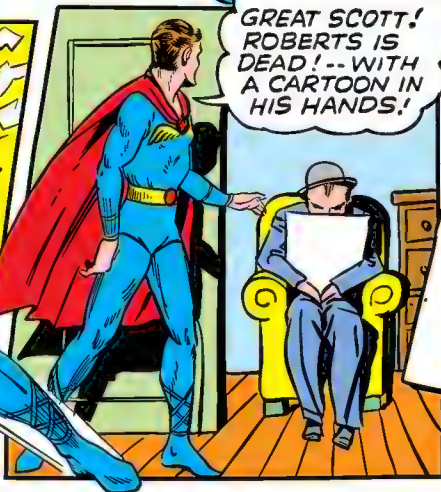
ROBERTS
THE KILLER!
--INCREDIBLE!



BUT WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT --
HEY!



GREAT SCOTT!
ROBERTS IS
DEAD! --WITH
A CARTOON IN
HIS HANDS!



DEATH ADDS ANOTHER
PANEL TO THE
MURDER CARTOON!



AT HOME, THE **ANGEL** TRIES TO FIGURE A SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY--



THE RINGING OF THE PHONE CUTS INTO HIS THOUGHTS --



WHY WOULD HOWARD WANT TO KILL HIS OWN BREAD AND BUTTER? THE SAME GOES FOR PEDERSEN!



THE KILLER SKIPPED ME BUT I THINK HE'LL CATCH UP WITH ME TONIGHT! PLEASE COME! FRANKLY, I'M SCARED!



IT COULD BE JERRY GUNTHER! --HE MIGHT HAVE WANTED COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE MAGAZINE CHAIN! MEN HAVE KILLED THEIR BROTHERS BEFORE!



HE SOUNDED SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS! COOL GUY, TOO! --TAKE A LOT TO SCARE A GUY LIKE HOWARD!



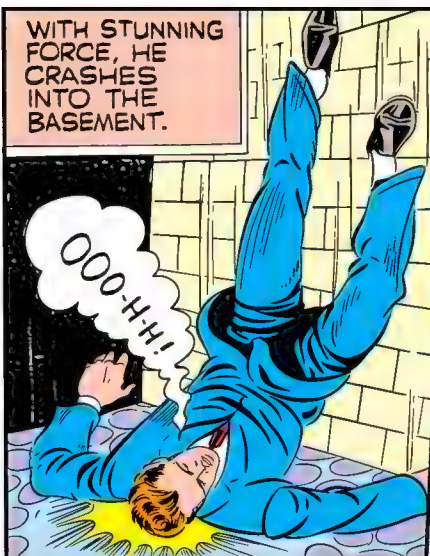
NO ONE ANSWERS THE BELL --BUT THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED!



WITH CHARACTERISTIC BOLDNESS THE **ANGEL** MOVES INTO THE DARKNESS --SUDDENLY--



WITH STUNNING FORCE, HE CRASHES INTO THE BASEMENT.



WHEN HE REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED TO THE WALL --

NICE -- SAY! IT LOOKS LIKE I HAVE COMPANY!



RIGHT! PEDERSEN AND I GOT TRAPPED IN THE SAME WAY --- HOWARD CALLED UP, SAID HE WAS SCARED --- GUESS WE ARE THE ONES WHO ARE SCARED NOW!



AND JUST IN CASE YOU'RE NOT SCARED --- LOOK UPWARD!



ICE SEEMS TO TRICKLE DOWN THE ANGEL'S SPINE AS HE RAISES HIS EYES TO BEHOLD A CEILING BLADES STUDDED WITH HUGE STEEL BLADES -- SHARP AS RAZORS!

I'LL BE ---! WHO'S GOING TO GET THE SHAVE?

WE ARE, BUT WE WON'T BE HERE TO TIP THE BARBER!

WHAT'S GOT ME PUZZLED ARE THOSE HOLES IN THE FOOT OF EACH WALL. NOTICE HOW THE FLOOR SLOPES TO THEM.

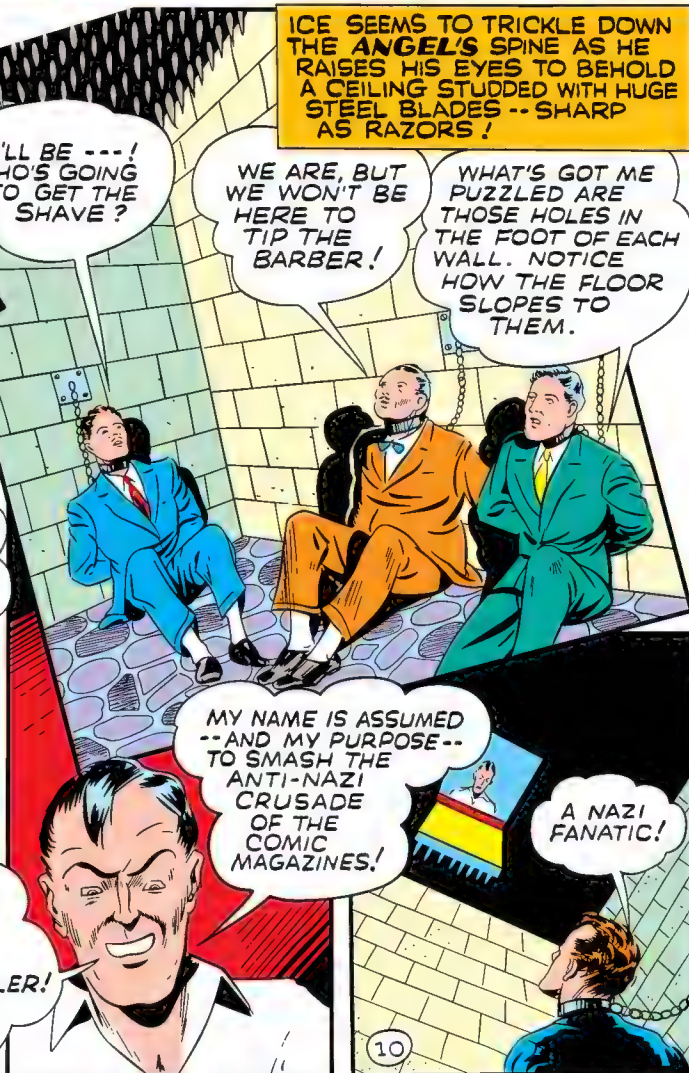
SUDDENLY -- IN A CEILING APERTURE APPEARS THE FACE OF HOWARD -----

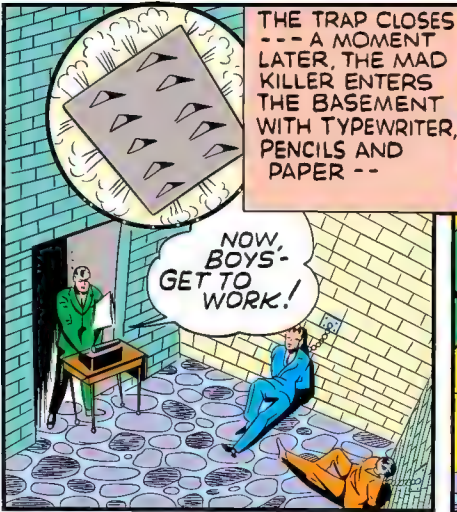
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! YOU ARE GOING TO AID ME IN PUBLISHING A NEW KIND OF COMIC MAGAZINE -- INKED IN BLOOD -- HA, HA!

IN THE ADJOINING ROOM ARE PLATES AND PRESSES. YOUR BLOOD WILL INK THE PRESSES! OF COURSE, YOU KNOW NOW THAT I'M THE KILLER! I WAS A WRITER ON THE NAZI PAPER OF THE NOTORIOUS JULIUS STREICHER --

MY NAME IS ASSUMED -- AND MY PURPOSE -- TO SMASH THE ANTI-NAZI CRUSADE OF THE COMIC MAGAZINES!

A NAZI FANATIC!





THE TRAP CLOSES
--- A MOMENT
LATER, THE MAD
KILLER ENTERS
THE BASEMENT
WITH TYPEWRITER,
PENCILS AND
PAPER --

NOW,
BOYS--
GET TO
WORK!



FIRST--I'LL FREE
MR. ANGEL'S HAND FOR
TYPING!



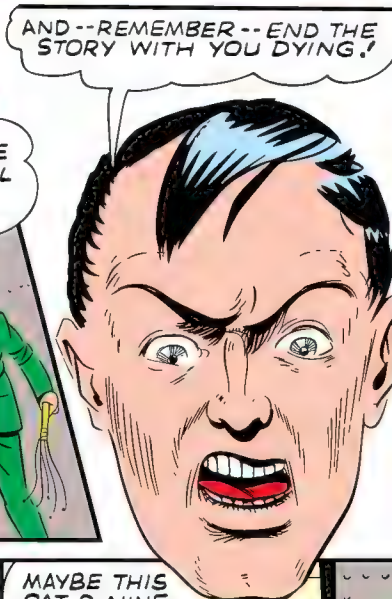
HERE'S THE MACHINE
-- I WANT A STORY
DEPICTING YOU AS
THE DEVIL -- AND
HITLER AS AN
ANGEL



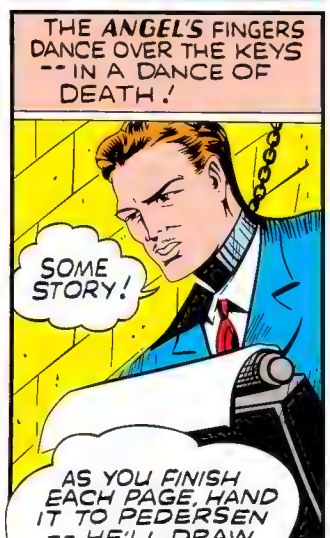
THE **ANGEL** RAISES
THE TYPEWRITER -- BUT
NOT TO WRITE A SCRIPT!

NO FUNNY
BUSINESS-- OR THE
NEXT BULLET WILL
REGISTER A
BULLS-EYE!

BANG!



AND--REMEMBER--END THE
STORY WITH YOU DYING!



THE **ANGEL'S** FINGERS
DANCE OVER THE KEYS
-- IN A DANCE OF
DEATH!

SOME
STORY!

AS YOU FINISH
EACH PAGE, HAND
IT TO PEDERSEN
-- HE'LL DRAW
FROM THE
SCRIPT--



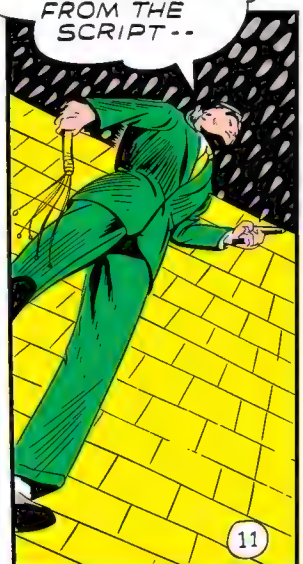
SUDDENLY--THE CLATTER
OF KEYS STOPS ---

WHAT'S THE
MATTER NOW?
--RUN OUT OF
IDEAS?



MAYBE THIS
CAT-O-NINE-
TAILS WILL
INSPIRE
YOU!

YEOW!



AS THE SCRIPT UNREELS FROM THE TYPEWRITER, PEDERSEN BEGINS TO DRAW ---



COME, COME, PEDERSEN -- WHY DO YOU HESITATE? -- YOU LOOK POSITIVELY SICK!



AND, TRULY, THE ARTIST IS WHITE AS A GHOST -- HE HAS REASON TO BE!



WELL -- I LIKE IT! -- GRAB THAT PENCIL AND DRAW!

EXCEPT FOR THE CLICK OF THE TYPEWRITER AND THE SCRATCH OF THE PEN, THE ROOM IS IN DEADLY SILENCE AS THE TWO MEN TOIL IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

DON'T YOU LIKE THE IRONY OF DRAWING YOUR OWN DEATH SCENE?



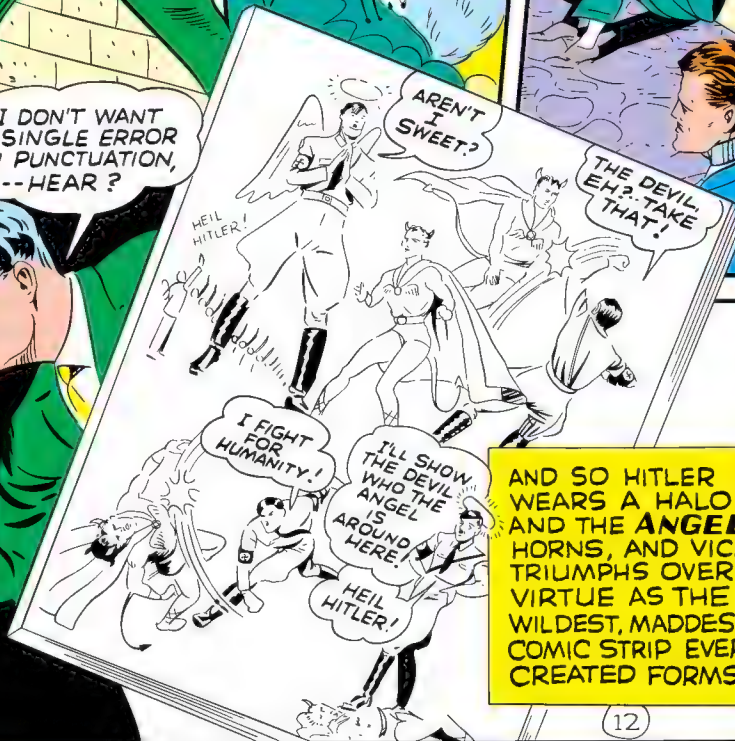
WOW! ALL RIGHT -- ONLY DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!



AND, AS FOR YOU, GUNTHER -- SINCE YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY PUBLISH THIS MAGAZINE, YOU CAN EDIT IT!



I DON'T WANT A SINGLE ERROR IN PUNCTUATION, -- HEAR?



AND SO HITLER WEARS A HALO AND THE **ANGEL** HORNS, AND VICE TRIUMPHS OVER VIRTUE AS THE WILDEST, MADDEST COMIC STRIP EVER CREATED FORMS!

HOWARD READS THE
FINISHED SCRIPT.

NOT BAD
FOR AN
AMATEUR
BUT I DON'T
LIKE THE
ENDING!

IT ISN'T HORRIBLE
ENOUGH -- I'LL WRITE
THE LAST
PAGE!

THE MAD NAZI REVISES
THE STORY ---

MORE
HORROR!
THAT'S
WHAT I
WANT!

HERE, PEDERSEN,
--BETTER,
ISN'T IT?

IT'S
FRIGHTFUL,
FRIGHTFUL!
NO! NO!

WITH SAVAGE FURY, HOWARD
LASHES THE ARTIST ---

FRIGHTFUL, IS IT?
HOW'S THIS?
-- AND THIS?

YEOW!

AND **THIS!**
--MAYBE THAT'LL
TAKE SOME OF
THE FEAR OUT
OF YOU!

BRUTALLY, THE NAZI
AGENT KICKS THE
BLEEDING ARTIST
INTO SUBMISSION.

REELING WITH PAIN,
PEDERSEN SENDS THE
PENCIL ACROSS THE
BRISTOL BOARD --

AND SWIFTLY THE PAIN-DRIVEN
PENCIL CREATES A SCENE
SPAWNED OF HATE AND HORROR.

NOW,
DRAW,
DRAW,
DRAW!

THE CEILING'S
COMING DOWN!
IT'LL SLICE
US TO
BITS!

WITH THE INFAMOUS SCRIPT CONVERTED INTO PICTURES, HOWARD TURNS TO GO.

AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL LIVE THAT LAST SCENE -- LIVE IT -- AND DIE! HA, HA!

WHAT A FIEND!

AS THE MOMENT FOR EXECUTION APPROACHES, PEDERSEN SAGS IN HIS CHAINS -- HIS PALE LIPS MOVING IN SILENT PRAYER

POOR FELLOW! -- IF I COULD ONLY SAY -- -- WHAT'S THAT? --

SOUNDS LIKE THE RUSH OF WATER BEHIND ME --

DESPERATELY, THE ANGEL TWISTS IN HIS CHAINS UNTIL HE FACES THE WALL --

HE HACKS AT THE STONE WITH HIS HANDCUFFS...

IT'S THE RIVER. THE BASEMENT MUST BE BELOW WATER-LEVEL --

IF I CAN FIND A WORN STONE -- AH, HERE'S ONE!

-- TRYING TO TEAR IT LOOSE --

WHILE HIGH ABOVE HIM THE EYES OF THE FANATIC GLOW WITH A MAD LIGHT AS HE THROWS A SWITCH --

NOW TO GET INK FOR MY PRESSES -- RED INK!

THIS ROCK WON'T BUDGE --

HELP! MERCY! IT'S COMING DOWN. IT'S GOING TO SLASH US -- RIP US TO PIECES!

THERE IS AN OMINOUS RUMBLE AS THE BLADE-STUDDED CEILING, OPERATED BY A HYDRAULIC MACHINE, SLOWLY BUT SURELY DESCENDS ---



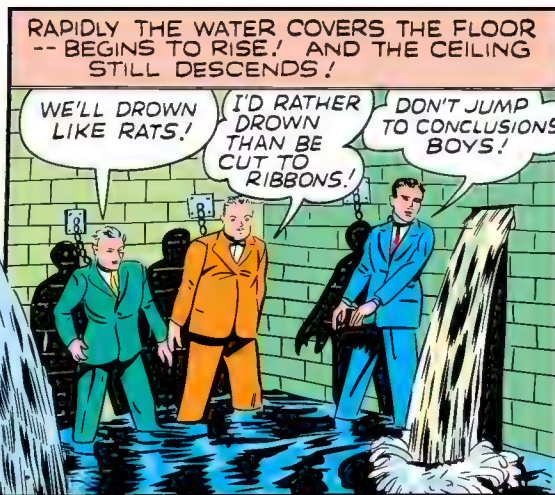
DOGGEDLY, THE **ANGEL** HACKS AT THE WALL UNTIL HIS FINGERS BLEED!

AT LAST -- IT'S LOOSENING!



WATER RUSHES INTO THE CELLAR WITH A LOW ROAR!

BOY-- THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS!



RAPIDLY THE WATER COVERS THE FLOOR -- BEGINS TO RISE! AND THE CEILING STILL DESCENDS!

WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!

I'D RATHER DROWN THAN BE CUT TO RIBBONS!

DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, BOYS!



HEY, HOWARD!-- YOU REALIZE, I HOPE, THAT IF YOU CHOP US UP NOW, OUR BLOOD WILL BE DILUTED BY WATER -- AND THEN YOU WON'T HAVE VERY GOOD INK FOR YOUR PRESSES!



HE'S RIGHT -- BLAST HIM! I'VE GOT TO STOP THE CEILING -- THERE! THAT DOES IT!



A MOMENT LATER THE NAZI APPEARS IN THE CELLAR WITH CEMENT AND TROWEL --

YOU'RE ONLY DELAYING THE FUNERAL!



DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO PLUG THIS HOLE, DID IT? NOW TO RESUME WHERE WE LEFT OFF!



SUDDENLY, THE **ANGEL** EMITS A TAUNTING LAUGH --

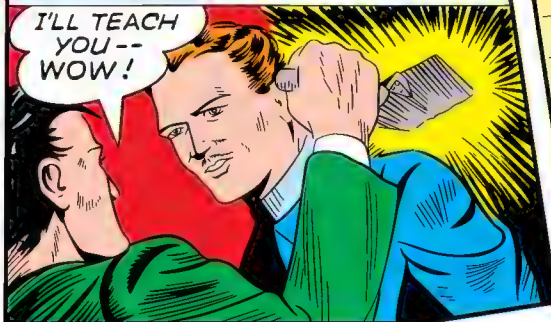
HOPE THE WATER DIDN'T GET IN YOUR PRESSES -- THEY MIGHT GET RUSTY AND WORK AS POORLY AS YOU WRITE!



STUNG BY THE INSULT, THE NAZI WHIRLS --

WHO SAYS I WRITE POORLY? -- WHY, I'M A GENIUS, A GENIUS!

VICIOUSLY, HOWARD STABS AT THE **ANGEL** WITH THE TROWEL, BUT THE **ANGEL** DODGES AND THE TROWEL SMASHES INTO THE WALL.



TWISTING, THE **ANGEL** WRENCHES THE TROWEL FROM THE WALL ---



ONCE HE IS FREE, THE **ANGEL** CHANGES INTO HIS FAMILIAR COSTUME!

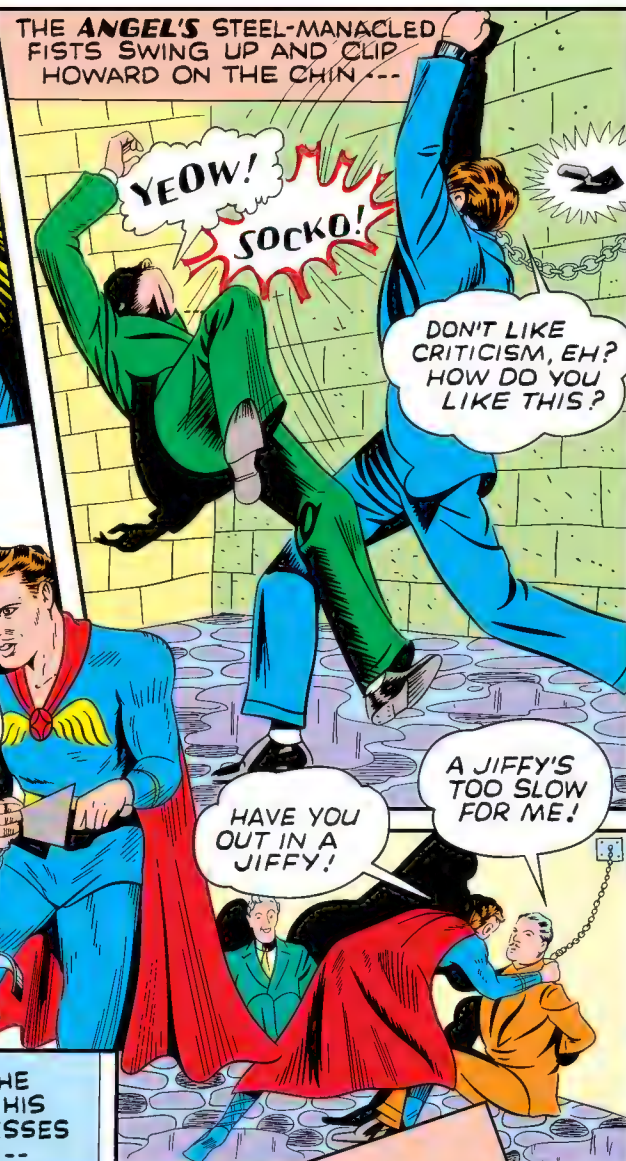
AS THE **ANGEL** FREES THE ARTIST, HOWARD REGAINS HIS SENSES--



SUDDENLY HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET--PRESSES A BUTTON--



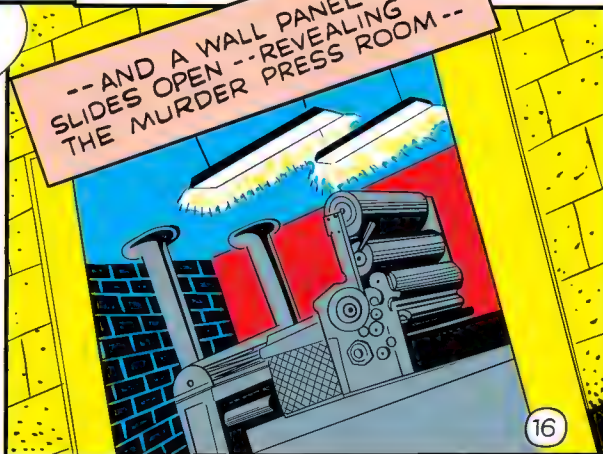
THE **ANGEL'S** STEEL-MANACLED FISTS SWING UP AND CLIP HOWARD ON THE CHIN---



HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY!

A JIFFY'S TOO SLOW FOR ME!

-- AND A WALL PANEL SLIDES OPEN -- REVEALING THE MURDER PRESS ROOM --

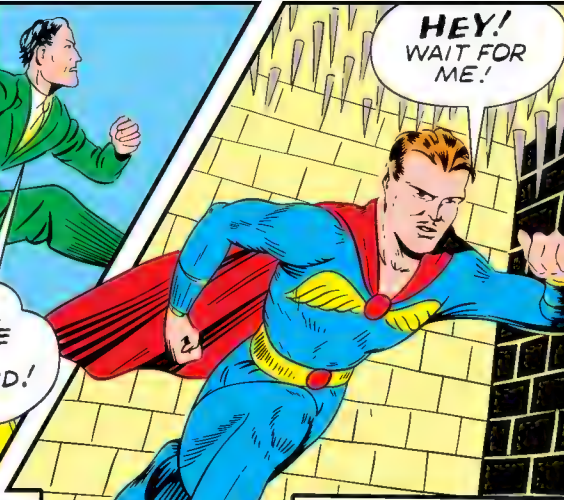


HOWARD RUSHES INTO THE WALL OPENING --



IT'LL CLOSE IN A SECOND!

HEY!
WAIT FOR ME!



THE **ANGEL** FLINGS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR -- AND LANDS IN THE PRESS ROOM A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE WALL PANEL CLOSES.

WHEW!
I MADE IT!



THE NAZI SEIZES A HUGE CONTAINER OF MOLTEN LEAD --



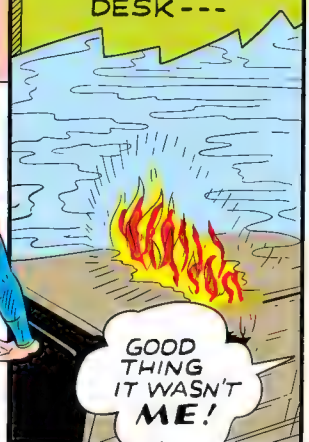
YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED ME!

THE **ANGEL** HURLS HIMSELF BACKWARD AS HOT LEAD SPLATTERS THE ROOM ---



WOW!
MISSED ME BY INCHES!

THE LIQUID METAL SLASHES A DESK ---



GOOD THING IT WASN'T ME!

THE **ANGEL** CHARGES WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING -- BUT -- HOWARD STOPS HIM WITH A WELL-PLACED KICK ---



HERE'S WHERE YOU GET THE FOOT, MISTER!

KICKED IN THE FACE, THE **ANGEL** REELS BACK AND BACK UNTIL THE FLOOR SEEMS TO COME UP AND HIT HIM ---

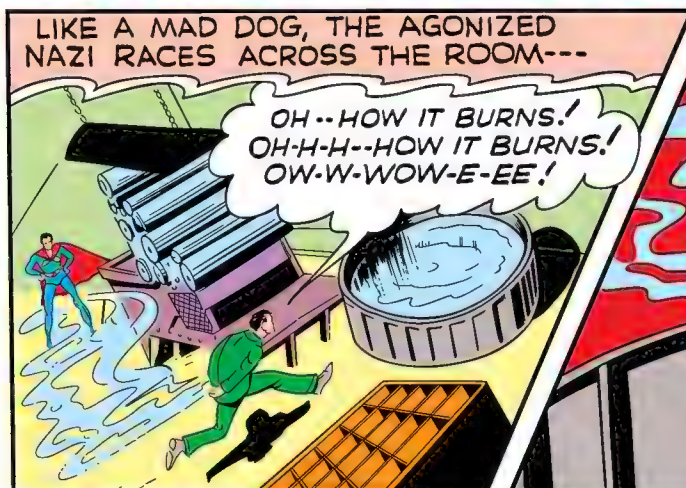
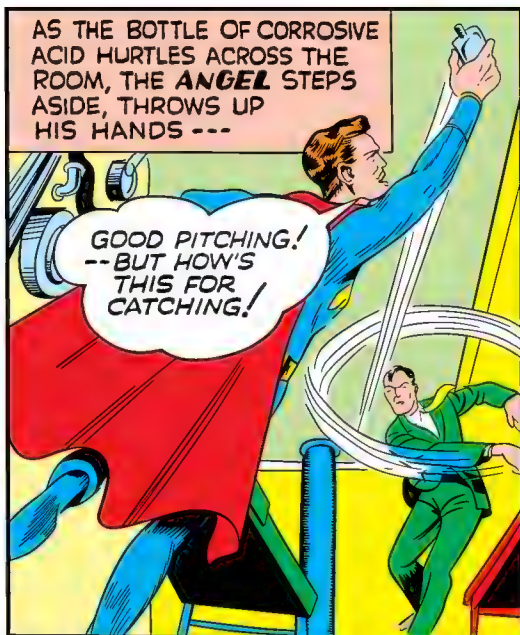


HEH, HEH!
-- NOW TO FINISH HIM!

THIS BOTTLE CONTAINS ACID FOR ENGRAVING -- IT'LL CUT RIGHT THROUGH METAL -- WATCH WHAT IT DOES TO YOU!

HOWARD'S HAND POUNCES ON A BOTTLE ---





THE **ANGEL** APPROACHES
HOWARD ---



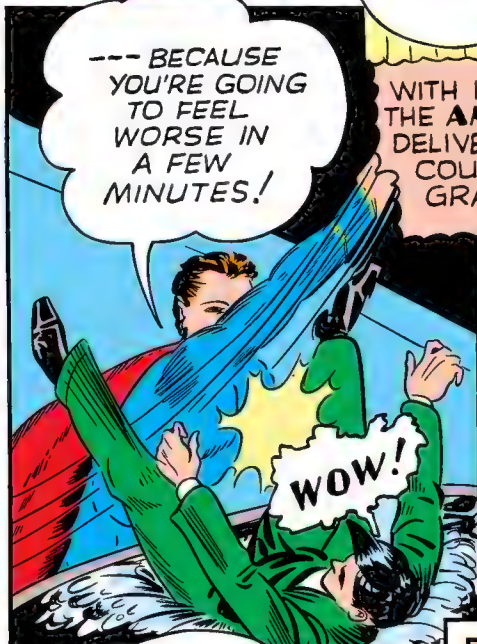
FEELING
BETTER?



YES--
MUCH
BETTER---



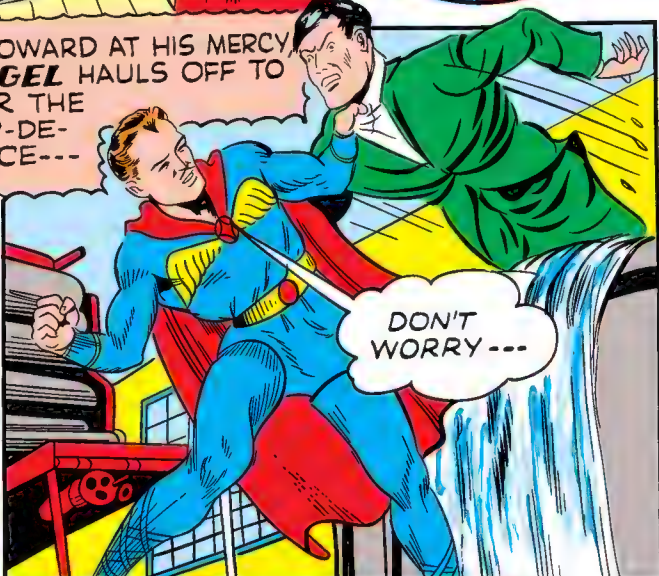
THAT'S
TOO
BAD---



--- BECAUSE
YOU'RE GOING
TO FEEL
WORSE IN
A FEW
MINUTES!

WOW!

WITH HOWARD AT HIS MERCY,
THE **ANGEL** HAULS OFF TO
DELIVER THE
COUP-DE-
GRACE---



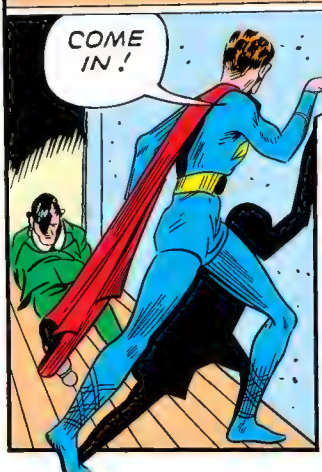
DON'T
WORRY---



YOU CAN
SLEEP
IT OFF!

AH-H-H-H-H-H

HAVING DEPOSITED
HOWARD IN DREAMLAND,
THE **ANGEL** PRESSES
A WALL BUTTON---



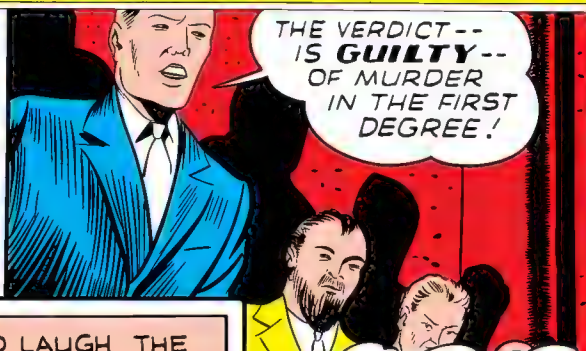
COME
IN!

I WOULDN'T WANT
YOU FELLOWS TO MISS
THIS SPECTACLE
FOR ANYTHING!

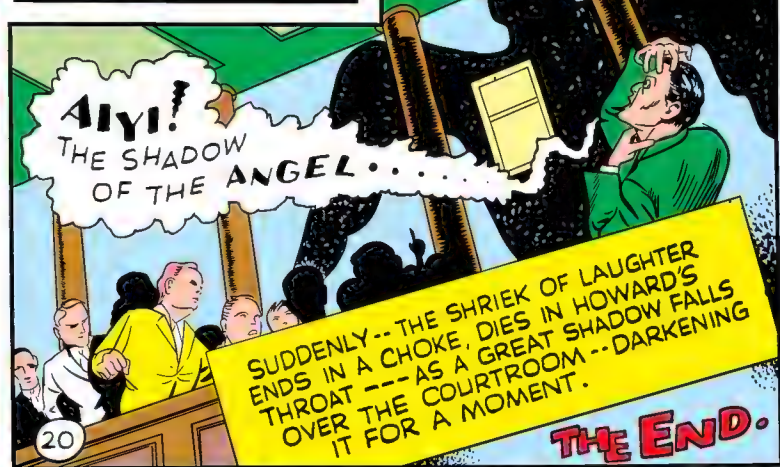


HOWARD!--
SLEEPING
LIKE A
BABY!

IT'S WELL WORTH WHILE RECORDING THE TRIAL OF THE NAZI AGENT KNOWN AS HOWARD, FOR IT PROVIDED ONE OF THE STRANGEST SCENES IN COURTROOM HISTORY -- A SCENE IN WHICH THE ACCUSED IGNORED THE WHOLE PROCEEDINGS AND PASSED THE TIME DRAWING COMIC STRIPS.



WITH A MAD LAUGH, THE ACCUSED JUMPS UP, WAVING A COMIC PAGE!



As New and Exciting!
AS TODAY'S NEWS!

MARVEL

COMICS Nº 26!



THRILLING TALES OF
MYSTERY AND SMASHING
ADVENTURE WHICH NEVER
LET YOU DOWN!!

THRILL TO SUCH FAMOUS
CHARACTERS AS ---
The HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
TERRY VANCE
VISION
ANGEL
and others!

DON'T MISS THE HUMAN
TORCH'S MOST DANGEROUS
ADVENTURE AS HE AGAIN
MATCHES WITS WITH THE
EVIL PARROT, MASTER OF
CRIME, IN--"*The*
PARROT RETURNS"!

**GET YOUR COPY
TODAY!!**

SUB-MARINER

NO.
4

WINTER
ISSUE

10¢

COMICS



DO YOU WANT

out of
YOUR READING?

KICK



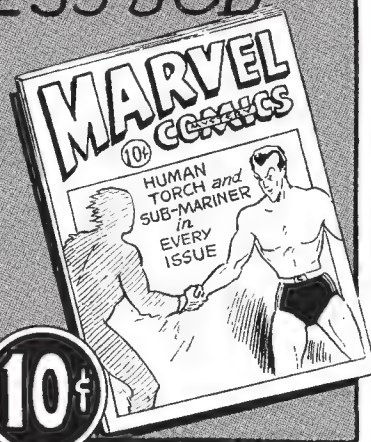
MARVEL COMICS

MYSTERY

DOES A PAINLESS JOB

You'll actually Enjoy
the **KICK YOU GET** ---

*It's like a Tonic to your Blood
and Nerves!*



**FOR SALE AT
YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND -**

10¢

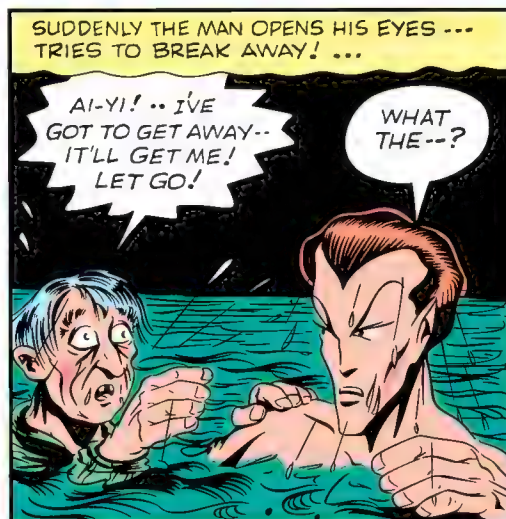
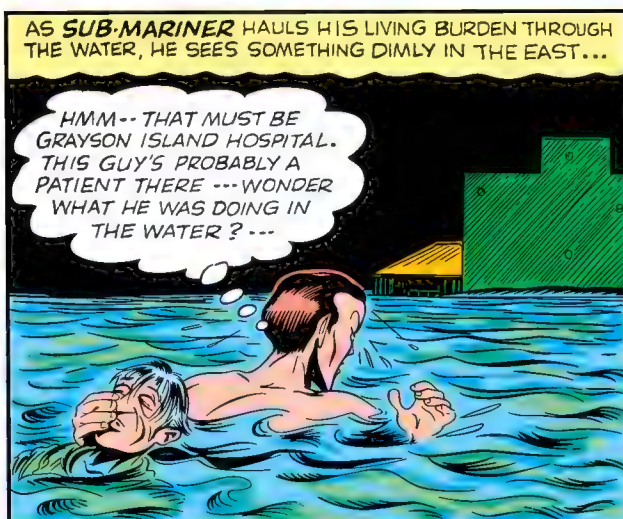
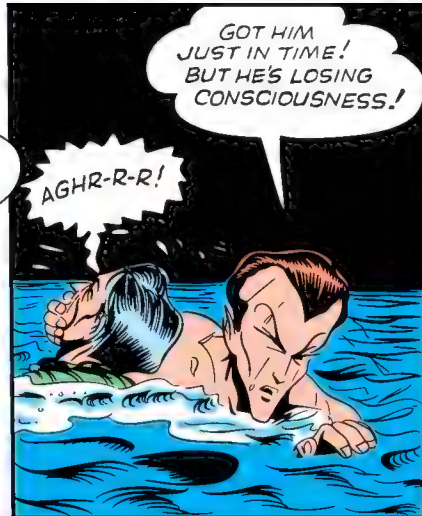
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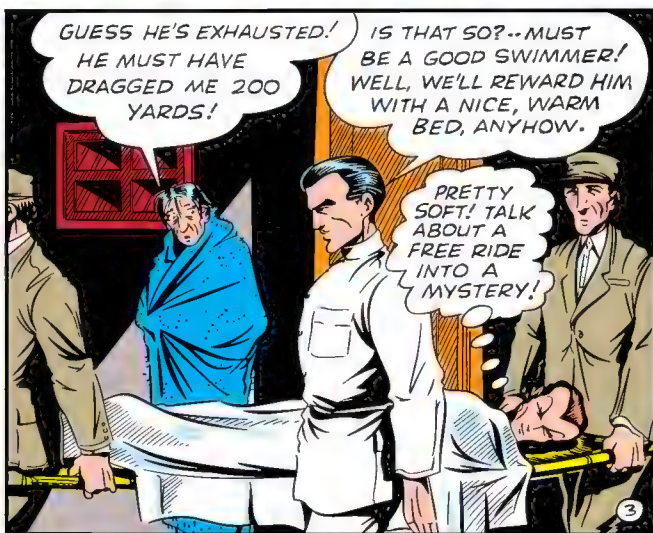
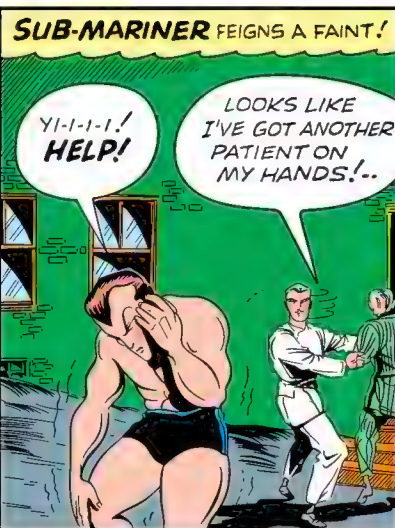
THE SUB-MARINER

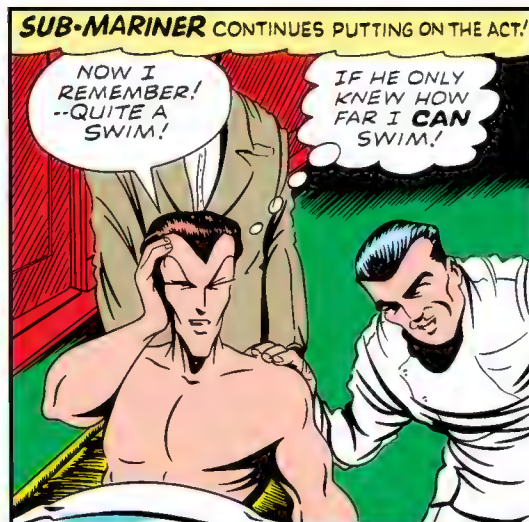
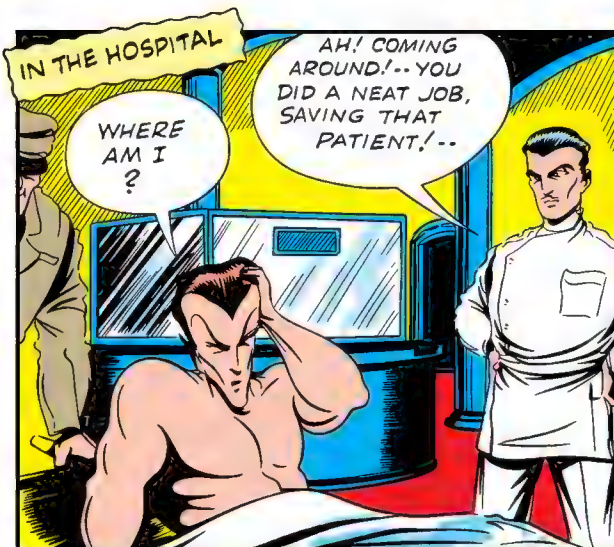
IN
"MURDERS
BY
GHOST
LIGHT"



FIRE AND FEAR, AND THE HORROR OF THE GLEAMING GHOST'S FACE STALKED THE HALLS OF LONELY GRAYSON ISLAND --- ONLY THE **SUB-MARINER** DARED TACKLE THE GLEAMING GHOST IN HIS LAIR -- TO SMASH A TERRIBLE SCHEME OF MURDERS!



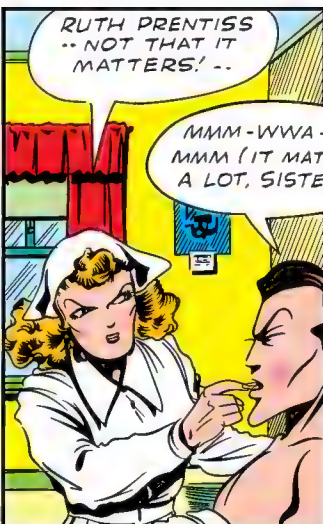






FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE--

HMM--VERY EFFICIENT! BUT, SAY-- I DIDN'T CATCH THE NAME!



RUTH PRENTISS --NOT THAT IT MATTERS! --

MMM-WWA--
MMM (IT MATTERS A LOT, SISTER!)



NORMAL!
-- I THINK YOU'RE FAKING, MR BROWN!

GUILTY!
--AND THE NAME IS NAMOR--
ALIAS THE HUMAN MACKEREL.
I'M HERE---



--- TO INVESTIGATE THIS GHOST BUSINESS --GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT?

E-E-EK!
I DON'T KNOW!



AND NOW, DEAR READER, LET US WHISK YOU TO ANOTHER ROOM, WHERE YOU CAN MEET THE TERROR FACE TO FACE

HEH, HEH, HEH!

AI-Y-I-I!



THE GHOST OF DR. GRAYSON! STOP! AY-Y-I-I-I! STOP! STOP!

YES--I AM HE! I AM ALSO CALLED **DEATH!**
HEH! HEH! HEH!



LOOK INTO MY EYES! LOOK AT **DEATH!** FEEL MY CLAMMY HANDS! HEH! HEH!

DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T TOUCH ME! HELP!..



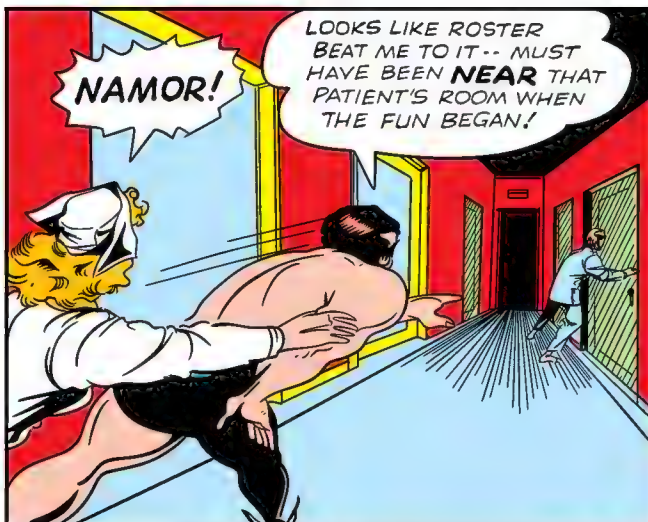
WITH THE STRENGTH OF DESPAIR, THE PATIENT BREAKS AWAY-- LEAPS TO THE WINDOW!

E-E-E-E!



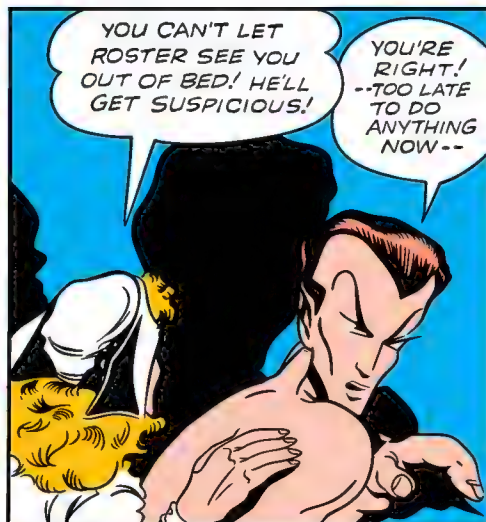
THERE HE LIES --A HEAP OF BLOODY PULP! HE THOUGHT HE COULD ESCAPE! ABSURD!

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME THAT WAY! FOOL! HEH! HEH!



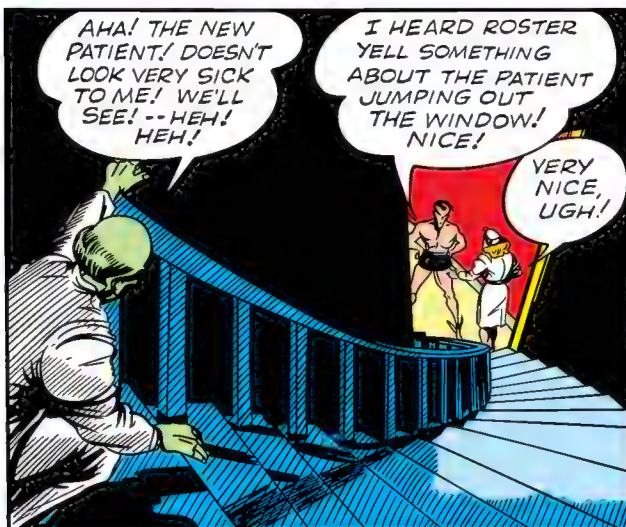
NAMOR!

LOOKS LIKE ROSTER
BEAT ME TO IT -- MUST
HAVE BEEN **NEAR** THAT
PATIENT'S ROOM WHEN
THE FUN BEGAN!



YOU CAN'T LET
ROSTER SEE YOU
OUT OF BED! HE'LL
GET SUSPICIOUS!

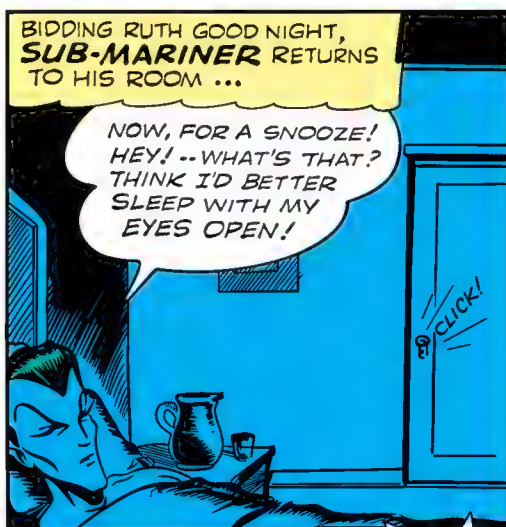
YOU'RE
RIGHT!
--TOO LATE
TO DO
ANYTHING
NOW--



AHA! THE NEW
PATIENT! DOESN'T
LOOK VERY SICK
TO ME! WE'LL
SEE! --HEH!
HEH!

I HEARD ROSTER
YELL SOMETHING
ABOUT THE PATIENT
JUMPING OUT
THE WINDOW!
NICE!

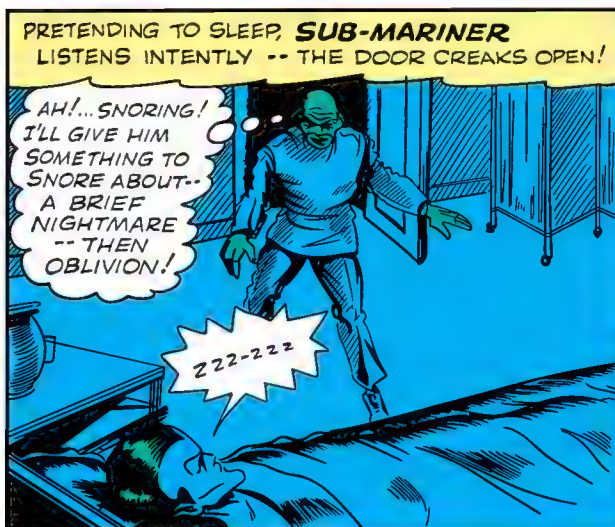
VERY
NICE,
UGH!



BIDDING RUTH GOOD NIGHT,
SUB-MARINER RETURNS
TO HIS ROOM ...

NOW, FOR A SNOOZE!
HEY! --WHAT'S THAT?
THINK I'D BETTER
SLEEP WITH MY
EYES OPEN!

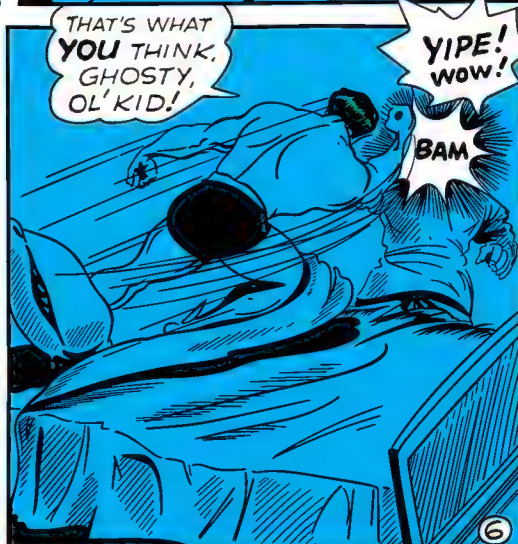
CLICK!



PRETENDING TO SLEEP, **SUB-MARINER**
LISTENS INTENTLY -- THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN!

AH!... SNORING!
I'LL GIVE HIM
SOMETHING TO
SNORE ABOUT--
A BRIEF
NIGHTMARE
-- THEN
OBLIVION!

222-222



THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK,
GHOSTY,
OL' KID!

YIPE!
wow!

BAM



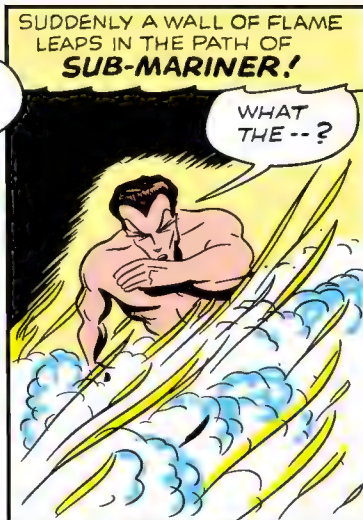
WITH A SHRIEK, THE STRANGE VISITANT
LEAPS TO ITS FEET AND WHIRLS ...

WAIT A MINUTE!...
I'M JUST GETTING
WARMED UP!



YOU CAN'T GET
AWAY -- HEY!
WHAT'S GOING
ON?

YOU'LL
SEE--



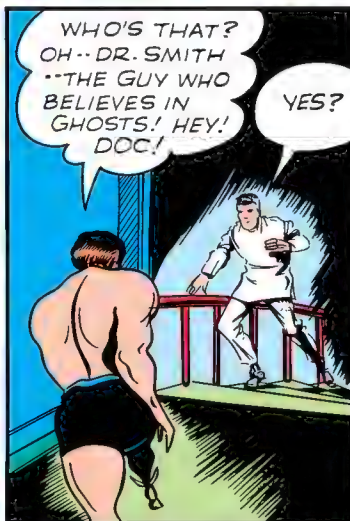
SUDDENLY A WALL OF FLAME
LEAPS IN THE PATH OF
SUB-MARINER!

WHAT
THE -- ?



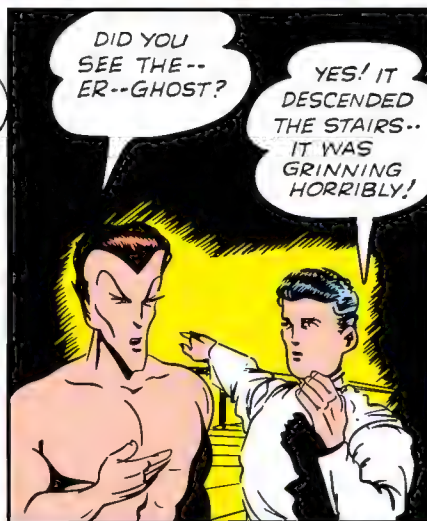
WHEN THE FLAME EXPIRES!

WELL, I'LL BE--
HE'S GONE!



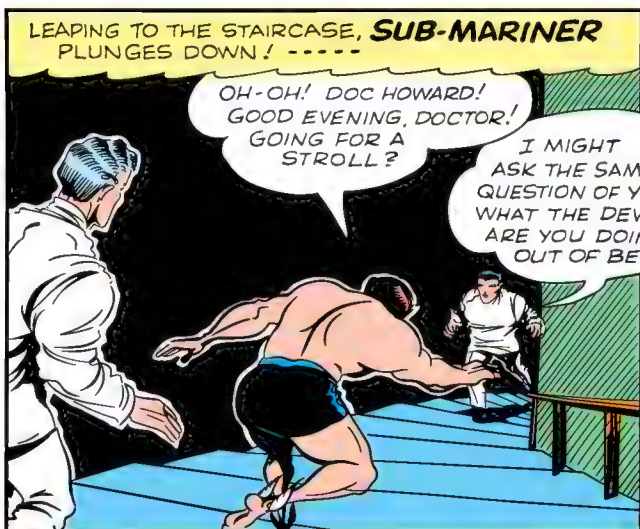
WHO'S THAT?
OH--DR. SMITH
--THE GUY WHO
BELIEVES IN
GHOSTS! HEY!
DOC!

YES?



DID YOU
SEE THE--
ER--GHOST?

YES! IT
DESCENDED
THE STAIRS--
IT WAS
GRINNING
HORRIBLY!



LEAPING TO THE STAIRCASE, **SUB-MARINER**
PLUNGES DOWN! -----

OH-OH! DOC HOWARD!
GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR!
GOING FOR A
STROLL?

I MIGHT
ASK THE SAME
QUESTION OF YOU!
WHAT THE DEVIL
ARE YOU DOING
OUT OF BED?



THE GHOST HAS
BEEN PLAYING
HALLOWE'EN
AGAIN!

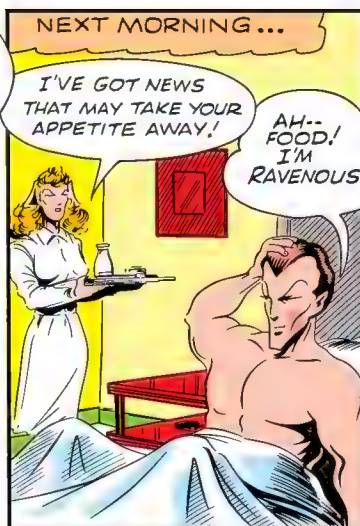
PREPOSTEROUS!
YOU'VE BEEN
DREAMING!

DON'T YOU
THINK IT CURIOUS
THAT SO MANY
PEOPLE SHOULD
DREAM THE
SAME
NIGHTMARE?



LATER

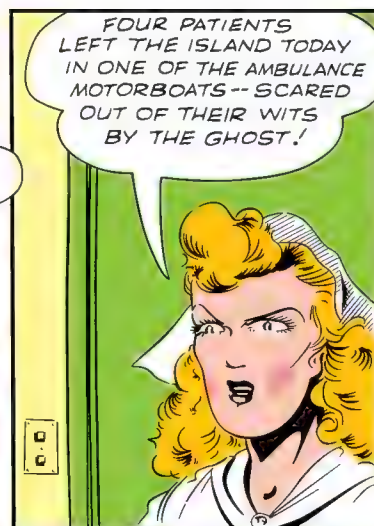
I'VE HUNTED HIGH AND LOW, BUT NO LUCK -- THINK I'LL TURN IN FOR A NAP -- HO HUM -- IF ONLY THAT GHOST WOULD GET SOME SLEEP!



NEXT MORNING ...

I'VE GOT NEWS THAT MAY TAKE YOUR APPETITE AWAY!

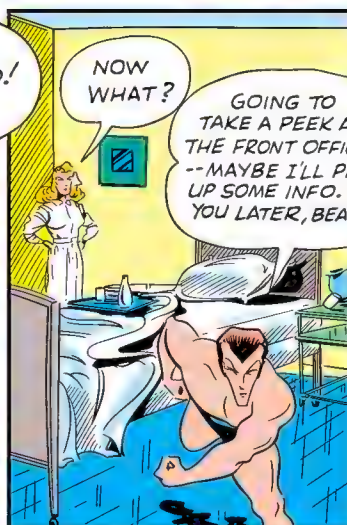
AH -- FOOD! I'M RAVENOUS!



FOUR PATIENTS LEFT THE ISLAND TODAY IN ONE OF THE AMBULANCE MOTORBOATS -- SCARED OUT OF THEIR WITS BY THE GHOST!

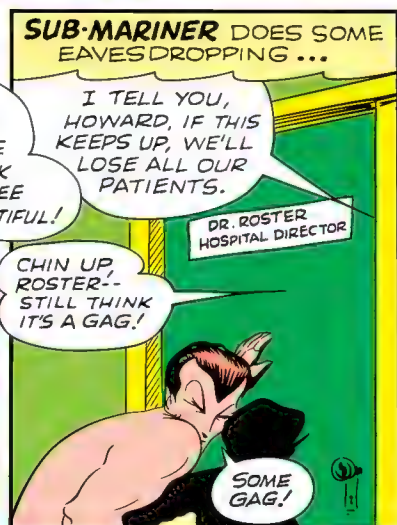


DOESN'T TAKE MY APPETITE AWAY -- IN FACT, IT'S JUST WHAT I EXPECTED! -- THIS GRUEL ISN'T BAD -- BUT THEY COULD HAVE TOSSED IN SOME HAM AND EGGS!



NOW WHAT?

GOING TO TAKE A PEEK AT THE FRONT OFFICE -- MAYBE I'LL PICK UP SOME INFO. SEE YOU LATER, BEAUTIFUL!



SUB-MARINER DOES SOME EAVESDROPPING ...

I TELL YOU, HOWARD, IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL LOSE ALL OUR PATIENTS.

CHIN UP, ROSTER -- STILL THINK IT'S A GAG!

SOME GAG!



BY THE WAY, I'VE A SUSPICION THAT NEW PATIENT IS SHAMMING! I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A ONCE-OVER NOW!

IF HE IS, HOWARD, THROW HIM OUT! WE'VE ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS!

THAT MEANS ME! I'D BETTER SCRAM!



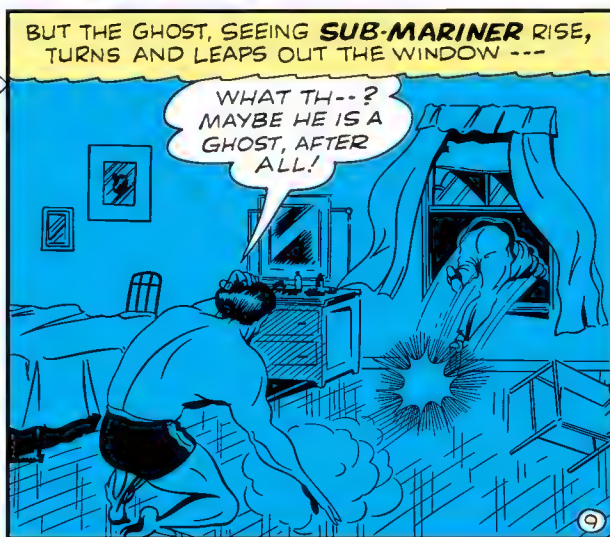
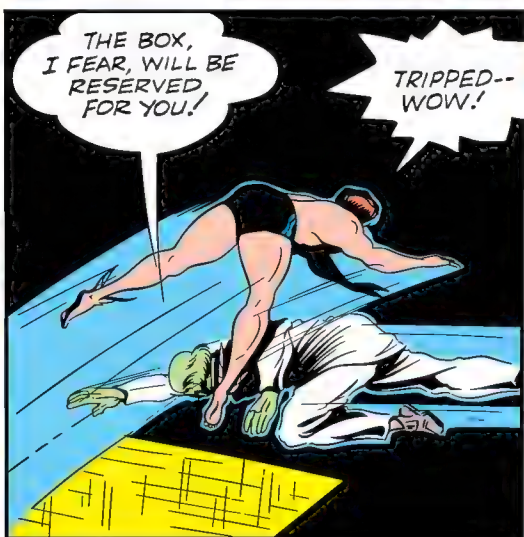
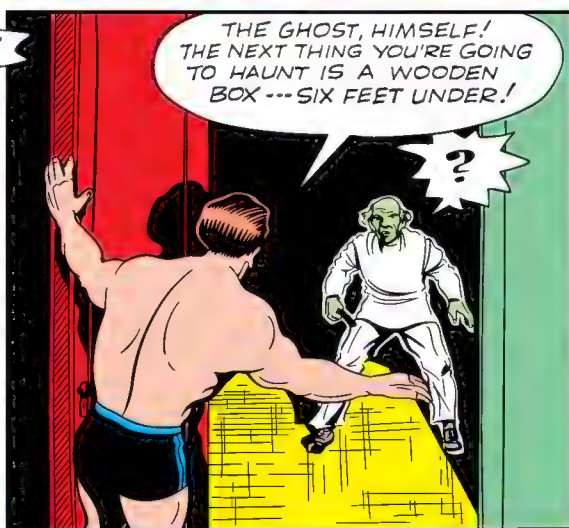
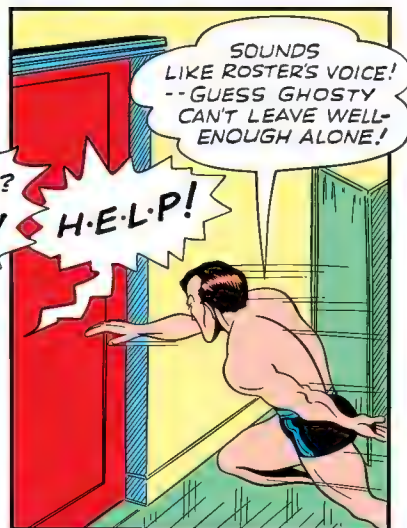
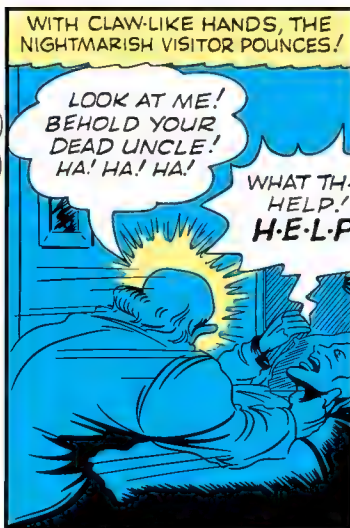
QUICK! HOWARD'S COMING TO EXAMINE! GIVE ME SOMETHING TO MAKE ME LOOK SICK!

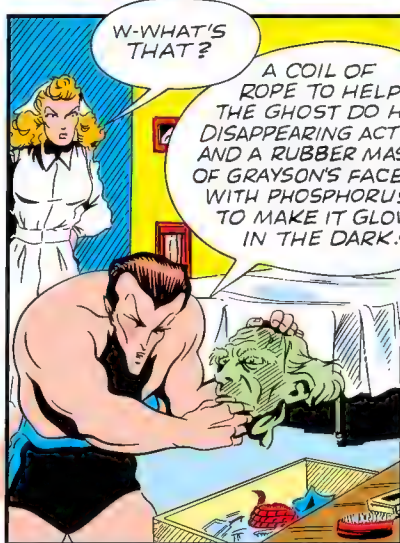
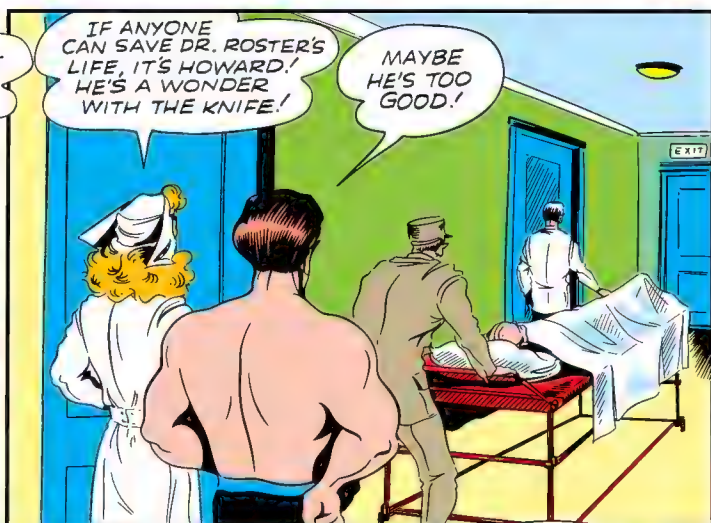
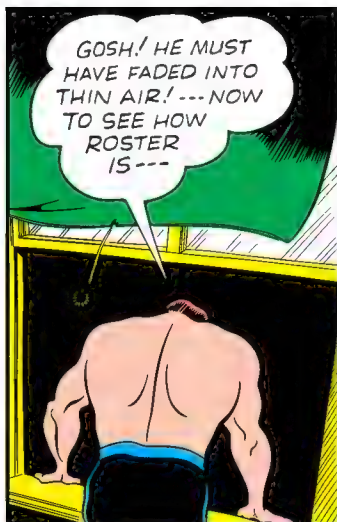
HERE'S SOME CRACKED ICE! PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH -- AND, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GET TO BED!

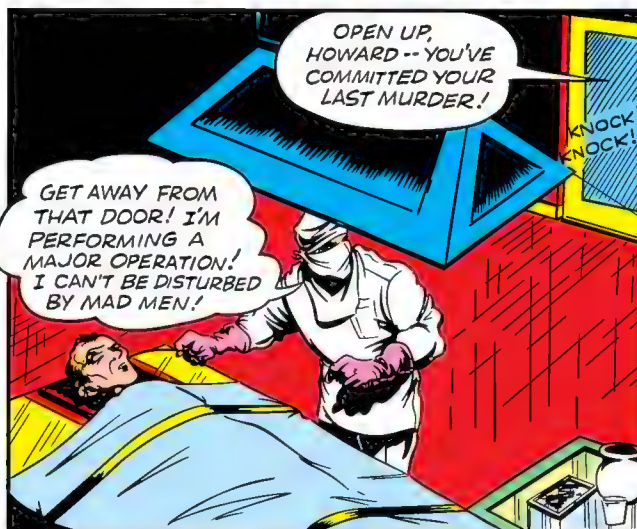
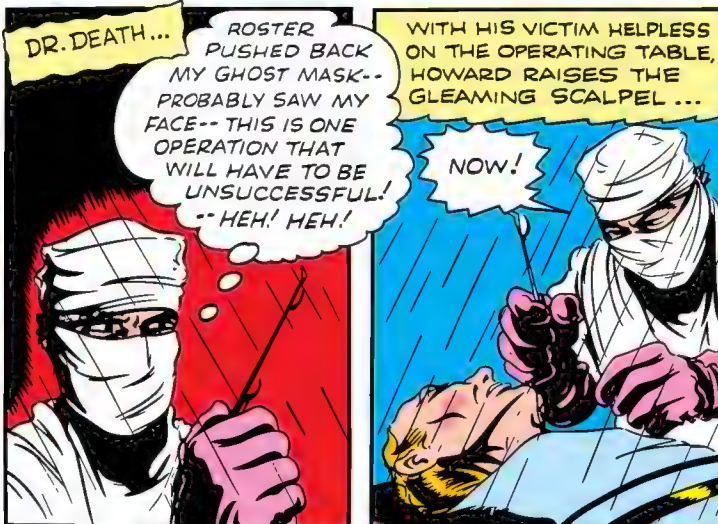
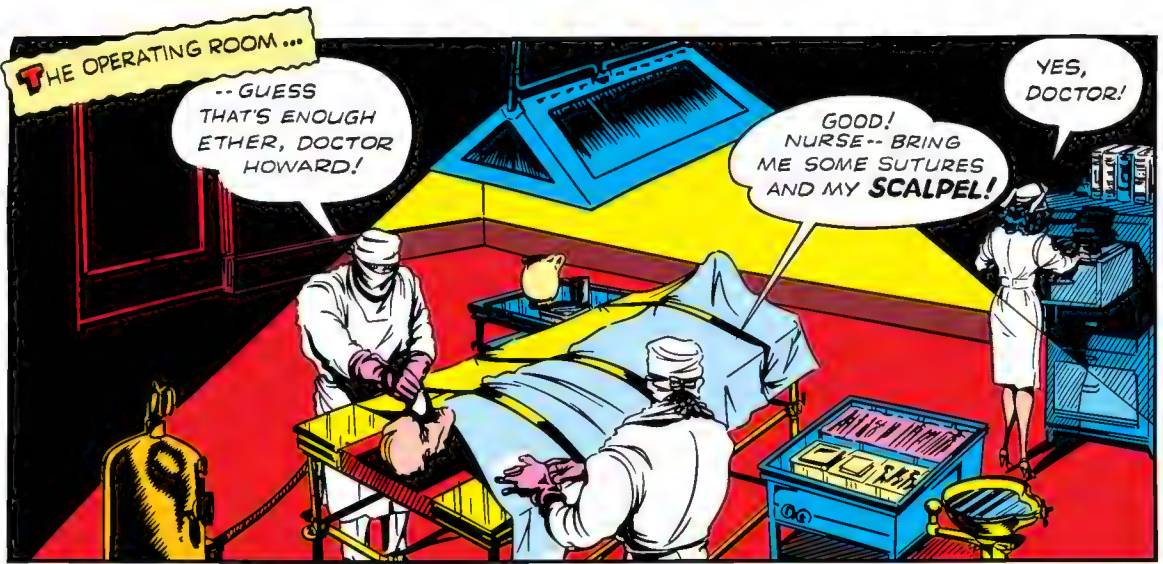


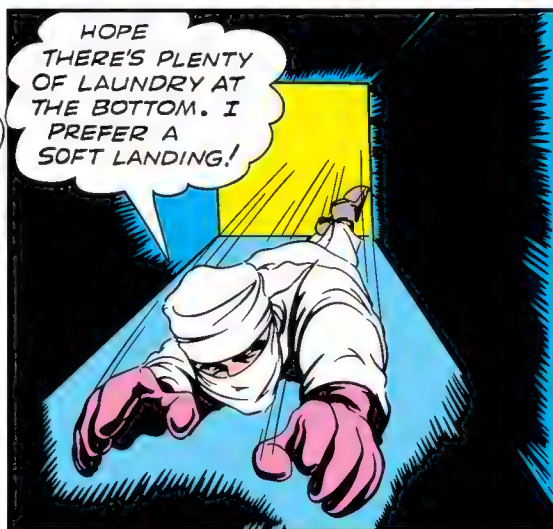
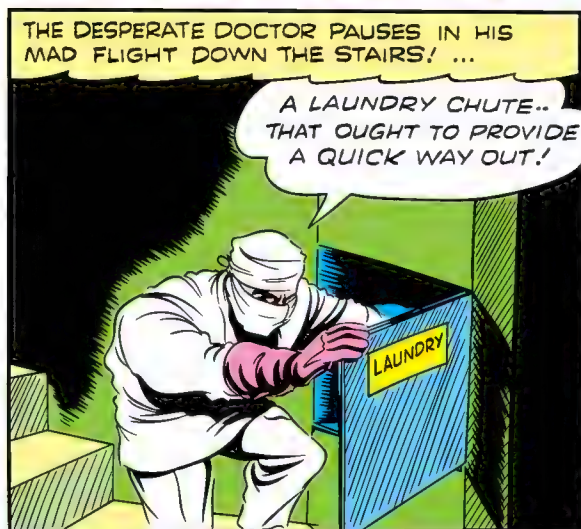
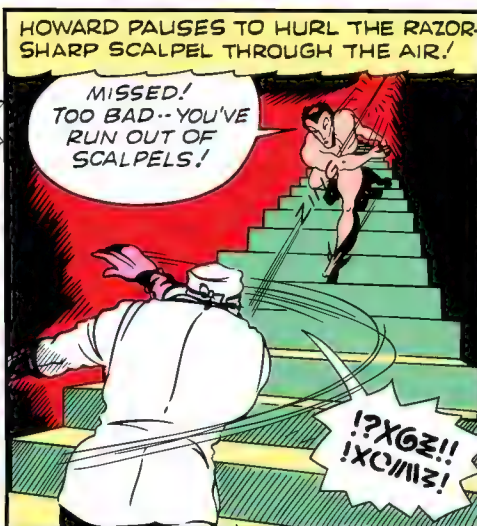
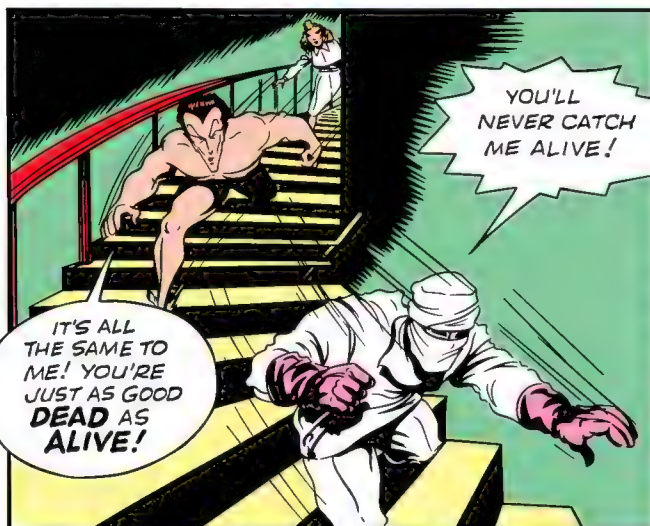
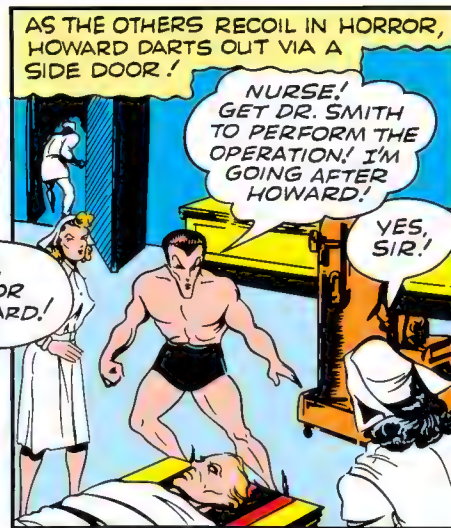
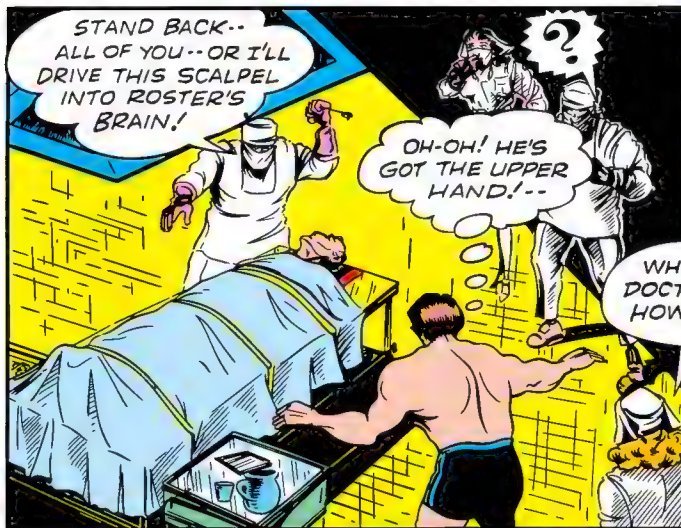
LATER...

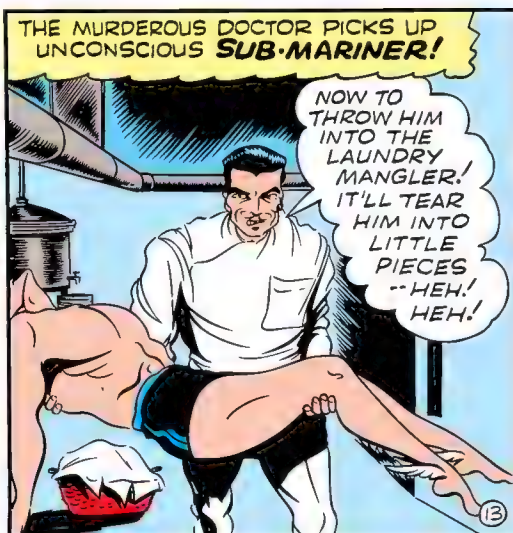
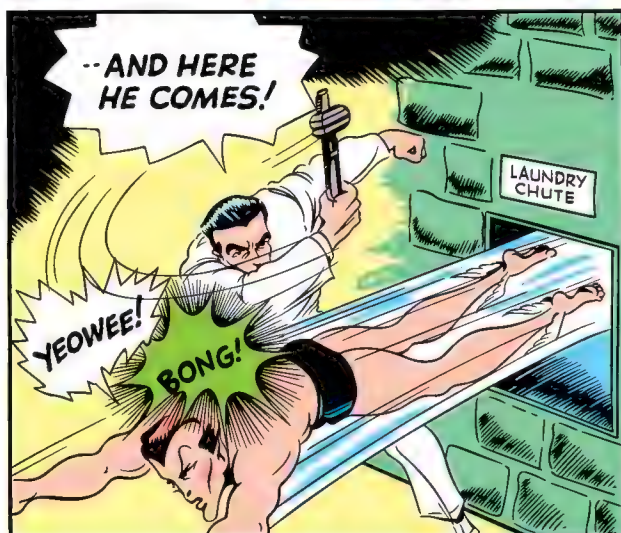
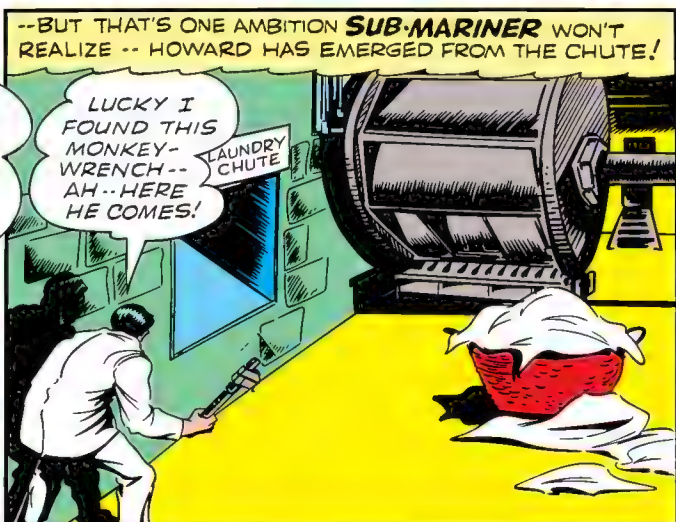
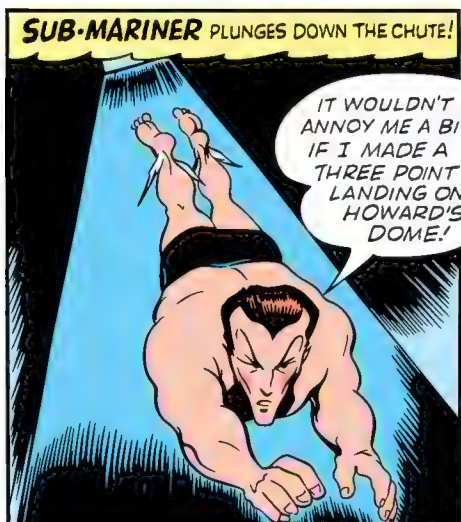
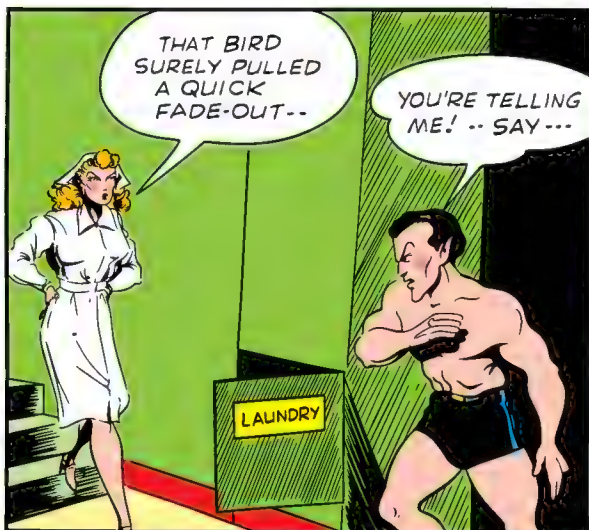
NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU SO FAR -- NOW, TO READ YOUR TEMPERATURE. WOW! -- FIVE DEGREES BELOW NORMAL! MAN, YOU SHOULD BE DEAD! BRING MORE BLANKETS, NURSE -- AND A HEATING PAD!







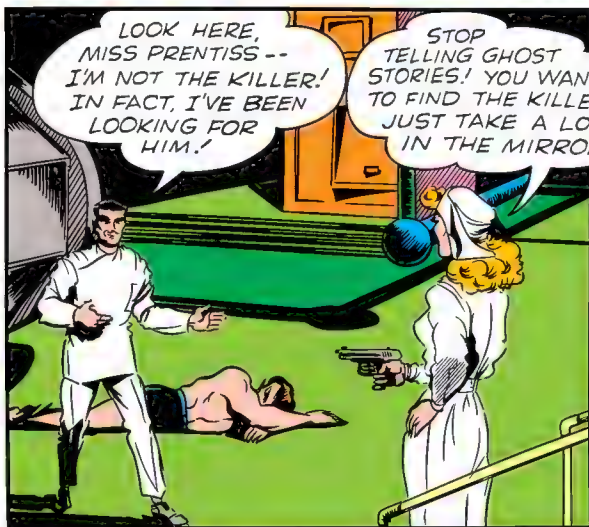




AS HOWARD DRAGS **SUB-MARINER** TOWARD THE MANGLER, RUTH APPEARS --

ONE SECOND, DOCTOR -- I GOT THIS LITTLE TOY WHEN YOU STARTED HAUNTING THE PLACE-- IT MIGHT GO OFF -- IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE! GUNS ARE NOT RESPECTERS OF GHOSTS-- LIKE YOU!

?



STALLING FOR TIME, HOWARD SLOWLY DRAWS NEAR THE GIRL ---

I'M JUST MISUNDERSTOOD ---I ...

I'VE HEARD THAT LINE BEFORE!

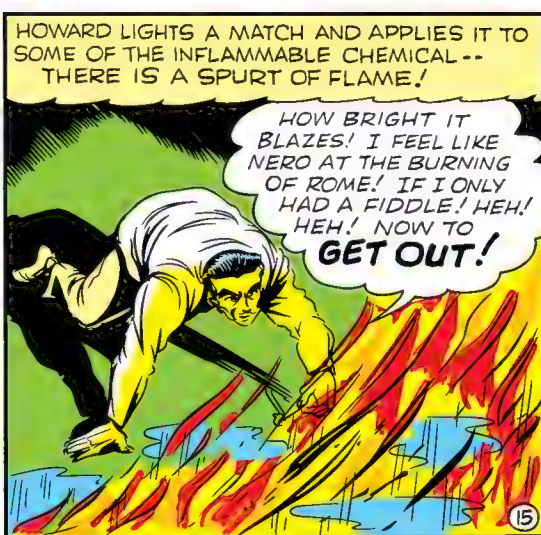
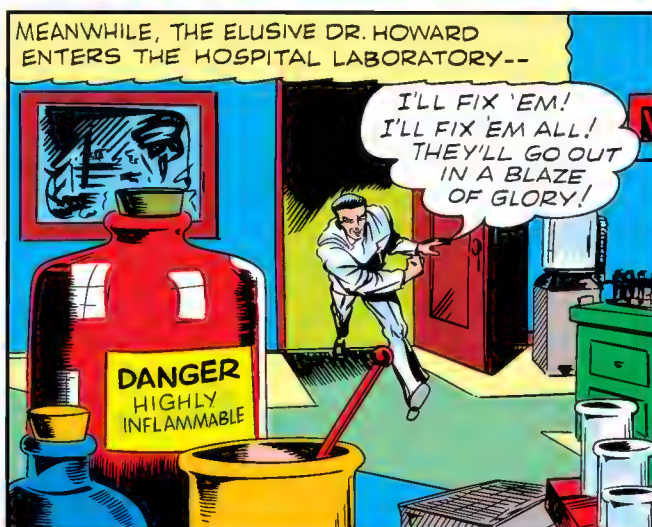
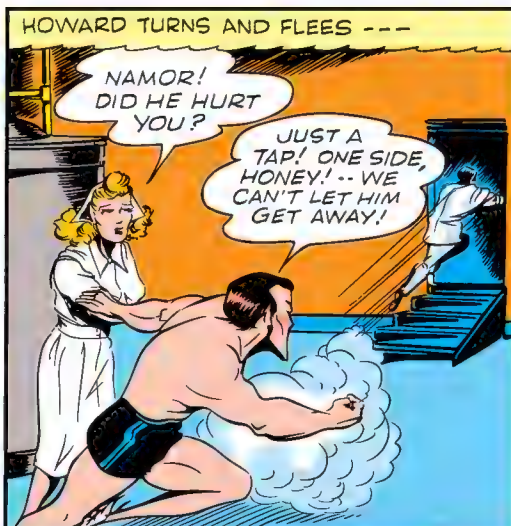
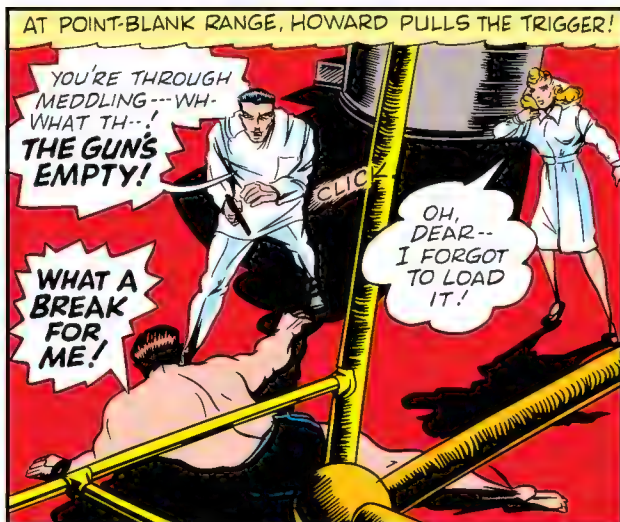
SUDDENLY, LIKE A SNAKE, HOWARD PONCES!

EE-E-EK!
HELP!

THANKS FOR THE **TOY**--NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY!

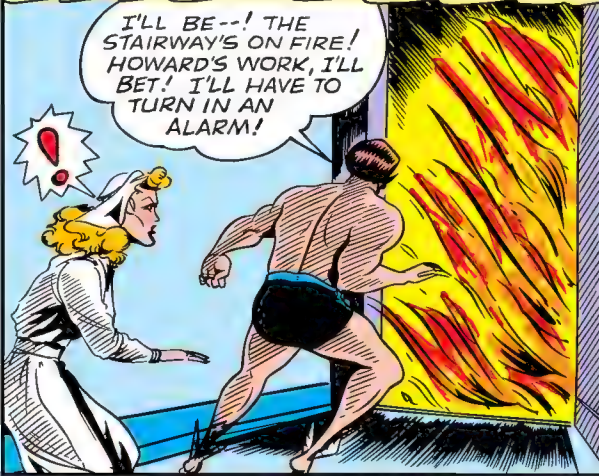
MY HEAD!
--WOW!

RECOVERING, EH?---LET'S SEE YOU RECOVER FROM **THIS!**



FLAME RACES THROUGH THE HOSPITAL!

I'LL BE--! THE STAIRWAY'S ON FIRE! HOWARD'S WORK, I'LL BET! I'LL HAVE TO TURN IN AN ALARM!



HE LEAPS TO A WALL ALARM BOX!

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'RE TO GET ALL THE PATIENTS OUT -- HOPE THEY DON'T GET PANICKY!

CRASH!



THE CORRIDORS OF THE HOSPITAL RE-ECHO A SOUND FREIGHTED WITH DREAD

BONG! BONG!
BONG!

FIRE

CLANG!

BONG! BONG!

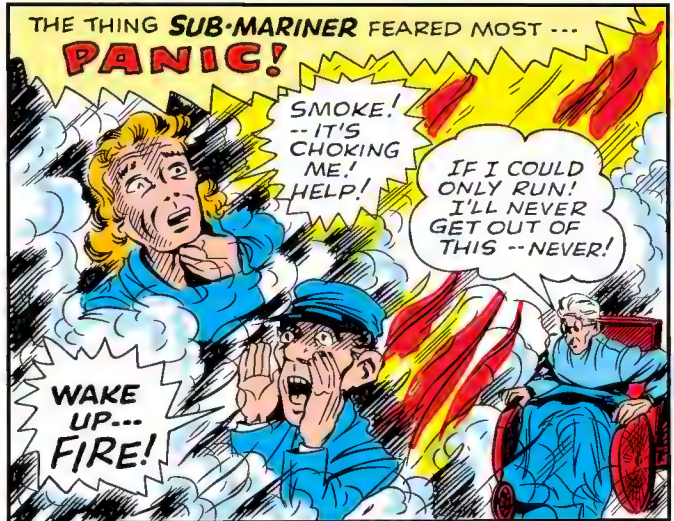


THE THING **SUB-MARINER** FEARED MOST ...
PANIC!

SMOKE! -- IT'S CHOKING ME! HELP!

IF I COULD ONLY RUN! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS -- NEVER!

WAKE UP...
FIRE!

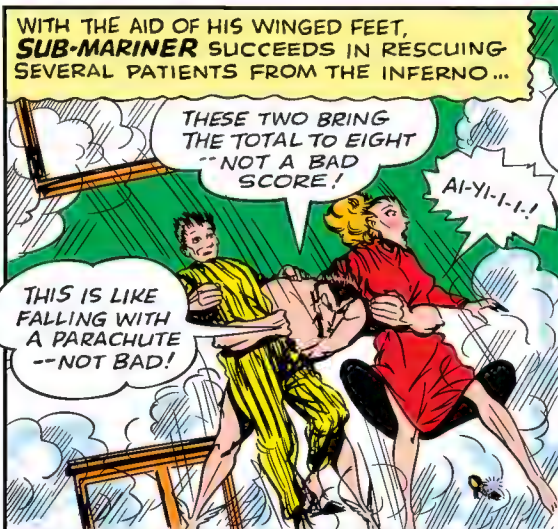


WITH THE AID OF HIS WINGED FEET, **SUB-MARINER** SUCCEEDS IN RESCUING SEVERAL PATIENTS FROM THE INFERNO...

THESE TWO BRING THE TOTAL TO EIGHT -- NOT A BAD SCORE!

AI-YI-I-I!

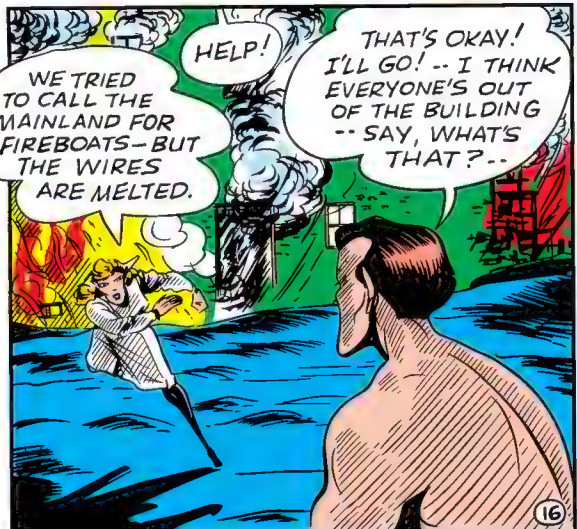
THIS IS LIKE FALLING WITH A PARACHUTE -- NOT BAD!



WE TRIED TO CALL THE MAINLAND FOR FIREBOATS-- BUT THE WIRES ARE MELTED.

HELP!

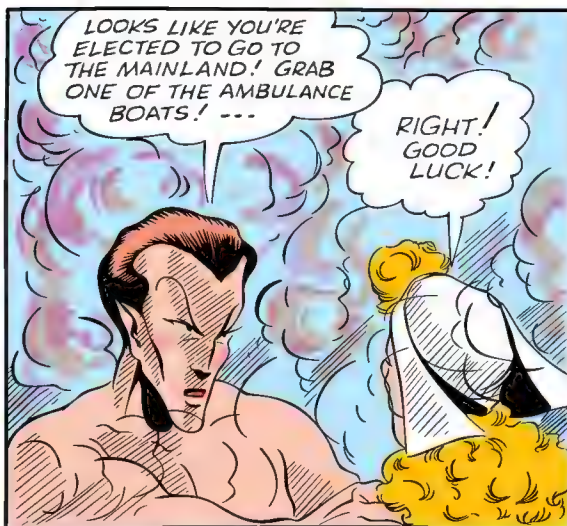
THAT'S OKAY! I'LL GO! -- I THINK EVERYONE'S OUT OF THE BUILDING -- SAY, WHAT'S THAT?--





WOW!
IN THE EXCITEMENT
I FORGOT THE
OPERATION! HOLD
EVERYTHING, SMITH!
I'LL BE RIGHT
UP!

HELP! WE'RE
TRAPPED! ROSTER'S
STILL UNDER
ETHER!



LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE
ELECTED TO GO TO
THE MAINLAND! GRAB
ONE OF THE AMBULANCE
BOATS! ---

RIGHT!
GOOD
LUCK!



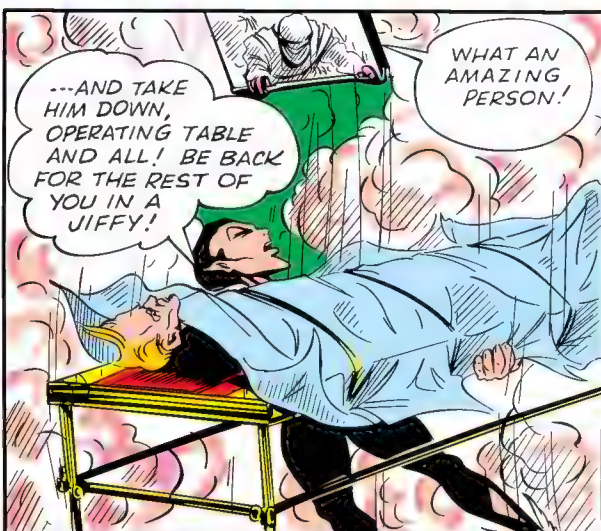
WITH WINGED FEET, **SUB-MARINER**
ZOOMS UPWARD! ...

IT'S GOING TO
BE A SWEET
JOB GETTING
ROSTER
OUT!



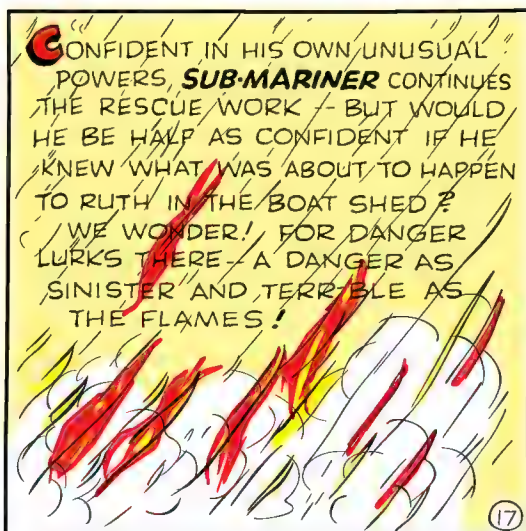
TAKE FOSTER
FIRST, BUT BE
CAREFUL -- THE
SLIGHTEST JAR
MAY KILL HIM!

DON'T WORRY!
I'LL PLAY
SAFE...

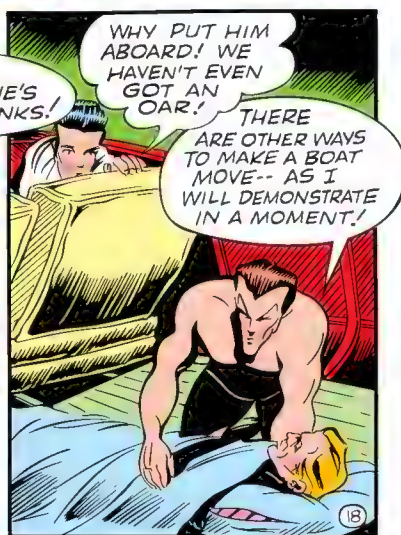
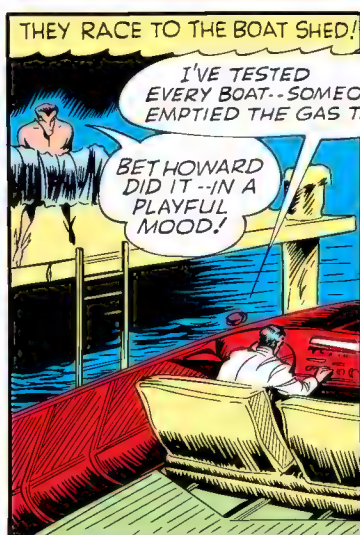
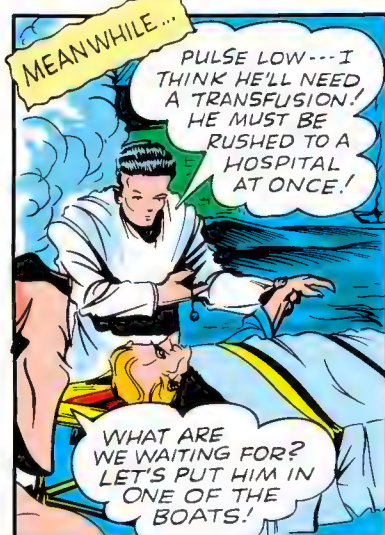
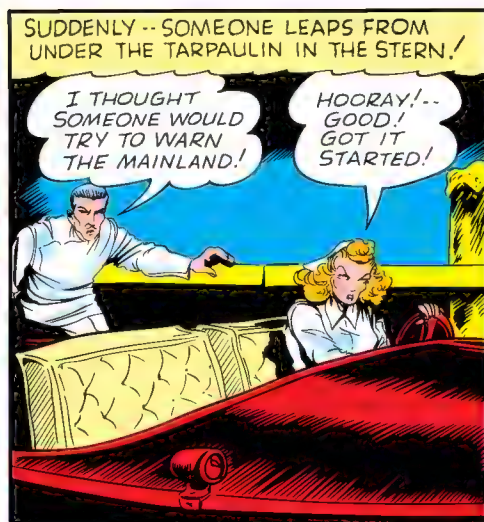
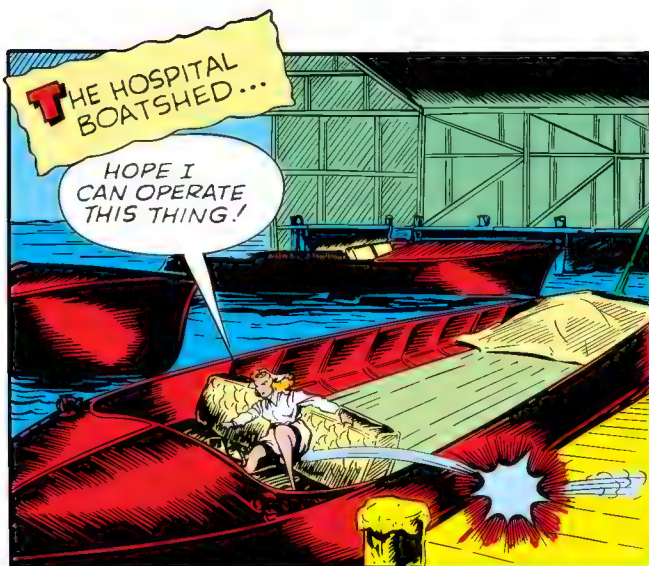


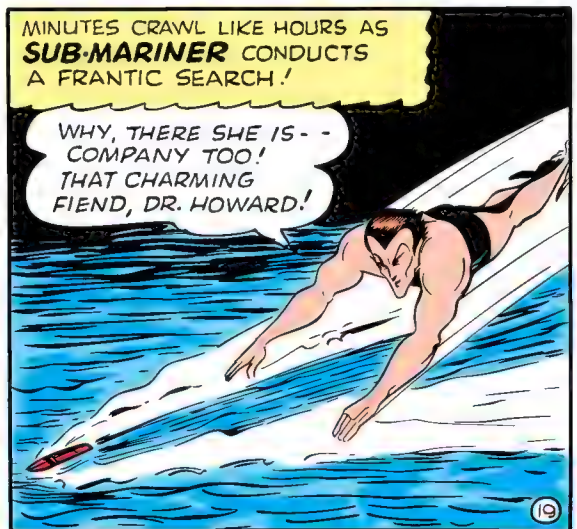
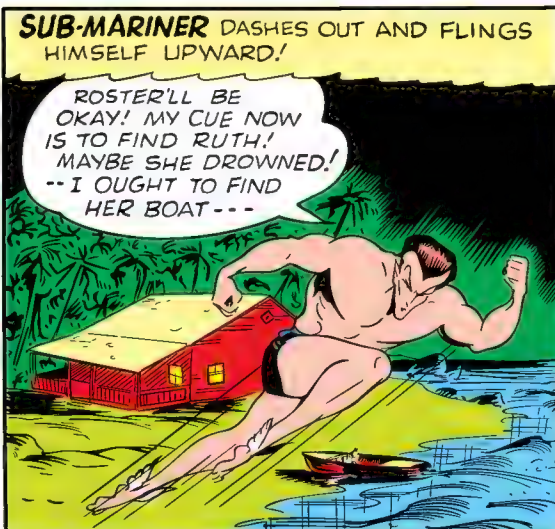
---AND TAKE
HIM DOWN,
OPERATING TABLE
AND ALL! BE BACK
FOR THE REST OF
YOU IN A
JIFFY!

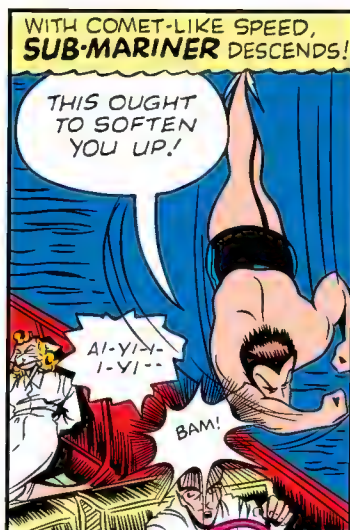
WHAT AN
AMAZING
PERSON!



CONFIDENT IN HIS OWN UNUSUAL
POWERS, **SUB-MARINER** CONTINUES
THE RESCUE WORK -- BUT WOULD
HE BE HALF AS CONFIDENT IF HE
KNEW WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN
TO RUTH IN THE BOAT SHED?
WE WONDER! FOR DANGER
LURKS THERE -- A DANGER AS
SINISTER AND TERRIBLE AS
THE FLAMES!







DON'T DELAY

*Another
Second!!*



BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF
HEADQUARTERS.
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



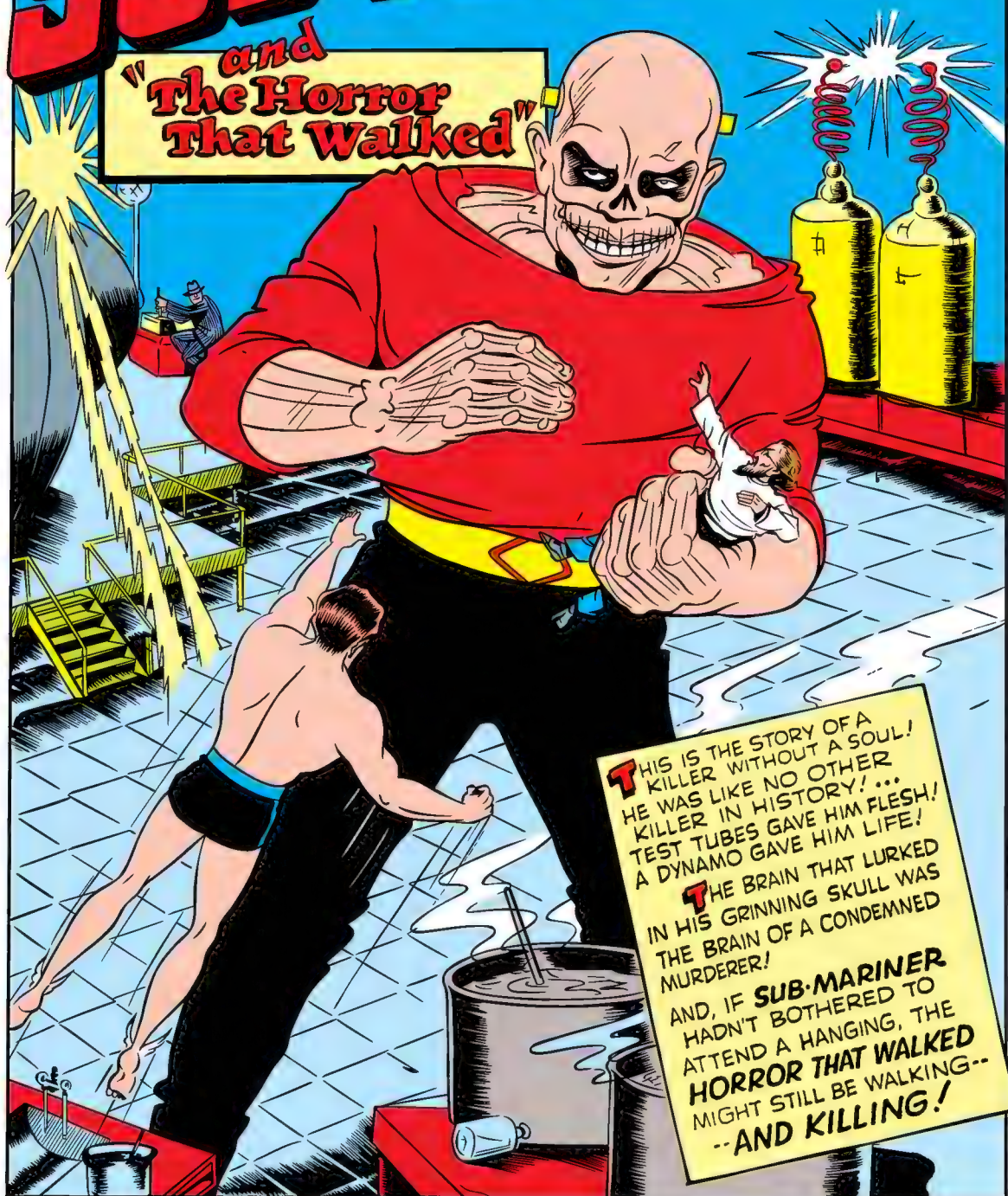
PERSONAL SIGNATURE.....

AMERICA ALWAYS!

THE SUB-MARINER

REG. U.S. PAT OFF 1940, COPYRIGHT 1942

and
**"The Horror
That Walked"**

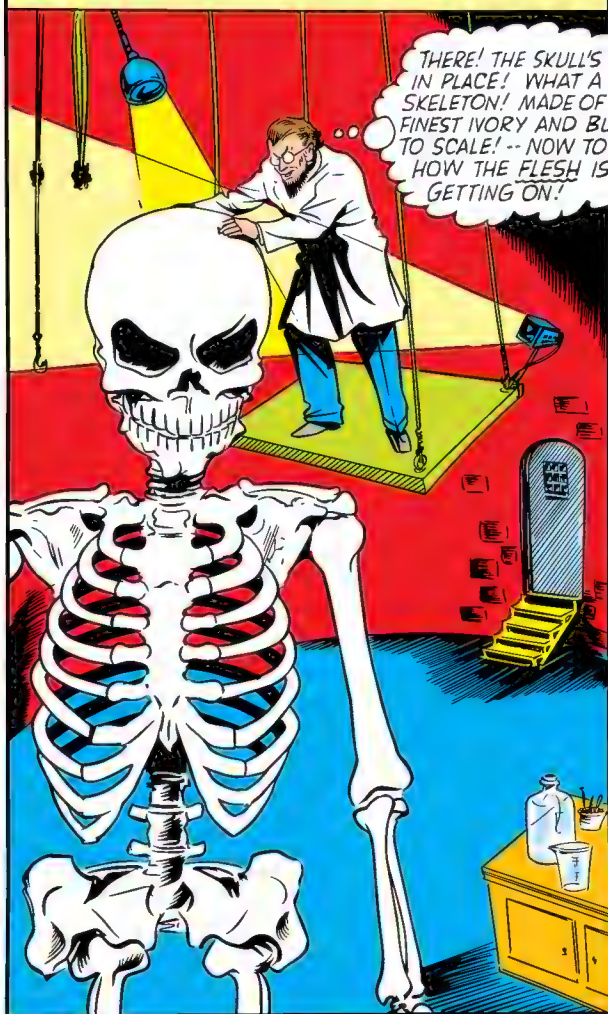


THIS IS THE STORY OF A
KILLER WITHOUT A SOUL!
HE WAS LIKE NO OTHER
KILLER IN HISTORY! ...
TEST TUBES GAVE HIM FLESH!
A DYNAMO GAVE HIM LIFE!

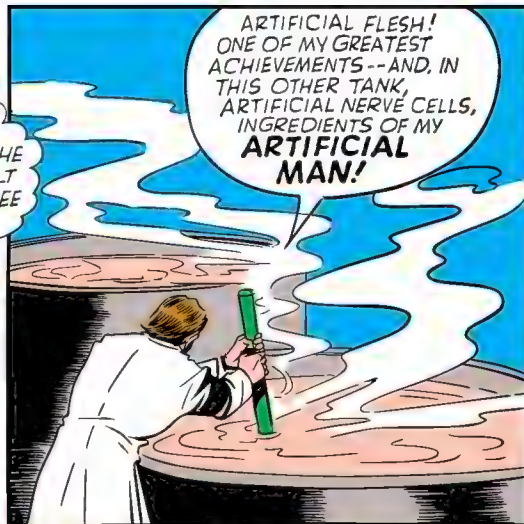
THE BRAIN THAT LURKED
IN HIS GRINNING SKULL WAS
THE BRAIN OF A CONDEMNED
MURDERER!

AND, IF **SUB-MARINER**
HADN'T BOTHERED TO
ATTEND A HANGING, THE
HORROR THAT WALKED
MIGHT STILL BE WALKING--
--AND KILLING!

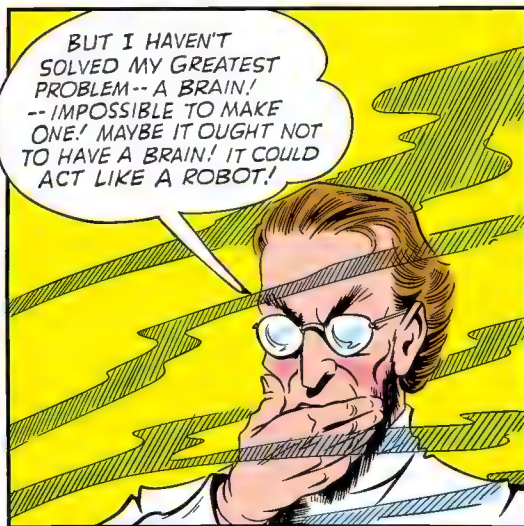
THIS STRANGE TALE OPENS IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. CORBIN, A SCIENTIST -----



THERE! THE SKULL'S IN PLACE! WHAT A SKELETON! MADE OF THE FINEST IVORY AND BUILT TO SCALE! -- NOW TO SEE HOW THE FLESH IS GETTING ON!



ARTIFICIAL FLESH! ONE OF MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENTS -- AND, IN THIS OTHER TANK, ARTIFICIAL NERVE CELLS, INGREDIENTS OF MY **ARTIFICIAL MAN!**



BUT I HAVEN'T SOLVED MY GREATEST PROBLEM -- A BRAIN! -- IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE ONE! MAYBE IT OUGHT NOT TO HAVE A BRAIN! IT COULD ACT LIKE A ROBOT!



--NO! IT MUST HAVE A BRAIN! IT MUST! BUT WHERE CAN I GET IT? WHERE --? SAY --- WHAT'S THAT?

READ ABOUT IT! DACIO REPRIEVE DENIED!



HERE, BOY! I'LL TAKE A PAPER!

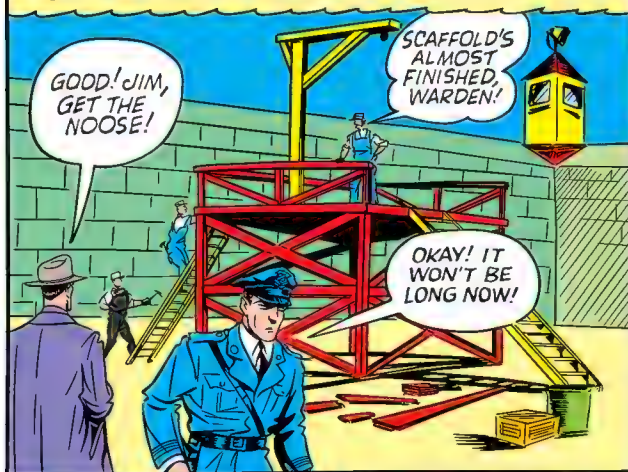
THREE CENTS, MISTER!



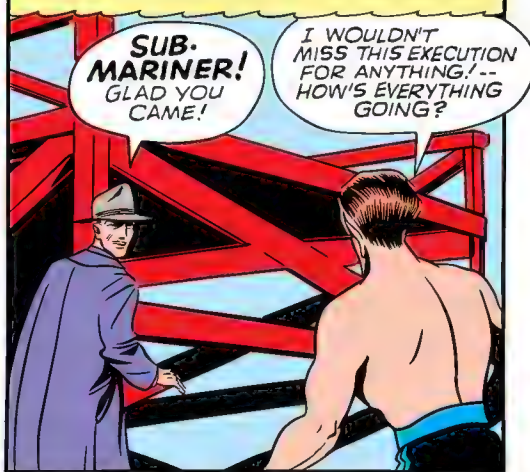
"KILLER TO HANG TONIGHT!"

HMM --- INTERESTING, INTERESTING INDEED!

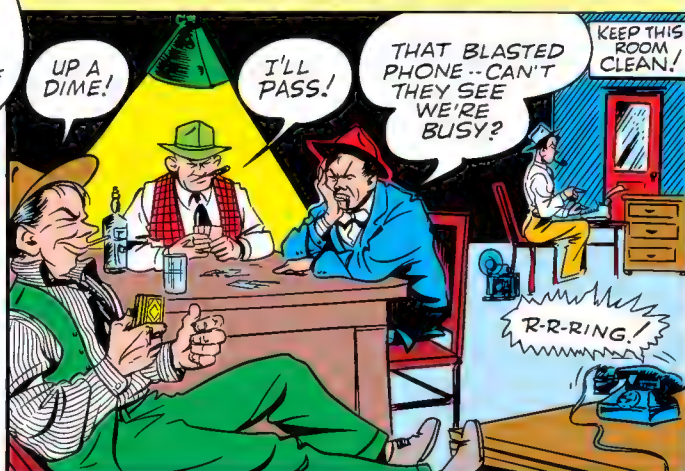
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE YARD OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING ...

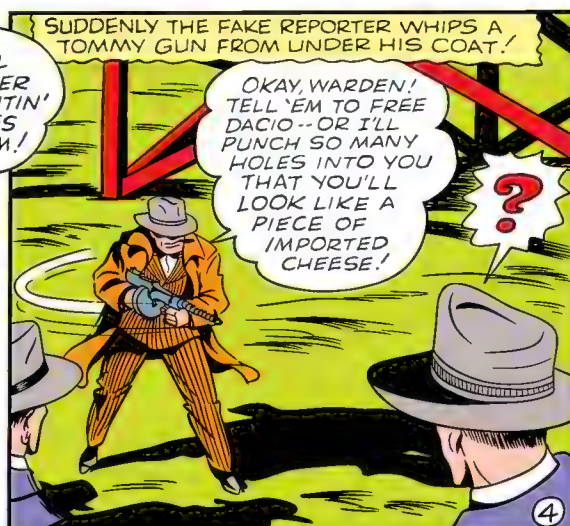
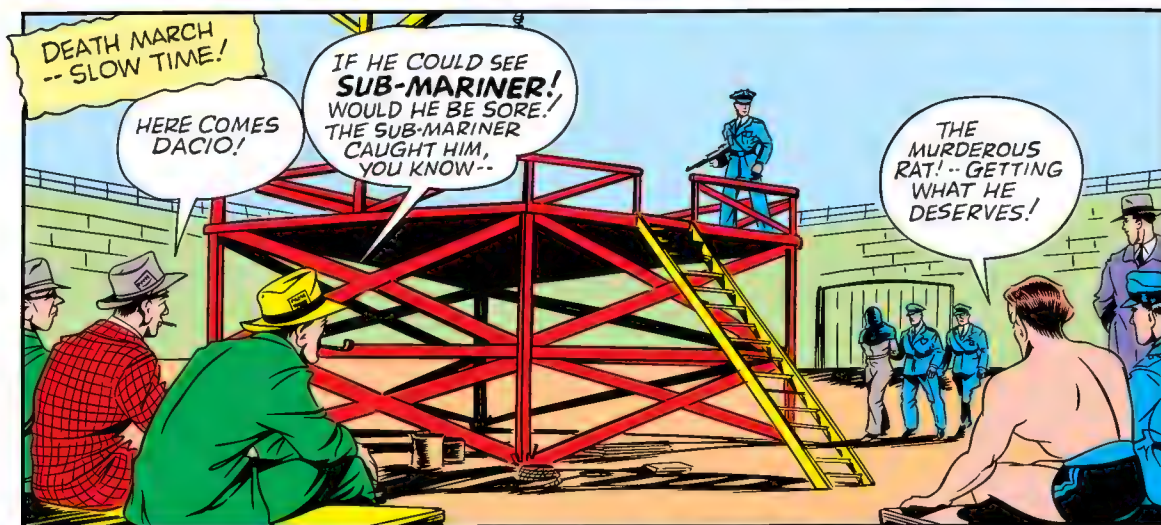
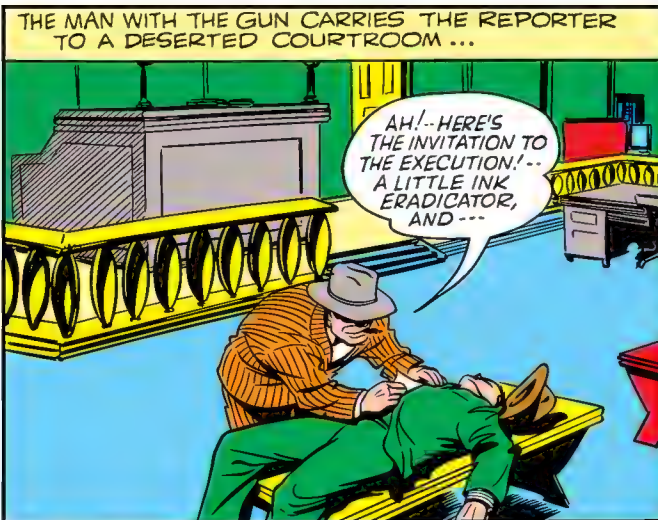


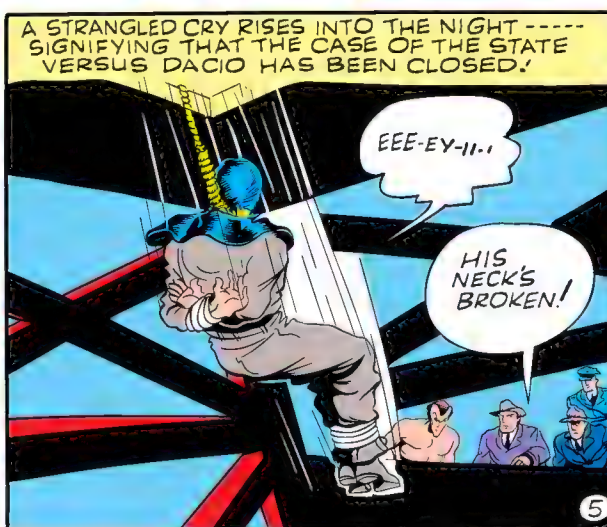
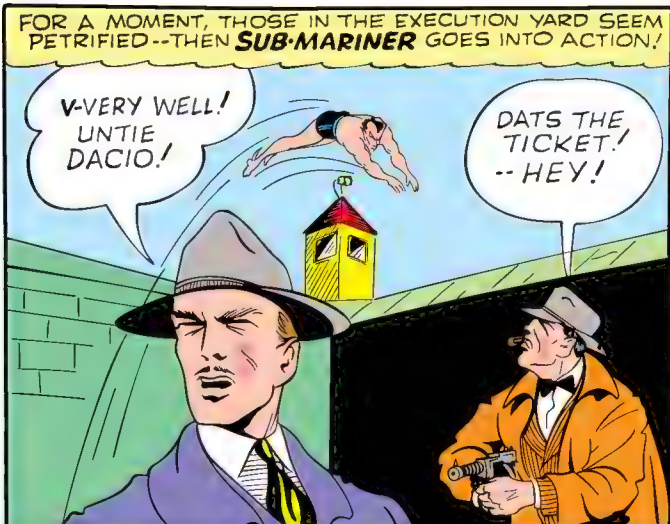
AS THE GRIM TASK OF PREPARING THE SCAFFOLD CONTINUES, A VISITOR ARRIVES...

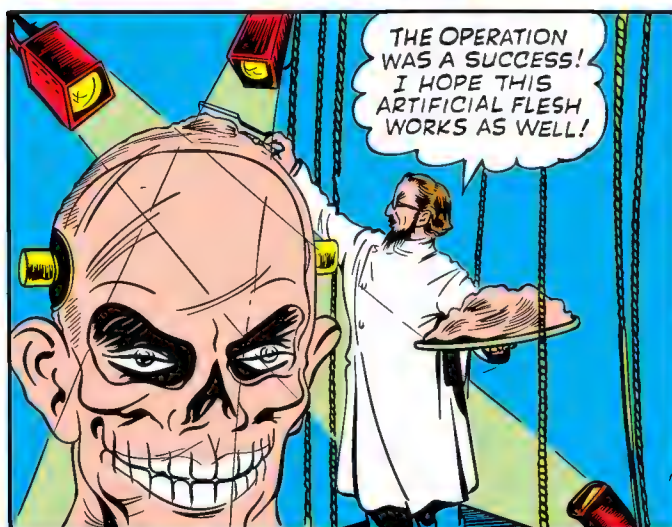
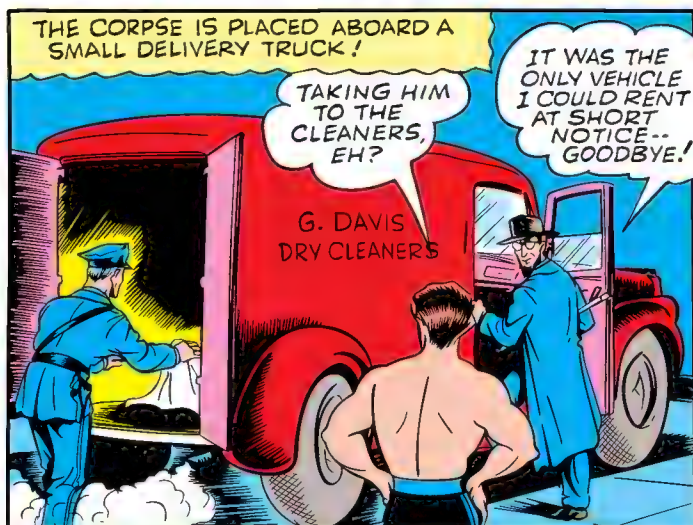
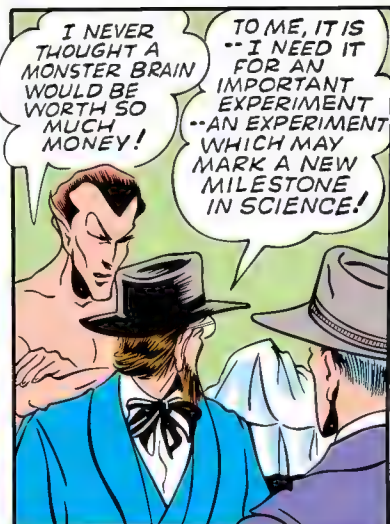
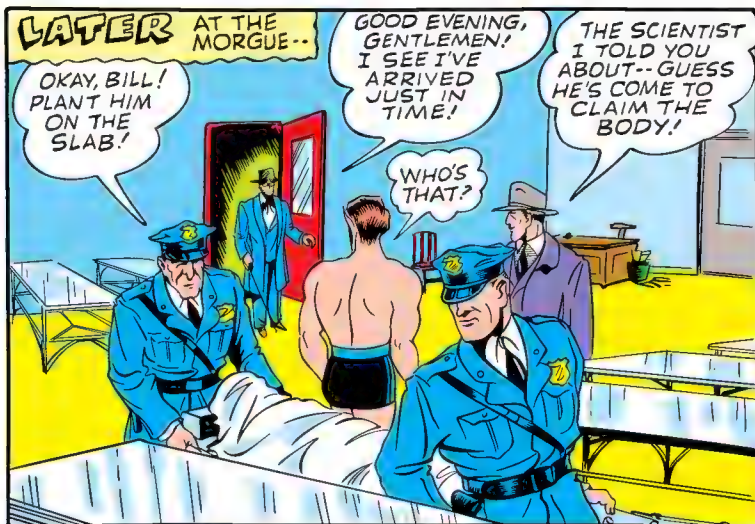


Meanwhile IN THE PRESS ROOM, REPORTERS ANXIOUSLY AWAIT THE HOUR OF EXECUTION ---

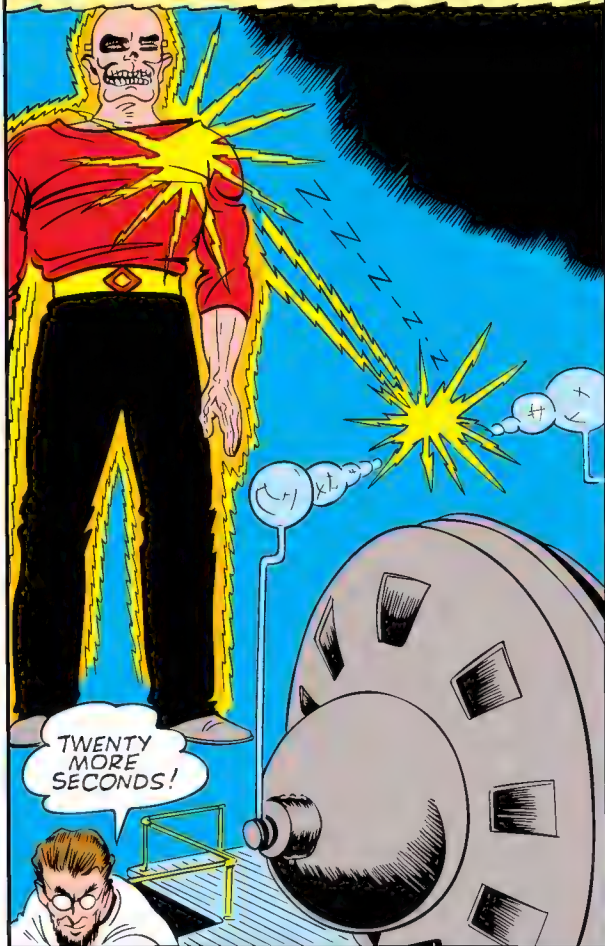




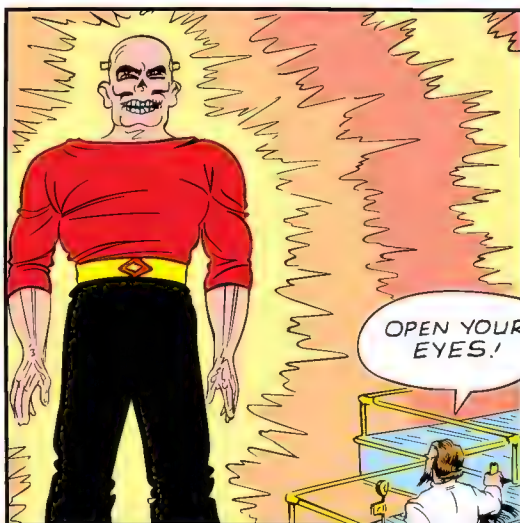
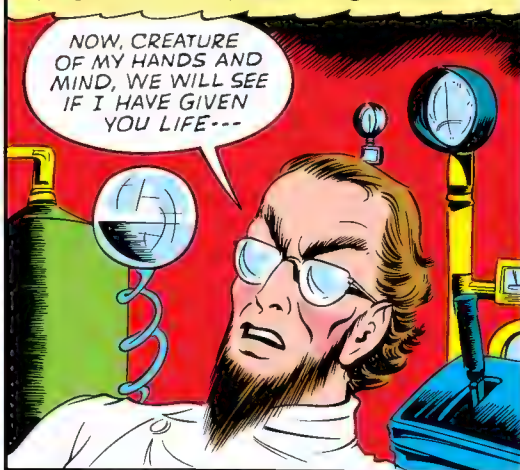




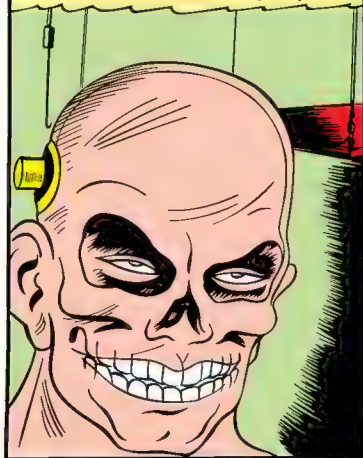
AS CORBIN THROWS THE SWITCH, A HIGH VOLTAGE LEAPS ACROSS THE LABORATORY --- FOR ONE MOMENT, ALL THAT CAN BE HEARD ARE CORBIN'S TENSE BREATHING AND THE TERRIFIC CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY! -----



THE SCIENTIST SHUTS OFF THE DYNAMO, RAISES HIS FACE EAGERLY FORWARD ...



WITH AN IMPERCEPTIBLE FLUTTER OF LIDS, THE THING'S EYES OPEN! ...



NOW--
RAISE YOUR
RIGHT HAND
-- LIKE
THIS! /

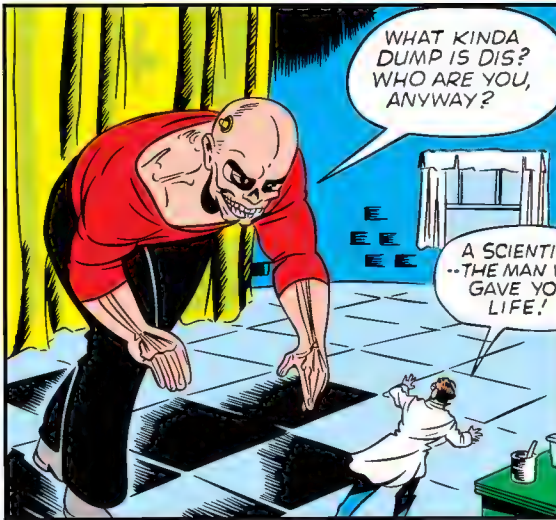


BUT THE CREATURE RESPONDS IN ANOTHER WAY--WITH WORDS!

SAY--WHO'S
BOSS AROUND
HERE? ME!
DACIO!

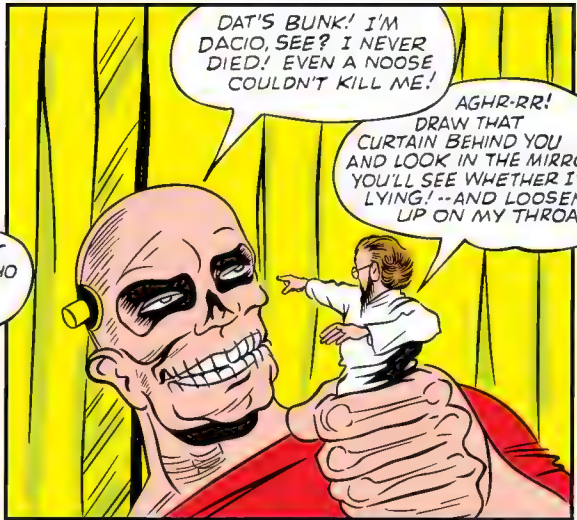
GREAT
SCOTT! -- A
GANGSTER'S BRAIN
CONTROLS MY ARTI-
FICIAL MAN -- BUT
TO WHAT EXTENT
-- WE'LL SEE!





WHAT KINDA
DUMP IS DIS?
WHO ARE YOU,
ANYWAY?

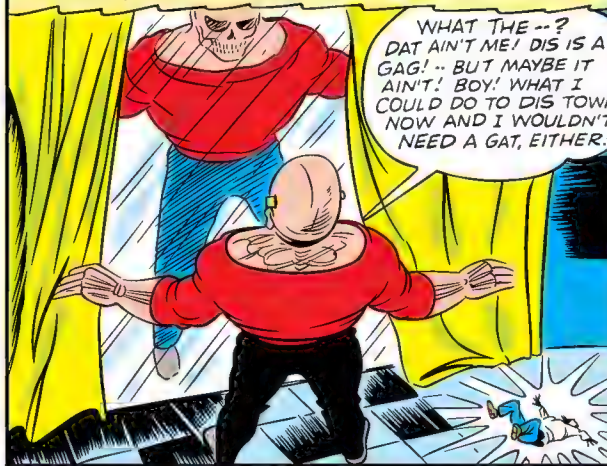
A SCIENTIST
--THE MAN WHO
GAVE YOU
LIFE!



DAT'S BUNK! I'M
DACIO, SEE? I NEVER
DIED! EVEN A NOOSE
COULDN'T KILL ME!

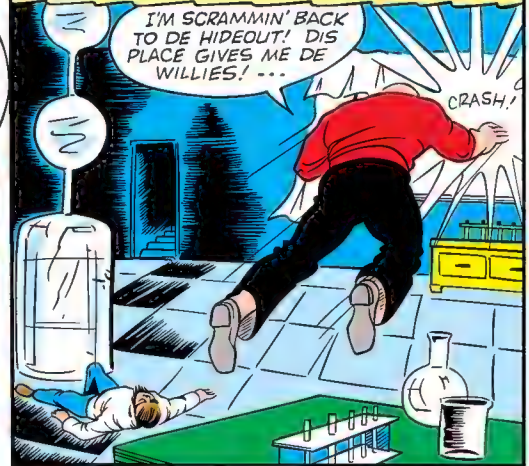
AGHR-RR!
DRAW THAT
CURTAIN BEHIND YOU
AND LOOK IN THE MIRROR!
YOU'LL SEE WHETHER I'M
LYING! --AND LOOSEN
UP ON MY THROAT!

THE MIRROR FLASHES BACK A REFLECTION SO
TERRIBLE, THAT THE CREATURE DROPS CORBIN!



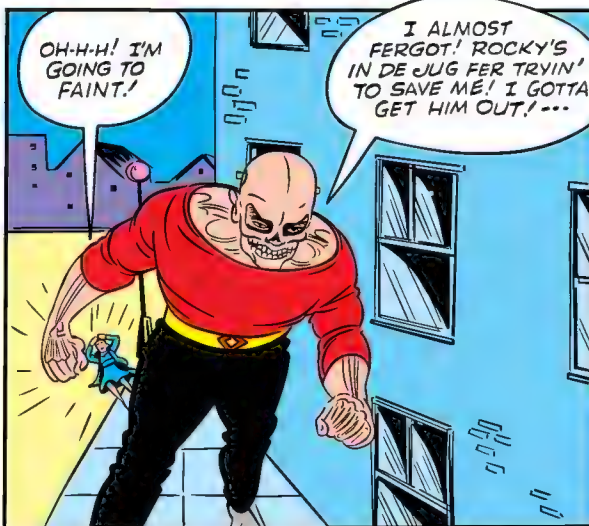
WHAT THE --?
DAT AIN'T ME! DIS IS A
GAG! -- BUT MAYBE IT
AIN'T! BOY! WHAT I
COULD DO TO DIS TOWN
NOW AND I WOULDN'T
NEED A GAT, EITHER!

LEAVING THE STUNNED SCIENTIST ON THE
FLOOR, THE **HORROR** LEAPS TO A WINDOW!



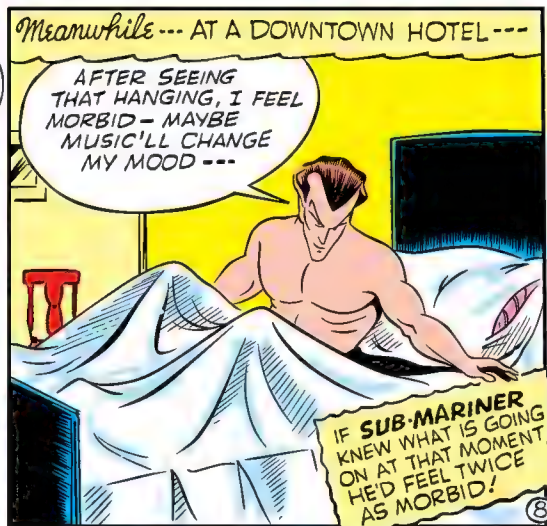
I'M SCRAMMIN' BACK
TO DE HIDEOUT! DIS
PLACE GIVES ME DE
WILLIES! ...

CRASH!



OH-H-H! I'M
GOING TO
FAINT!

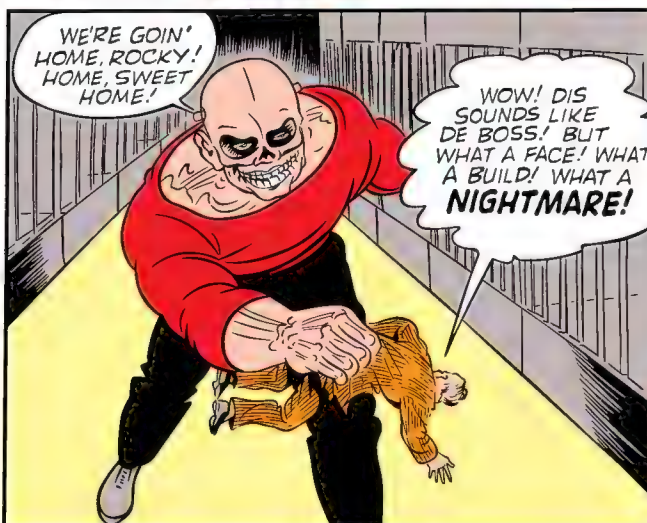
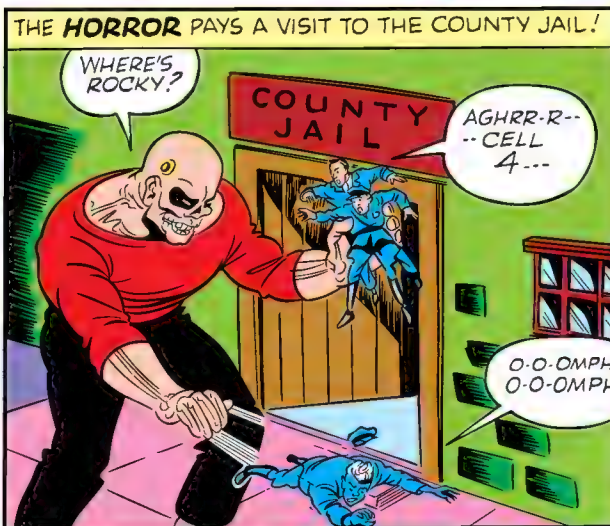
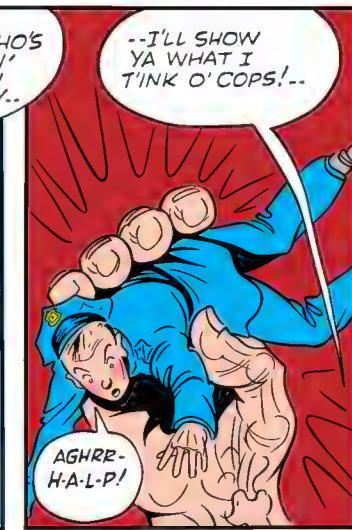
I ALMOST
FERGOT! ROCKY'S
IN DE JUG FER TRYIN'
TO SAVE ME! I GOTTA
GET HIM OUT! ...

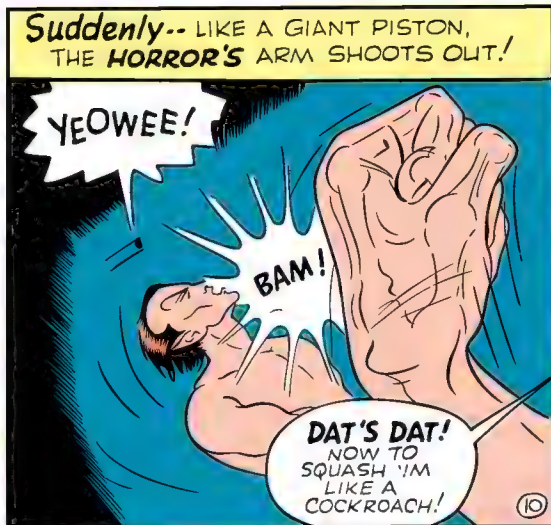
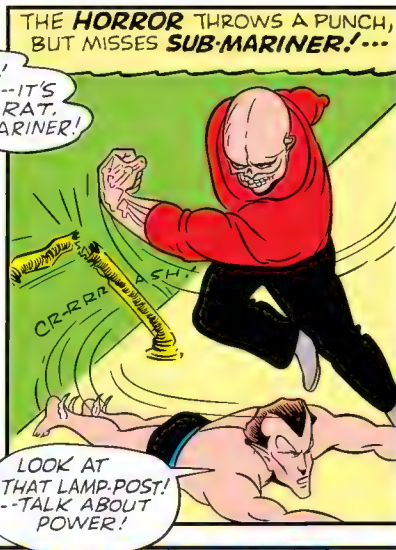


Meanwhile --- AT A DOWNTOWN HOTEL ---

AFTER SEEING
THAT HANGING, I FEEL
MORBID -- MAYBE
MUSIC'LL CHANGE
MY MOOD ---

IF **SUB-MARINER**
KNEW WHAT IS GOING
ON AT THAT MOMENT,
HE'D FEEL TWICE
AS MORBID!





JUST AS THE **HORROR** IS ABOUT TO SMASH THE HEAD OF THE **SUB-MARINER**, THE POLICE ARRIVE!



AS THE **HORROR** FLEES WITH ROCKY, **SUB-MARINER** REGAINS HIS SENSES...

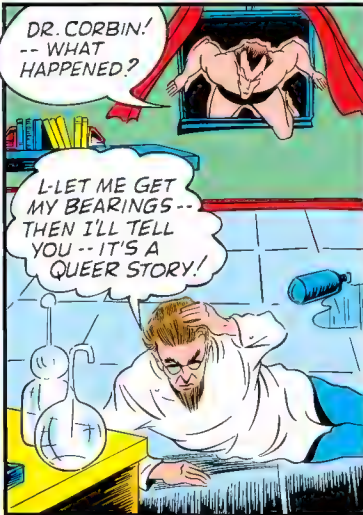


I'VE A HUNCH CORBIN CAN GIVE ME A CLUE TO THE **HORROR**! HE WAS THE LAST TO SEE DACIO --AND DACIO TALKED JUST LIKE THE **HORROR**!



DR. CORBIN! -- WHAT HAPPENED?

LET ME GET MY BEARINGS -- THEN I'LL TELL YOU -- IT'S A QUEER STORY!



CORBIN RELATES THE WHOLE WEIRD STORY.

---- AND SO IT ESCAPED!

TROUBLE IS WE DON'T KNOW WHERE IT WENT!



THE BEST PLAN, I BELIEVE, IS TO WAIT -- SOONER OR LATER, IT MUST RETURN HERE -- TO GET A NEW SUPPLY OF ARTIFICIAL FLESH!



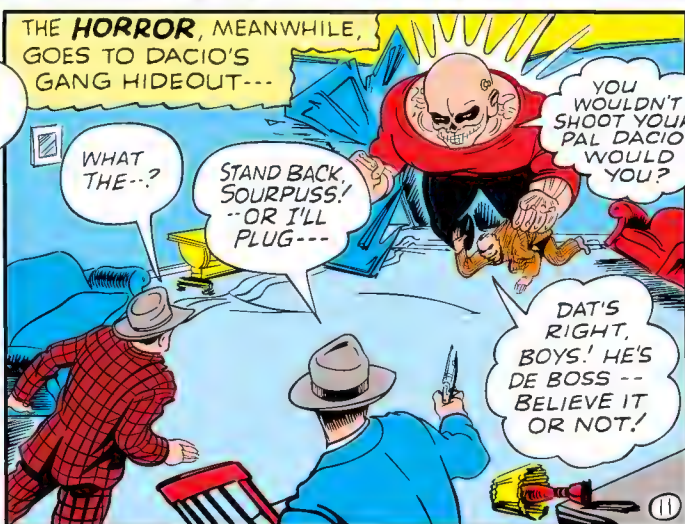
THE **HORROR**, MEANWHILE, GOES TO DACIO'S GANG HIDEOUT---

WHAT THE--?

STAND BACK, SOURPUSS! --OR I'LL PLUG---

YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT YOUR PAL DACIO WOULD YOU?

DAT'S RIGHT, BOYS! HE'S DE BOSS -- BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

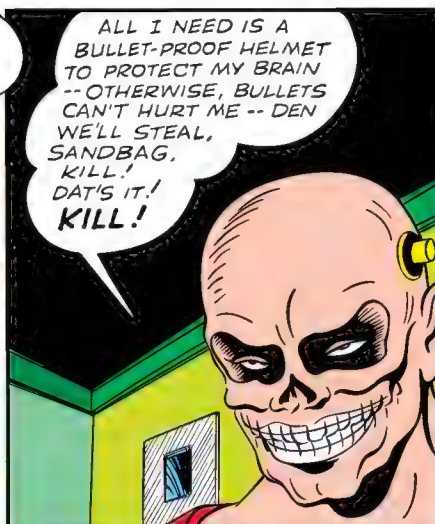




FROM NOW ON, DIS CITY BELONGS TO US -- WE GOTTA RUB OUT EVERY OTHER MOB -- AND IF WE CAN'T RUB 'EM OUT, I'LL SCARE 'EM OUT! HA! HA!

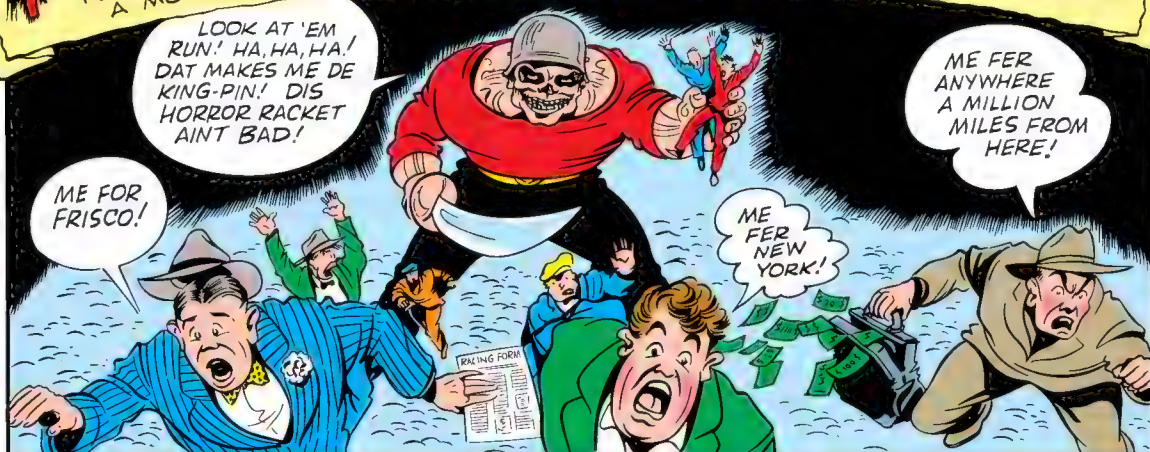
IT OUGHTA BE A PUSH-OVER!

DAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD. ON THE LEVEL BOSS, I'M SCARED -- JUST LOOKIN' AT YA!



ALL I NEED IS A BULLET-PROOF HELMET TO PROTECT MY BRAIN -- OTHERWISE, BULLETS CAN'T HURT ME -- DEN WE'LL STEAL, SANDBAG, KILL! DAT'S IT! KILL!

THE HORROR STRIKES--LEAVING A CRIMSON TRAIL OF DEATH AND THE RATS OF THE UNDERWORLD, FLEE TO THEIR HOLES! --- THE COMPETITION FOR BLOOD MONEY IS REDUCED TO A MONOPOLY AS THE DACIO MOB HOLDS SWAY!

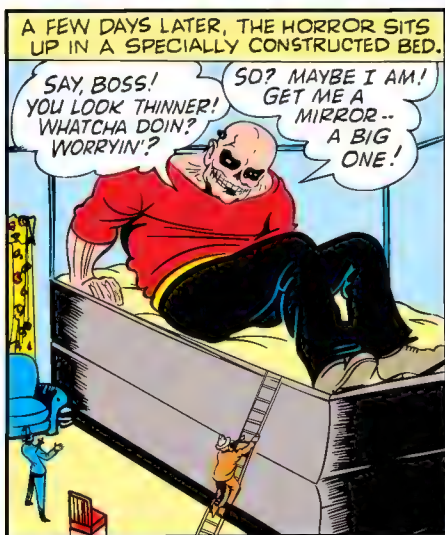


LOOK AT 'EM RUN! HA, HA, HA! DAT MAKES ME DE KING-PIN! DIS HORROR RACKET AINT BAD!

ME FOR FRISCO!

ME FER NEW YORK!

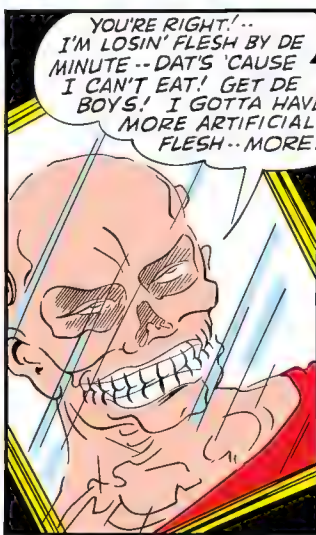
ME FER ANYWHERE A MILLION MILES FROM HERE!



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE HORROR SITS UP IN A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BED.

SAY, BOSS! YOU LOOK THINNER! WHATCHA DOIN'? WORRYIN'?

SO? MAYBE I AM! GET ME A MIRROR -- A BIG ONE!



YOU'RE RIGHT!... I'M LOSIN' FLESH BY DE MINUTE -- DAT'S 'CAUSE I CAN'T EAT! GET DE BOYS! I GOTTA HAVE MORE ARTIFICIAL FLESH -- MORE!

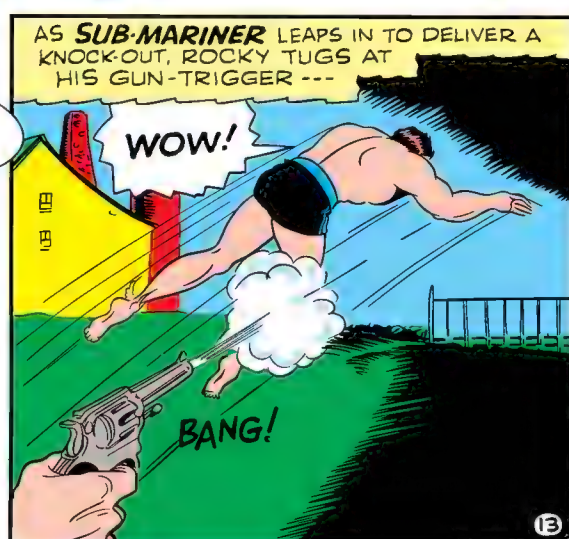
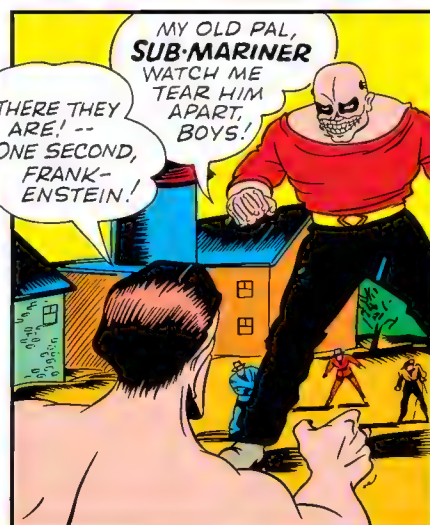


MEANWHILE, TWO MEN KEEP CEASELESS VIGIL AT CORBIN'S LABORATORIES ...

MY EYES! I CAN HARDLY KEEP THEM OPEN!

TAKE A NAP -- I'LL -- HEY! WHAT'S THAT!

KNOCK KNOCK



WITH AN ICY SMILE, ROCKY BENDS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER ---

I'M GONNA EMPTY DIS CANNON IN YOUR SKULL!

JUST A SECOND!

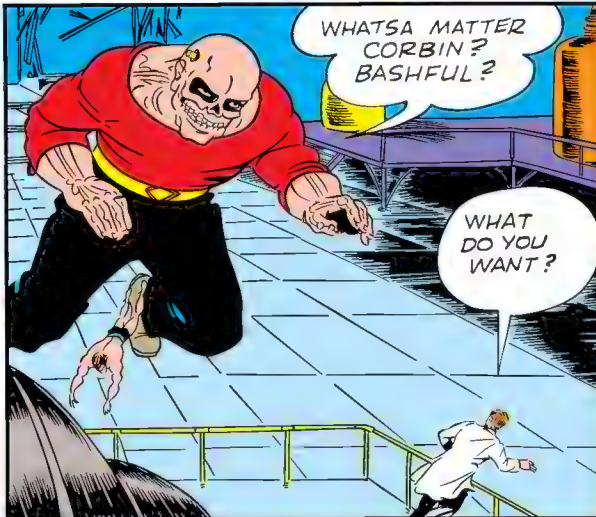
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? DONTCHA WANT HIM DEAD?

NOT YET! I'M GONNA USE HIM FER A HOSTAGE TO GET INTO THE LABORATORY!

AS A WINDOW OPENS, CORBIN SWINGS THE DYNAMO ---

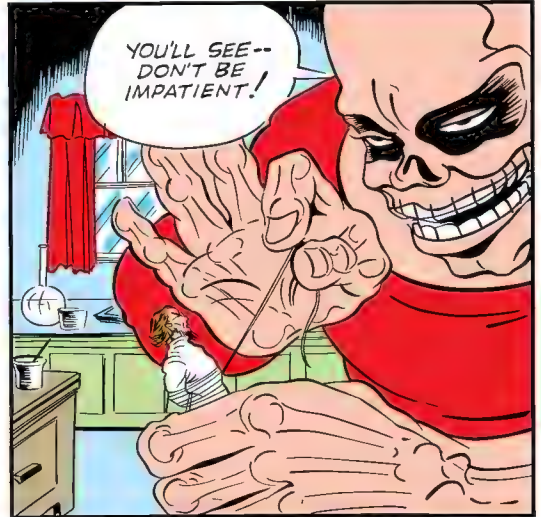
TAKE YOUR HAND OFF THAT SWITCH OR I'LL WRING HIS HEAD RIGHT OFF HIS NECK!

ALL-- ALL RIGHT!



WHATS A MATTER CORBIN? BASHFUL?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?



YOU'LL SEE-- DON'T BE IMPATIENT!

THE **HORROR** DIPS A HAND INTO THE VAT OF ARTIFICIAL FLESH!

AH! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY! STRONGER!

NOW--I WANT DE FORMULA FER MAKIN' ARTIFICIAL FLESH! I DON'T WANNA DEPEND ON YOU FER IT! SO START TALKIN'!

NO! NO! I'LL NEVER TELL YOU! NEVER!



SO, AS THE COPS SAY, YOU WON'T TALK, HUH? MAYBE DIS STEEL ROD'LL MAKE YOU TALK!



THE STEEL ROD WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR AGAIN, AND AGAIN!

DIS IS FUN!

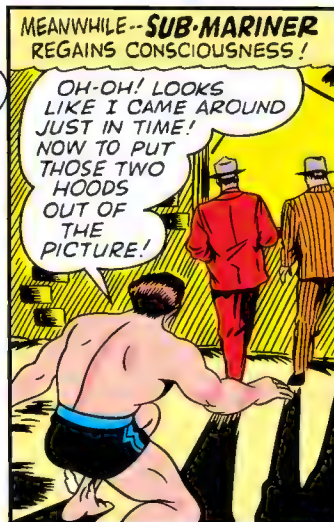
EE-E-E-E!
I'LL GIVE YOU THE FORMULA - ONLY STOP! STOP!



PUT IT IN WRITIN'...

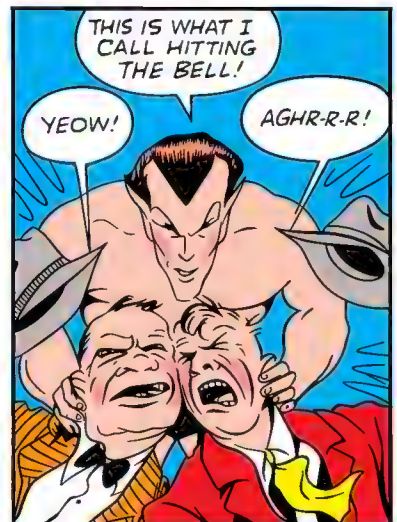


--AND GO EASY ON DE ENGLISH! I GOT BOUNCED OUTTA SCHOOL IN DE T'OID GRADE -- GRAMPS!



MEANWHILE--**SUB-MARINER** REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!

OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I CAME AROUND JUST IN TIME! NOW TO PUT THOSE TWO HOODS OUT OF THE PICTURE!



THIS IS WHAT I CALL HITTING THE BELL!

YEOW!

AGHR-R-R!



THEN HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE **HORROR!**

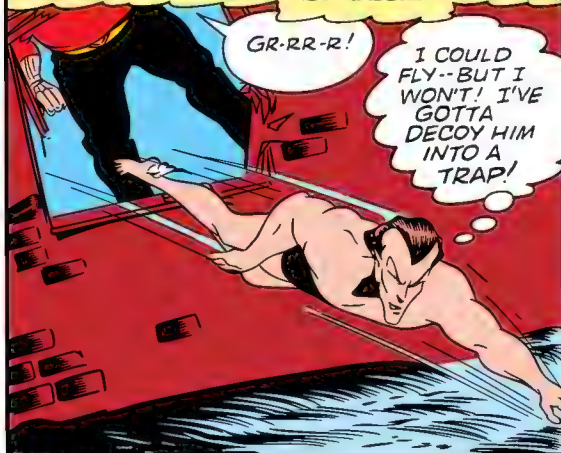
NOW TO SEE IF I CAN MAKE THAT UGLY FACE OF YOURS LOOK UGLIER!



STOP TICKLIN' ME! HAW! HAW!

WHAT TH---? HE'S STRONGER! I'D BETTER GET OUT FAST!

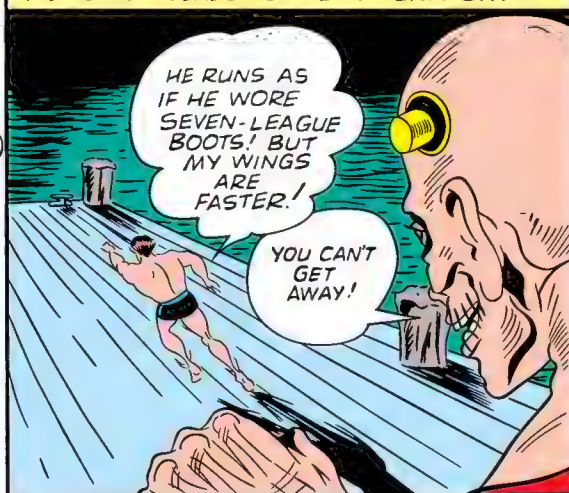
DISCRETION, AS SOME WISE GENTLEMAN ONCE REMARKED, IS SOMETIMES THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.



GR-RR-R!

I COULD FLY-- BUT I WON'T! I'VE GOTTA DECOY HIM INTO A TRAP!

THE PURSUIT LEADS TO THE WATERFRONT ---



HE RUNS AS IF HE WORE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS! BUT MY WINGS ARE FASTER!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!

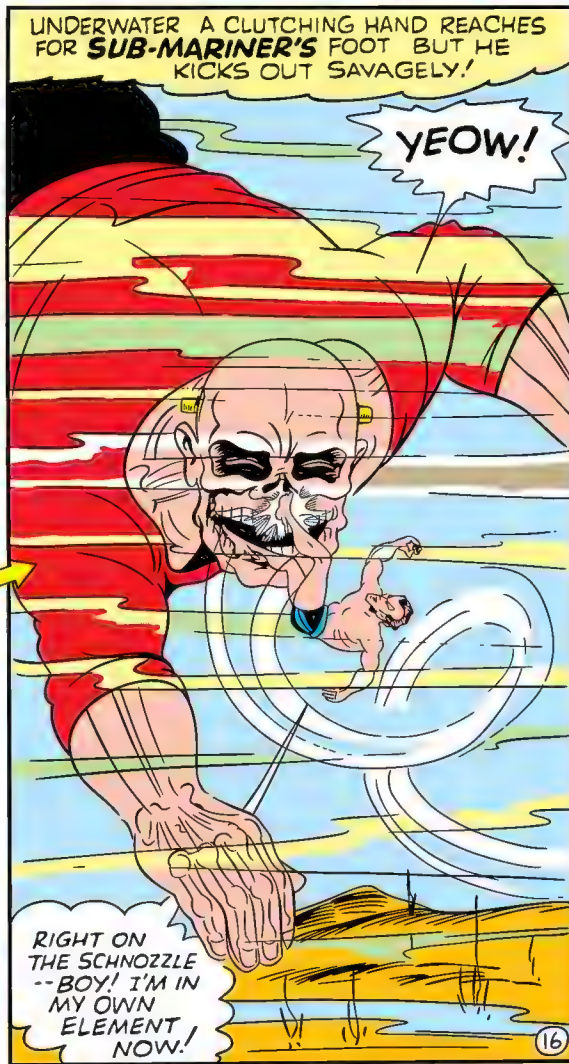


THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, DOPE!

THE **HORROR** DIVES AFTER HIM



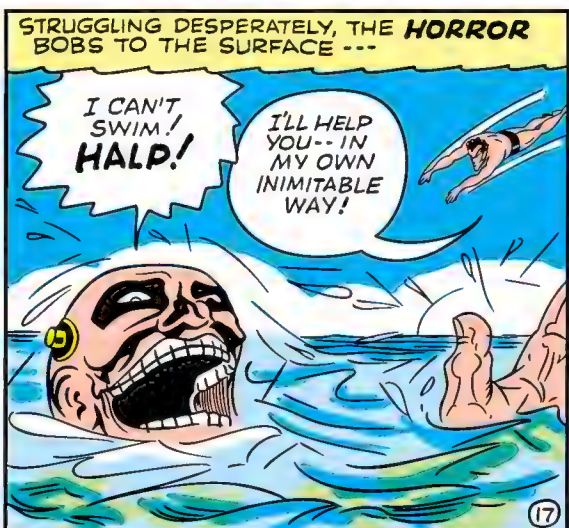
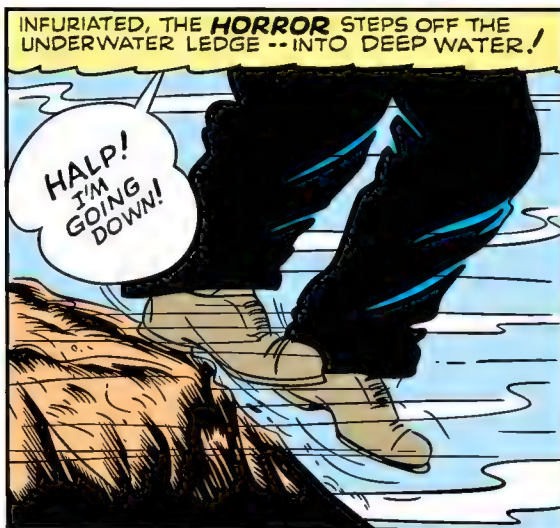
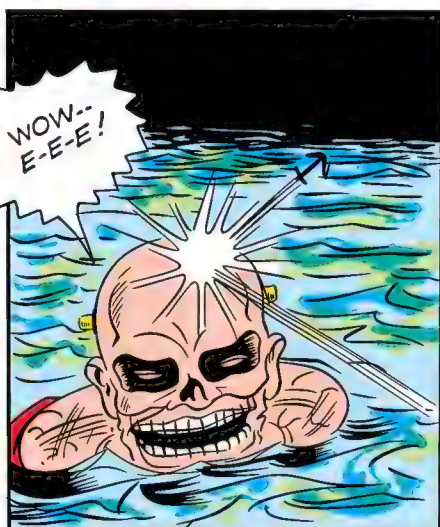
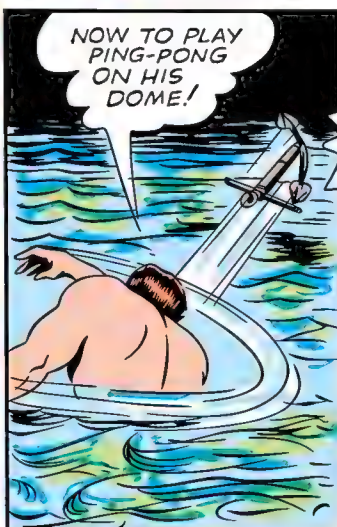
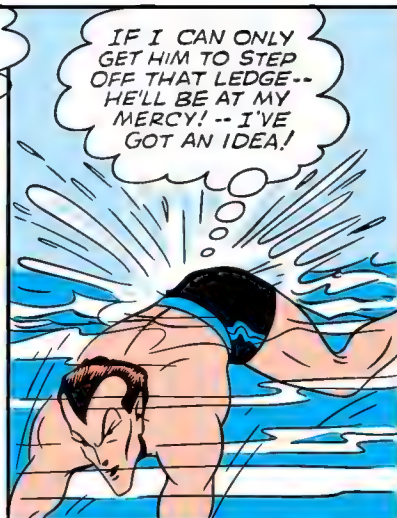
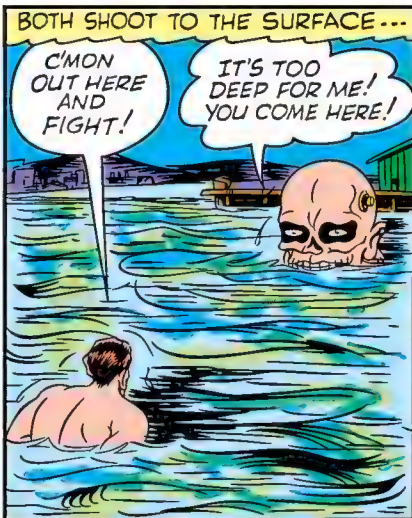
I STILL SAY YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!



UNDERWATER A CLUTCHING HAND REACHES FOR **SUB-MARINER'S** FOOT BUT HE KICKS OUT SAVAGELY!

YEOW!

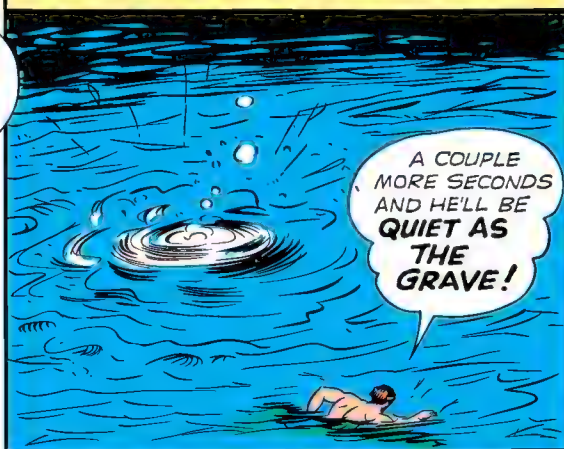
RIGHT ON THE SCHNOZZLE --BOY! I'M IN MY OWN ELEMENT NOW!



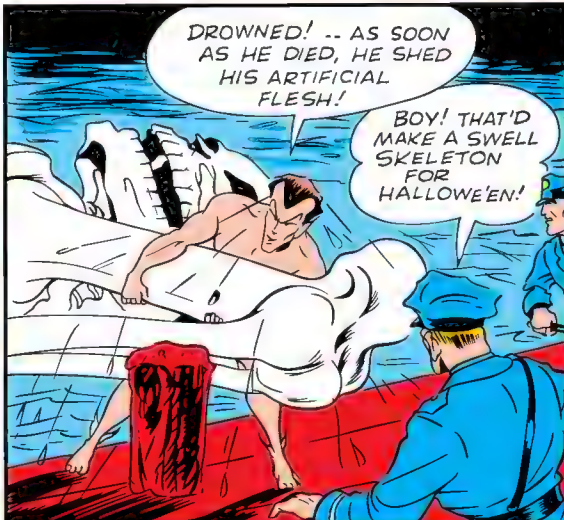
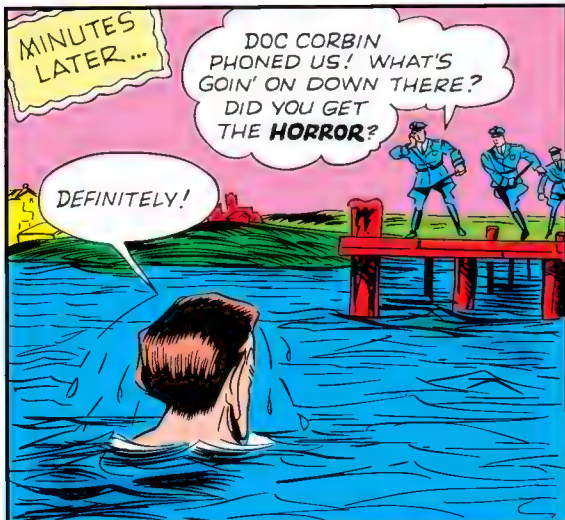
DOWN COMES **SUB-MARINER**... AND DOWN GOES THE **HORROR**!



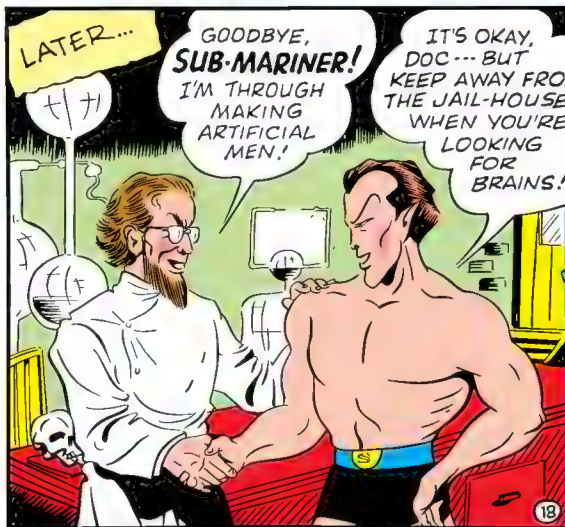
AS **SUB-MARINER** SHOVES THE **HORROR** DOWN TO THE RIVER BOTTOM, BUBBLES RISE -- BUBBLES -----



MINUTES LATER...



LATER...



RIGHT!

BUT IT TAKES THE COMBINATION OF
BRAINS PLUS BRAWN
USED BY

THE SUB-MARINER

TO FILL THE
JAILS AND RID THE
OUTSIDE WORLD OF
CRIME!

MORE
THRILLING **SUB-MARINER**
ACTION-FILLED STORIES IN
EVERY ISSUE OF
THIS MAGAZINE AND
MARVEL COMICS!



FRESH MEAT FOR A RAIDER!

THE ocean was slick as a lake, and the tiny time-rusted tramp steamer, plugging westward, was the only thing to be seen on the huge bowl of blue. To all appearances, the "Elsie K" was one of the many vessels steaming to England with the fruits of American labor. The crew was in dirty whites and dungarees, and while some slept on the hatch covers, others worked listlessly about their tasks.

It was a strange sight, for in these waters operated the new giant submarine, the U-900, pride of the Nazi underwater fleet. Repeatedly she had attacked convoys and lone steamers, bagging an ever-increasing number of boats. She was such that she could come to the surface and fight it out with a destroyer, and this she had done, her two six-inch guns saving her from many an armed surface raider out to sink her. So, for the sloppy, "Elsie K" to sail along unconcerned was indeed odd. True, on the stern deck was mounted a gun, but it was so small that it could hardly be of any use at all.

The sun was setting when the lookout on the tramp shouted a warning. On the port side was a white ripple, and coming up slowly, the black eye of a periscope. "Submarine to port!" There was a wild scramble as the "black gang" at the furnaces rushed to the deck to be free of a torpedo burst. Those on deck rushed to the rail.

No one even bothered to man the gun. Evi-

dently the U boat didn't think the "Elsie K" worth a torpedo, and started to come to the surface to sink her with shell fire. Slowly the submarine rose out of the sea, until those on the ship's rail gave a shout. Clearly marked on the conning tower was "U-900." Men poured out, stood by the huge six-inchers. A warning shot across the bow and the "Elsie K's" engines stopped. The captain of the sub shouted through a megaphone.

His guttural tone came to the steamer, "What is your cargo?" MacDonald skipper of the tramp smiled grimly. He'd waited many months for this moment, and now it was here!

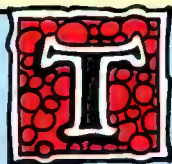
"Butter, eggs and meat," MacDonald shouted back, "but you'll not get a bit of it." A yell went up from the U-Boat when they heard this for they had been at sea nearly nine weeks, eating out of cans, and they howled in anticipation of a feast.

The U-900's commander lifted his megaphone to his lips. "If you scuttle your ship, I'll gun every man of you. Stand by for a boarding party."

Over the side of the sub went a rubber boat, and the men paddled to the "Elsie K." The crew, looking glum, said nothing but threw a ladder over the side, and the sub men climbed aboard. Captain MacDonald stepped forward.

"You dirty huns—," but that was as far as he got, for one of the boche slammed him with a rifle butt. He turned to the crew.

By MICKEY SPILLANE



THE RAIDER CREW decided to fill up on stolen cargo, but they got more than their stomachs could hold!

"SHOW me your hold." Under threat of the guns, they led the way down the ladder to the hold, with its precious contents. The Germans came back grinning. They could hardly wait to sink their teeth in the stolen meat after so long a diet of beans, fish, and tinned beef. The sailor in charge signalled to the U-Boat, and slowly that great monster of modern warfare swung about and came along side the steamer. The crew of the "Elsie K" gasped when they saw it up close. It was bigger than the tramp by fifteen feet at both ends, and the conning tower was flush with her deck! The two guns were snouts of destruction, and a catapult meant they must even have a small scouting plane inside that fish hull! The U-900's commander came up the ladder and laughed at MacDonald, sprawled on the deck, and bleeding from the head. The skipper looked up, his eyes flashing fire. "He laughs best who laughs last."

"Not this time, Captain," he said curling his lip. "Tell your crew to take to the boats. My men will unload your cargo."

"I hope you choke on it!" The sub's officer kicked MacDonald viciously in the ribs.

"Hurry," he roared, "I do not like it to be kept waiting!"

THE skipper climbed painfully to his feet. His crew was mad and the sub men sensed it. Then the commander looked at them. "I don't advise anything rash, pigs—I would gladly shoot you all, but since you are making me a present of such a fine dinner, Von Hultner is feeling very merciful. Take to your boats, dogs! I give you three minutes to be away!"

The crew looked at MacDonald. The wiry Scotchman seemed beaten. He nodded to his men, and they jumped into action, began lowering the lifeboats away. As the boats rode away, the skipper raised his fist. From the deck the Germans could not see his smile.

"You'll regret this, Nazi scum," but no one on board heard him, so concerned were they with getting the cargo of the "Elsie K" on the submarine. Had anyone noticed them, it would have seemed peculiar, for the sailors in the boats, 2000 miles from land in a hopeless position, were pulling hard on the oars, rowing as fast as they could with no place to go—and the skipper glancing at his watch so often.

Then it came—an ear-bursting blast of fire and smoke! Debris rained down in fine powdered pieces, so terrific was the explosion. The sea was churned into a frenzy of foam! From a mile off the skipper and crew of the "Elsie K" watched and laughed.

They pulled back to where the steamer and sub were, but once more the ocean was calm, and except for a great oil slick and some scattered life preservers, there was no sign of the U-900.

About four hours later they were picked up by a convoy and when news got around that the undersea devil was no more, there were shouts of joy on all the Navy ships.

"How did you manage it?" someone asked MacDonald.

"Easy," he smiled, "easy." "We knew he'd come along side for that supply of fresh food, and we had the "Elsie K" loaded with explosives and a time mechanism to blow her to bits when she did. Funny part of it was . . . our cargo was bricks, with only a few crates of grub to fool them with!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF
AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Sub Mariner Comics, published quarterly at
Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1941.
State of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State
and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abra-
ham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn
according to law, deposes and says that he is the
Business Manager of the Sub Mariner Comics
and that the following is, to the best of his knowl-
edge and belief, a true statement of the ownership,
management (and if a daily paper, the circulation),
etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown
in the above caption, required by the Act of
August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal
Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of
this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher,
editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St.
N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330
W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Abraham
Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation,
its name and address must be stated and also
immediately thereunder the names and addresses
of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or
more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a
corporation the names and addresses of the
individual owners must be given. If owned by a
firm, company, or other unincorporated concern,
its name and address, as well as those of each
individual member, must be given.)
Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.;
Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

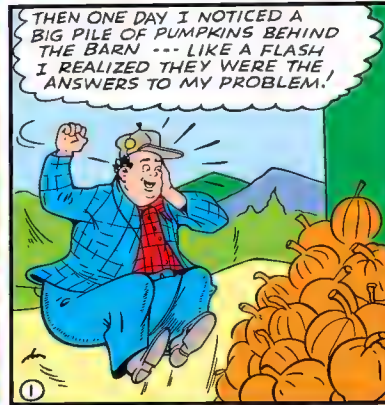
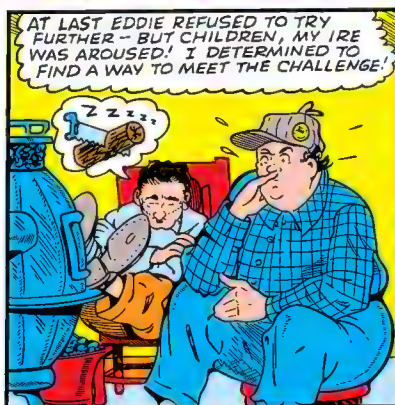
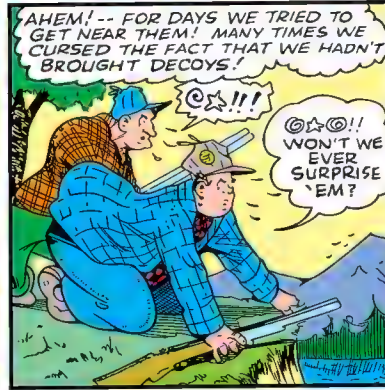
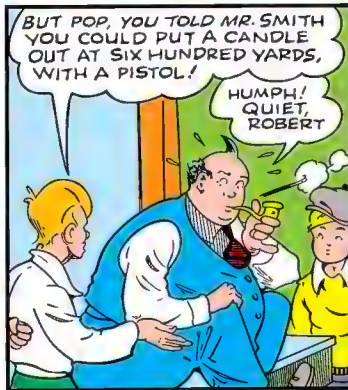
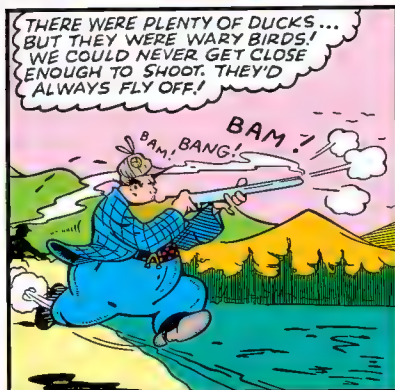
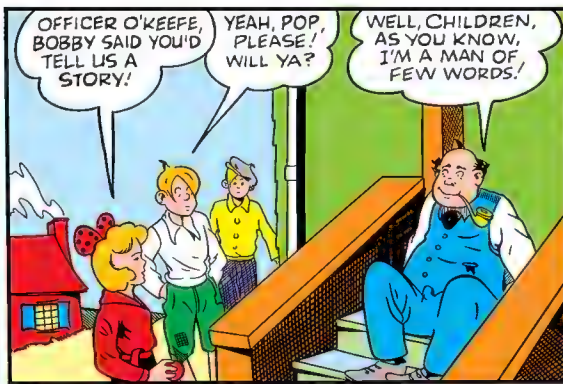
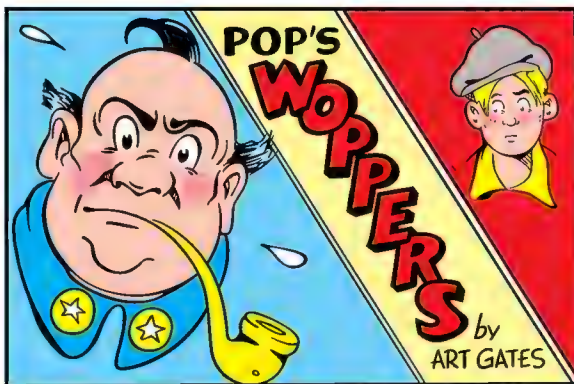
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees,
and other security holders owning or holding 1 per
cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages,
or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

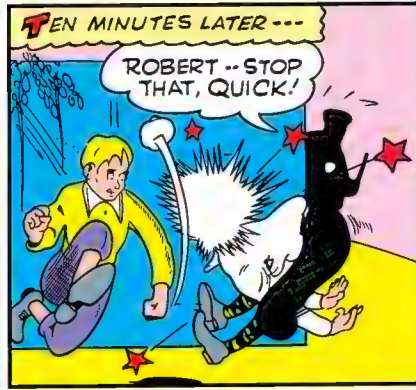
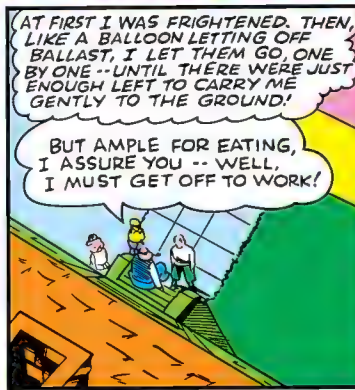
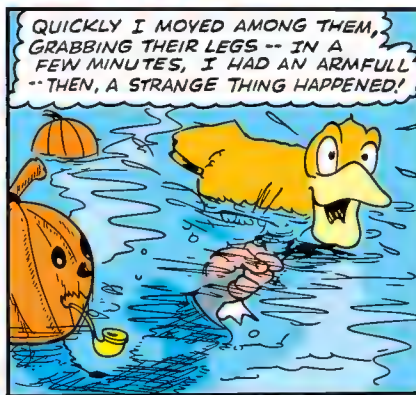
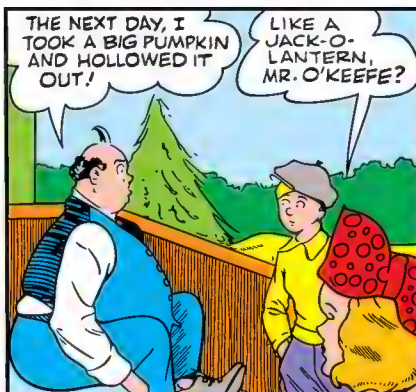
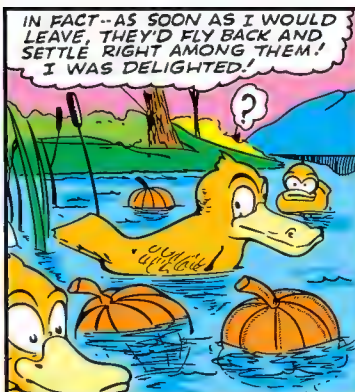
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving
the names of the owners, stockholders, and security
holders, if any, contain not only the list of stock-
holders and security holders as they appear upon
the books of the company but also, in cases where
the stockholder or security holder appears upon
the books of the company as trustee or in any
other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or
corporation for whom such trustee is acting is
given; also that the said two paragraphs contain
statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and
belief as to the circumstances and conditions
under which stockholders and security holders
who do not appear upon the books of the company
as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity
other than that of a bona fide owner; and this
affiant has no reason to believe that any other
person, association, or corporation has any interest
direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other
securities than as so stated by him.

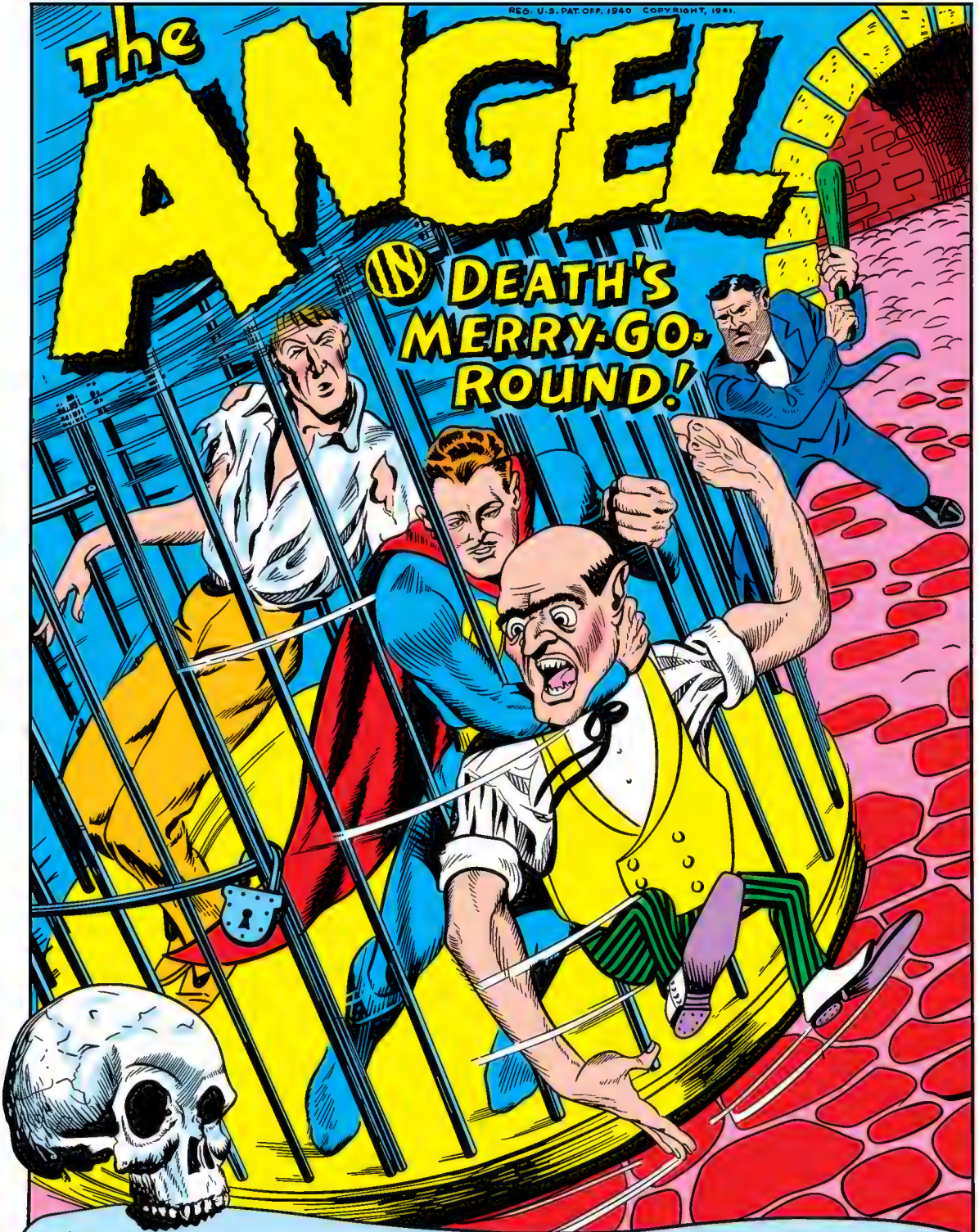
(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day
of September, 1941.

(SEAL) BERNARD ARBITAL.
(My Commission expires March 30, 1943.)



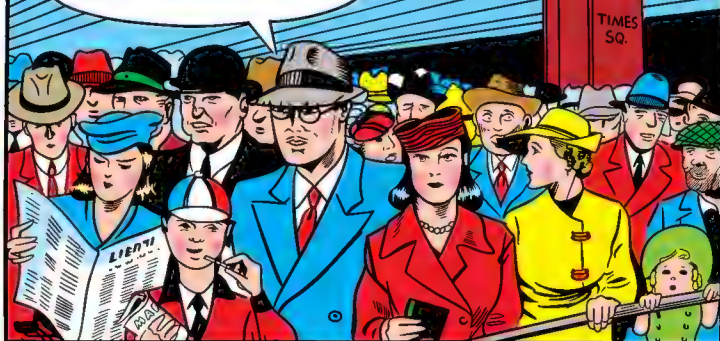




SOMEONE LAUGHED! --IT WASN'T THE CORPSE!--YOU COULD SEE **THAT** AT A GLANCE!--
AS THE **ANGEL** DID WHEN HE STARED AT THAT PAIN-TWISTED FACE ON THE
WHITE SLAB AT THE MORGUE! SOMEONE LAUGHED, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING
TO LAUGH AT --- UNLESS YOU THINK MURDER'S A JOKING MATTER!

TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION --- A RUSH-HOUR CROWD MILLS ON THE PLATFORMS. IN THE CROWD IS THE **ANGEL**.

GOING INTO A TRAIN
HERE IS LIKE GOING
INTO A SARDINE CAN!

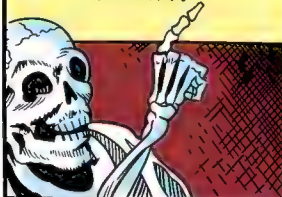


SUDDENLY A CURIOUS SOUND CUTS THROUGH THE CHATTER AND THE SCRAPE OF WHEELS.

YAH..
HA, HA, HA
HA, HA!



AS THE SHRIEK
OF EERIE
LAUGHTER DIES,
A MAN
PLUNGES OFF
THE PLATFORM
INTO THE PATH
OF AN ONCOMING
TRAIN.



I'M GOING
TO FAINT!

LOOK--HE'LL
BE KILLED!

OH!!!

I CAN'T LOOK!
IT--IT'S TOO
HORRIBLE!

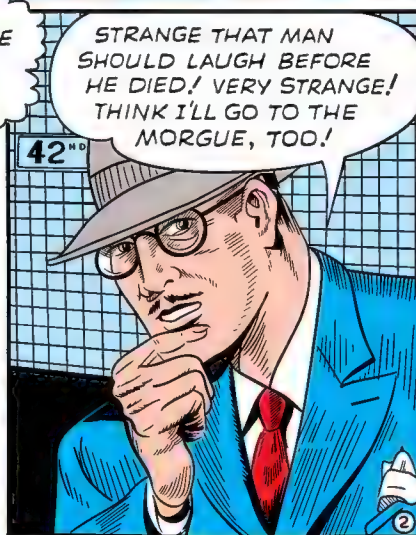
FAST AS I AM,
IT'S TOO LATE
TO SAVE HIM!

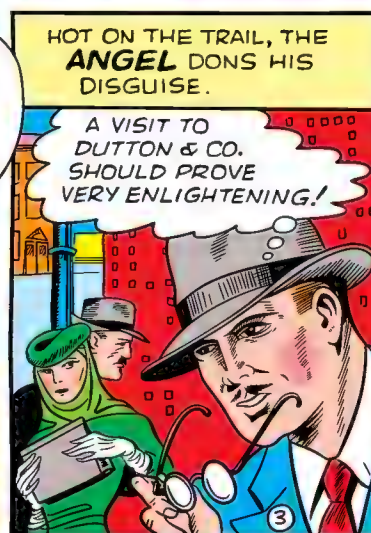
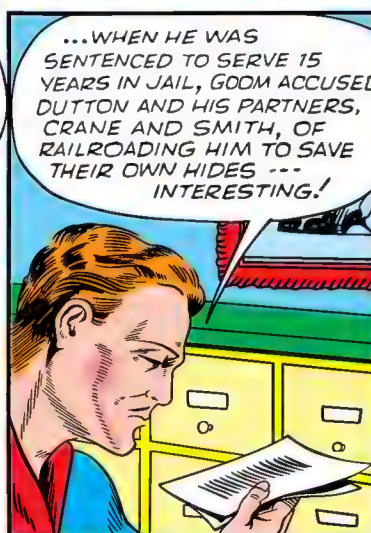
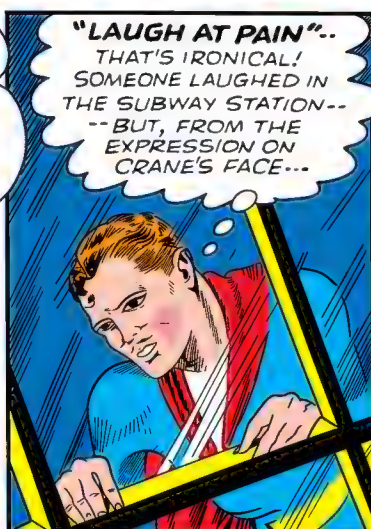
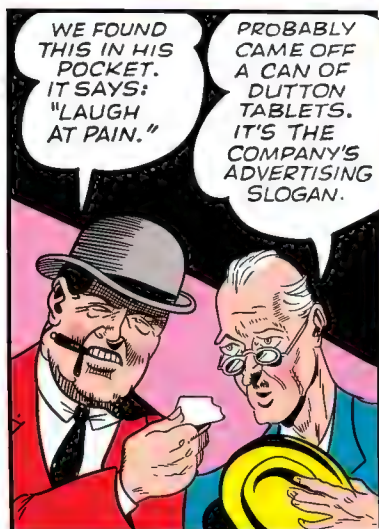
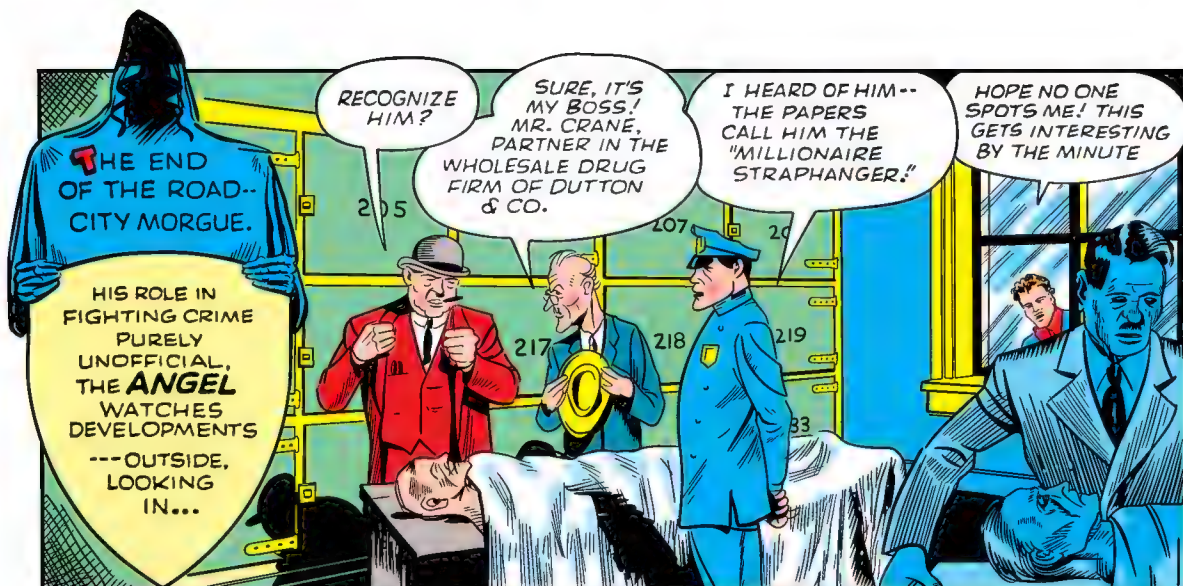
CRUSHED UNDER
THOSE WHEELS!
...UGH!

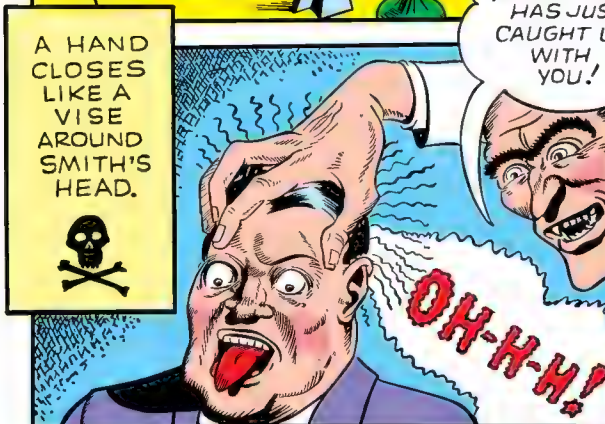
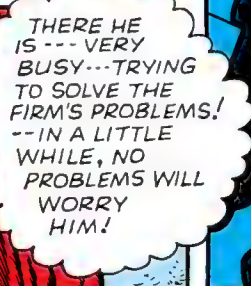
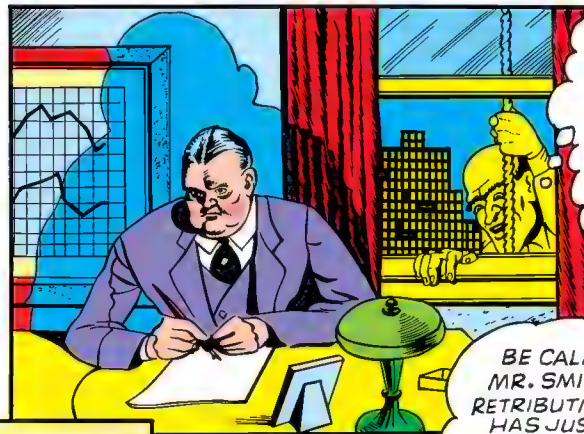
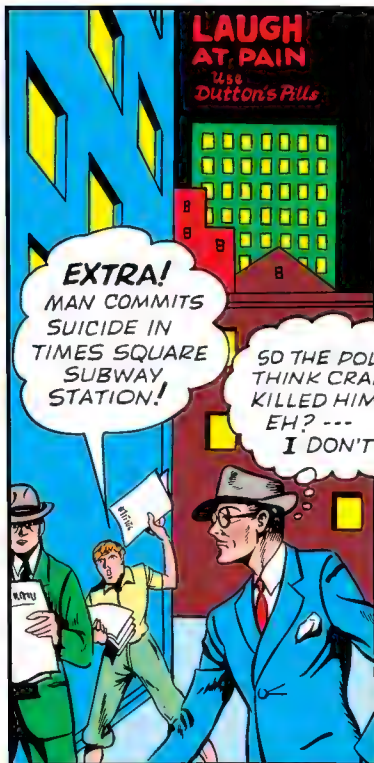
THEY HAD TO
BACK UP THE
TRAIN TO GET
HIM OUT!

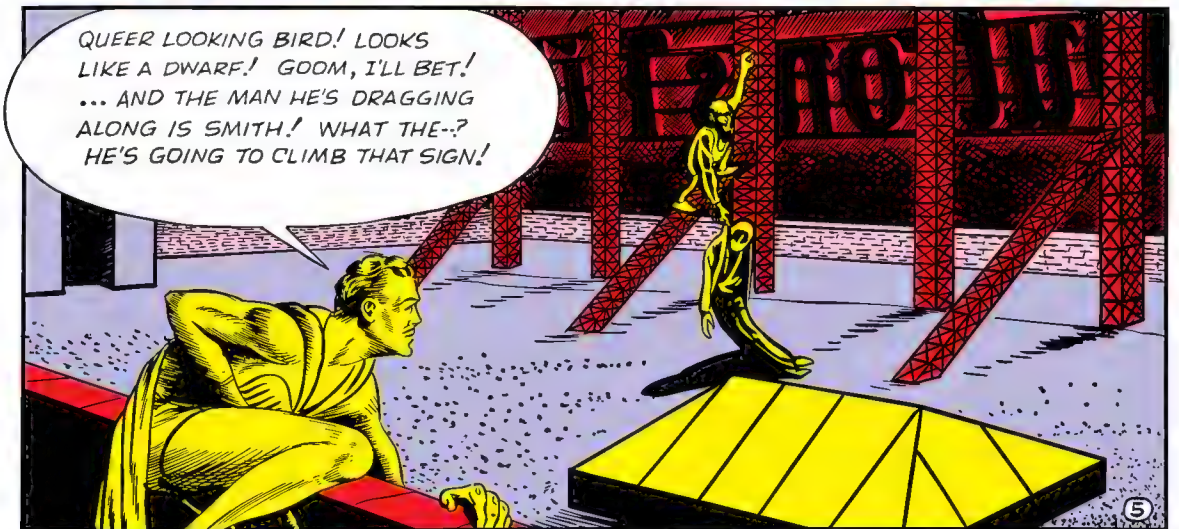
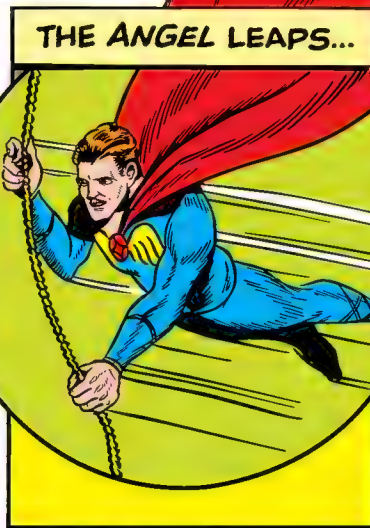
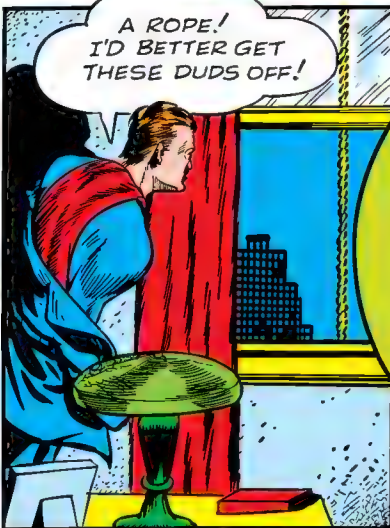
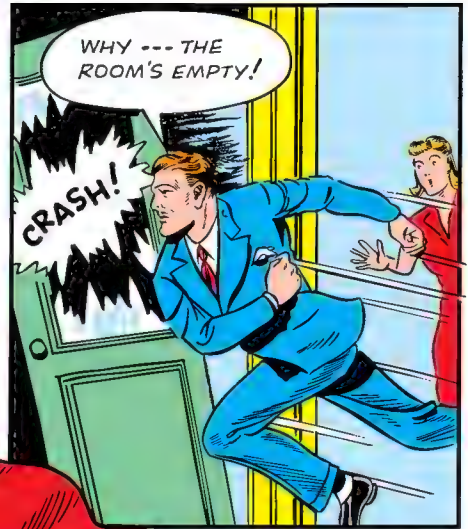
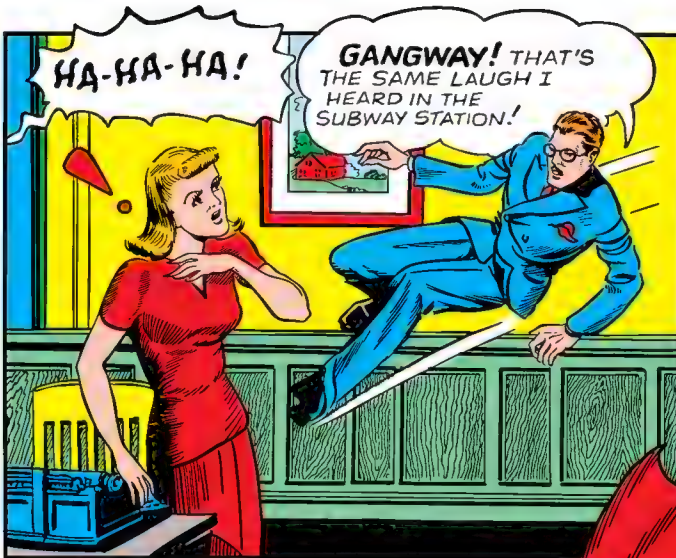
GUESS THEY'RE
GOING TO
THE MORGUE.

STRANGE THAT MAN
SHOULD LAUGH BEFORE
HE DIED! VERY STRANGE!
THINK I'LL GO TO THE
MORGUE, TOO!









POOR SMITH! HE'S PASSED
OUT! HAVE TO REVIVE HIM!
WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO
MISS HIS OWN EXECUTION!
---OHO! ---COMPANY, EH?

TWO'S COMPANY--
BUT THREE
IS A
CROWD!

UP WE
GO!

YEOW!

THAT DISPOSES
OF HIM FOR THE
MOMENT--- NOW
FOR MR. SMITH!

WAKE UP, MR. SMITH, AND LOOK AT ME!
FOR YOU ARE LOOKING **DEATH**
IN THE FACE! YA--YA--HA--HA!

AGHRRR!

AI-YI-IEE!

SMACK!

THE LITTLE MONSTER GRABS A ROPE TIED TO ONE OF THE GIRDERS.

HA, HA! DID YOU SHOW ME MERCY? DID YOU? NO! NO!

HAVE MERCY, GOOM, --MERCY!

LAUGH AT PAIN
Use Dutton's Pills



WE'LL MAKE THIS NOOSE GOOD AND TIGHT! HA! IT HURTS, EH?

EEEE-E-E!



THIS'LL RELIEVE THE PAIN --- ONE OF DUTTON'S PAIN-KILLING PILLS!



SUDDENLY--- GOOM HURLS SMITH OUT INTO SPACE! ---THE ROPE TIGHTENS!

LAUGH AT PAIN!
HA! HA! THAT'S EASY! --- BUT CAN YOU LAUGH AT DEATH! THERE ISN'T A PILL MADE THAT CAN MAKE YOU DO THAT! GO AHEAD!... LAUGH! LAUGH!

AYIEE-EE!

LAUGH AT PAIN
Use Dutton's Pills



HOW QUIET MR. SMITH IS! -- NOT A PEEP OUT OF HIM! NOW TO THAT GENTLEMAN WITH THE CLOAK!



POLICE, SUMMONED BY OFFICE WORKERS, SOON ARRIVE...

LOOK! A GUY HANGING FROM THE SIGN--AND THE KILLER COMING DOWN!



A POLICE GUN FLAMES
BUT GOOM NIMBLY
DODGES THE BULLET ---

TRY AGAIN!...
IF YOU GET
THE CHANCE!

BANG!

ZING!

WHAT
THE--?

BACK
YOU GO!

NOW THAT'S WHAT
I CALL A GRACEFUL
SOMERSAULT!

YAH, YAH!
HA, HA, HA!

O-O-DOOF!

YEOWEE!

MY JAW! THAT
LITTLE GUY CAN
KICK! WHAT THE--?
HE'S GONE! GUESS HE'S
THE ONE WHO BOWLED
OVER THOSE COPS!

IS
MR. DUTTON
HOME?

TWO DEAD--
AND I'LL BET
THE THIRD TO DIE
IS DUTTON! I'VE
GOT TO WARN
HIM!

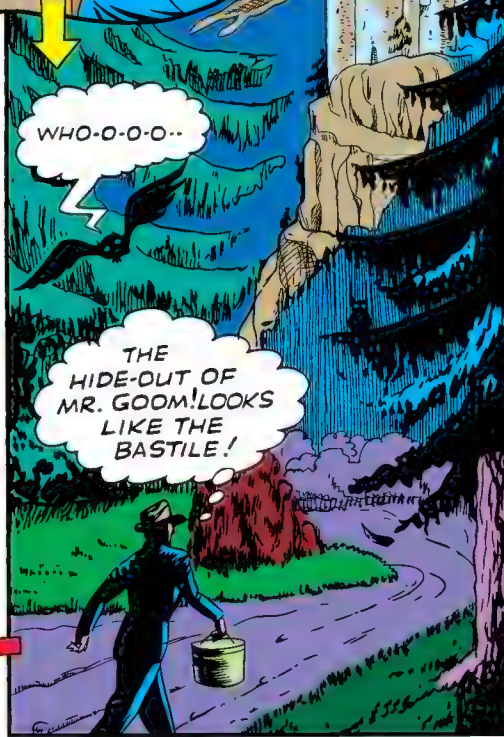
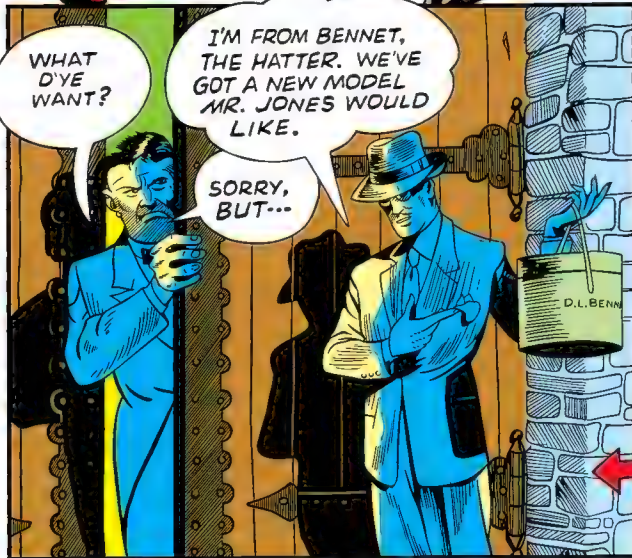
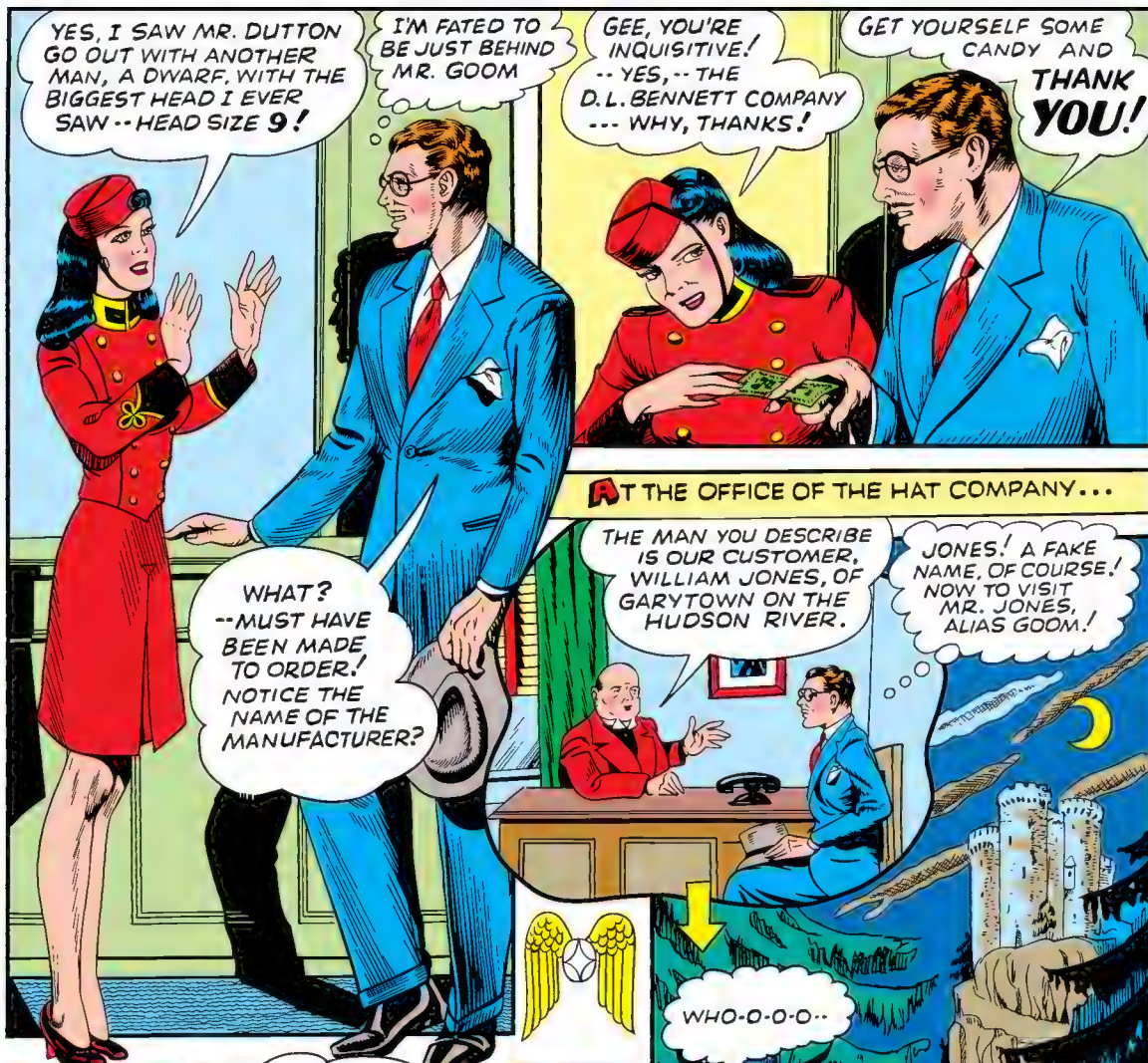
THE
ANGEL!

WE HAVEN'T SEEN
HIM IN TWO DAYS!
MAYBE HE'S AT
THE **ROUNDERS**
CLUB.

RESUMING HIS DISGUISE,
THE **ANGEL** PROCEEDS
TO DUTTON'S CLUB...

HOPE I BEAT GOOM
HERE! IF NOT, IT'S
PROBABLY CURTAINS
FOR DUTTON!

ROUNDERS
CLUB





--MY MASTER'S
INDISPOSED!

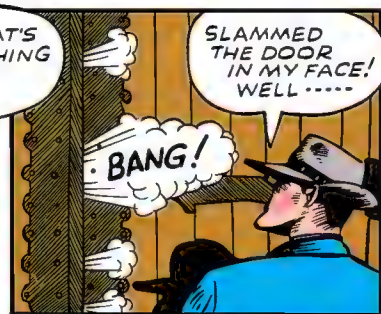
TOO BAD..
SAY, WHAT'S
THAT?

AYI YIEE...



GET OUTTA
HERE! I TOLD
YA HE WASN'T
FEELIN' GOOD...

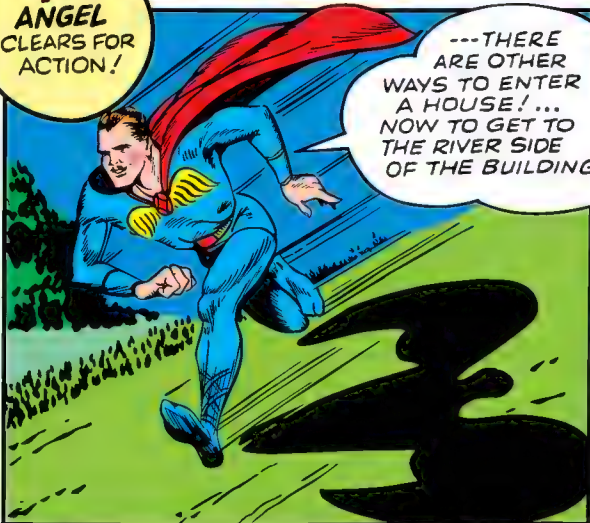
YAH..
HA, HA...



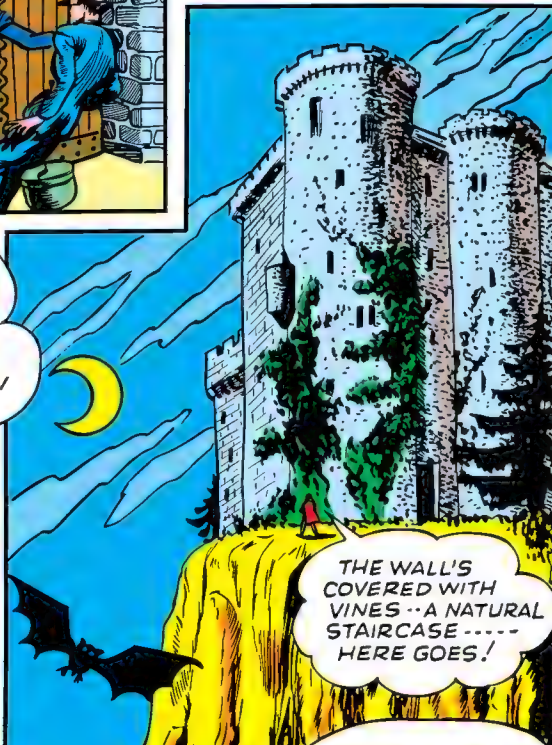
SLAMMED
THE DOOR
IN MY FACE!
WELL

BANG!

**THE
ANGEL**
CLEARS FOR
ACTION!



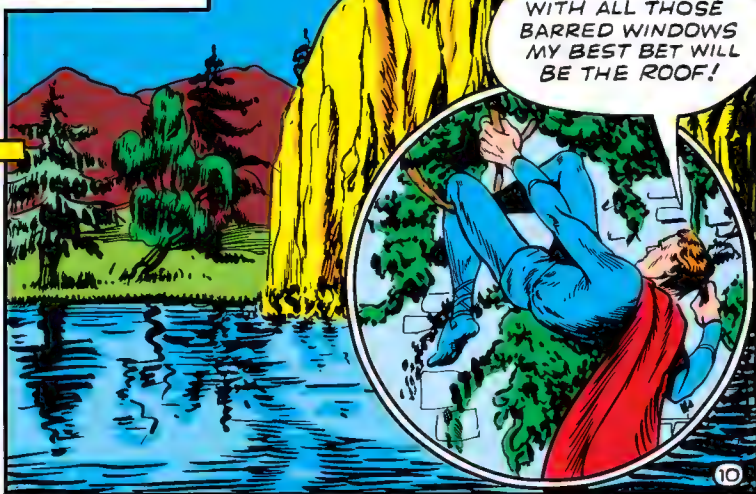
---THERE
ARE OTHER
WAYS TO ENTER
A HOUSE!...
NOW TO GET TO
THE RIVER SIDE
OF THE BUILDING!



THE WALL'S
COVERED WITH
VINES --A NATURAL
STAIRCASE ----
HERE GOES!



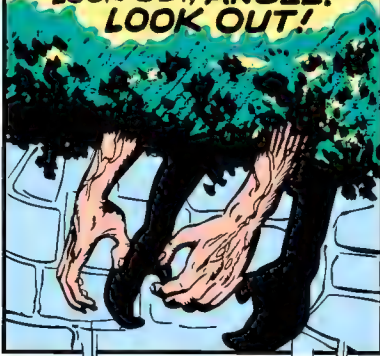
BOY! THE VINE GROWTH
CERTAINLY IS THICK
UP THERE!



WITH ALL THOSE
BARRIED WINDOWS
MY BEST BET WILL
BE THE ROOF!

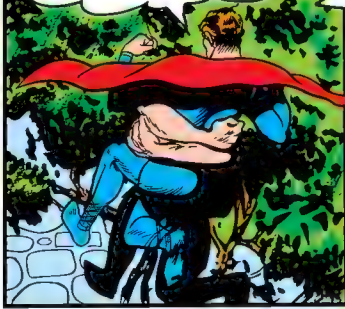


AS THE ANGEL
ASCENDS, TWO
APE-LIKE ARMS
EMERGE FROM
THE THICK TANGLE
ABOVE HIM!
LOOK OUT, **ANGEL!**
LOOK OUT!



LIKE PINCERS,
THE ARMS CLOSE
WITH CRUSHING
FORCE AROUND
THE **ANGEL'S** BODY!

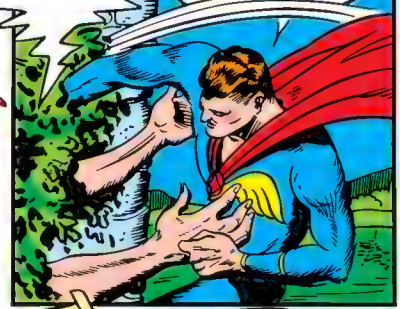
WHAT THE--?
WOW-W-W-W!



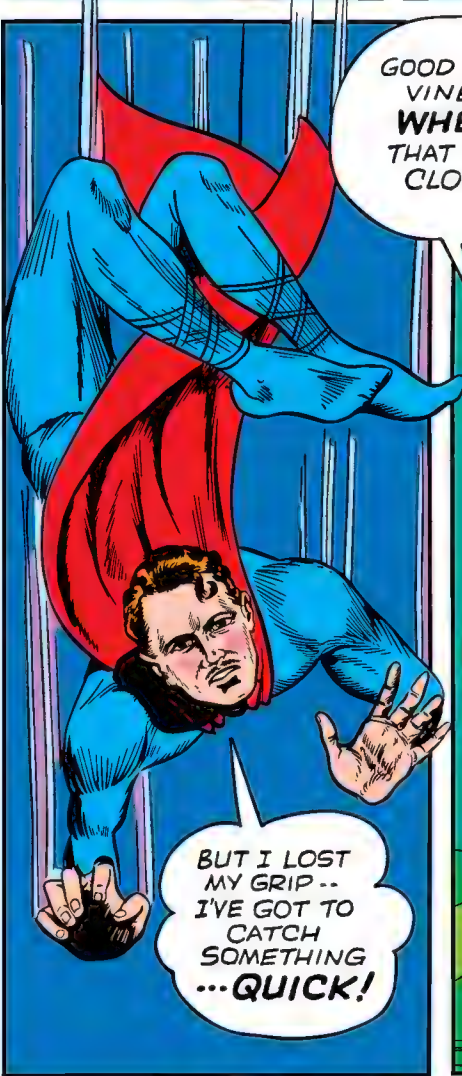
THE ANGEL DRIVES HIS
FIST INTO THE MIDST
OF THE TANGLE!

RIGHT ON THE
SCHNOZZLE!
THAT BROKE
HIS HOLD!

YEOW!



GOOD OLD
VINE!
WHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!



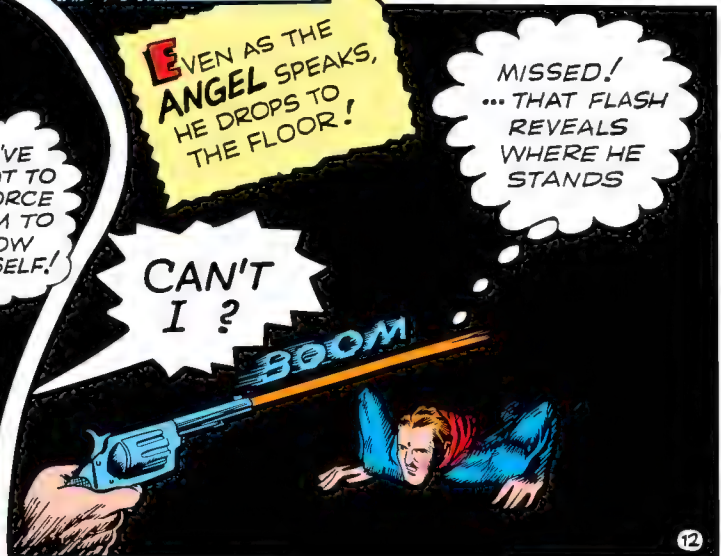
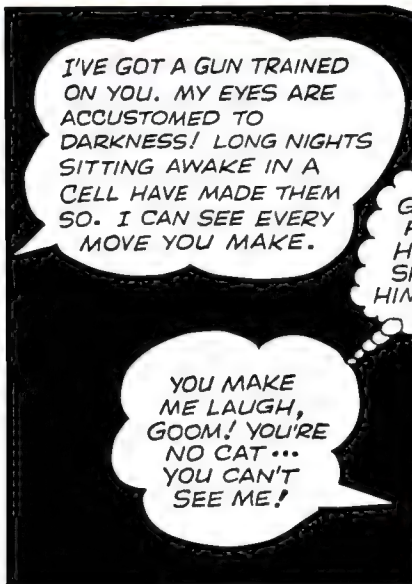
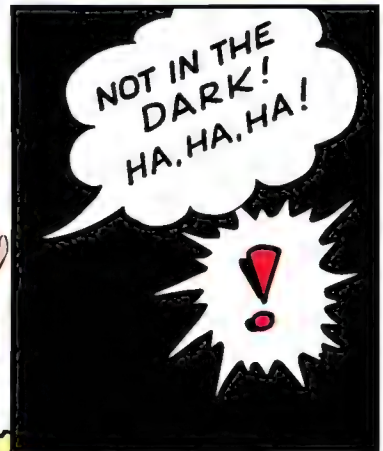
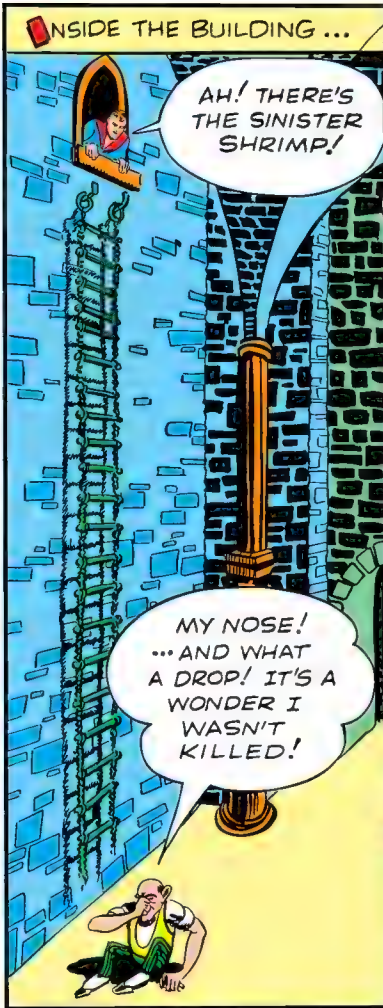
BUT I LOST
MY GRIP..
I'VE GOT TO
CATCH
SOMETHING
...**QUICK!**

HE
QUICKLY
CLIMBS
UPWARD...

THIS TANGLE
CONCEALS
A HOLE IN
THE WALL.

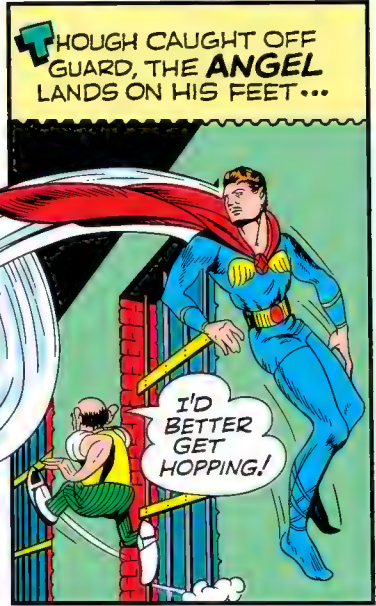
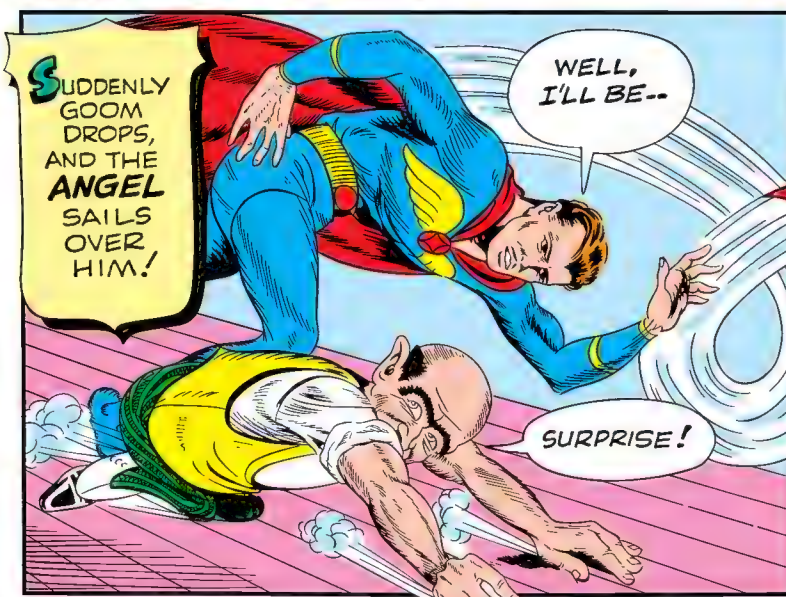
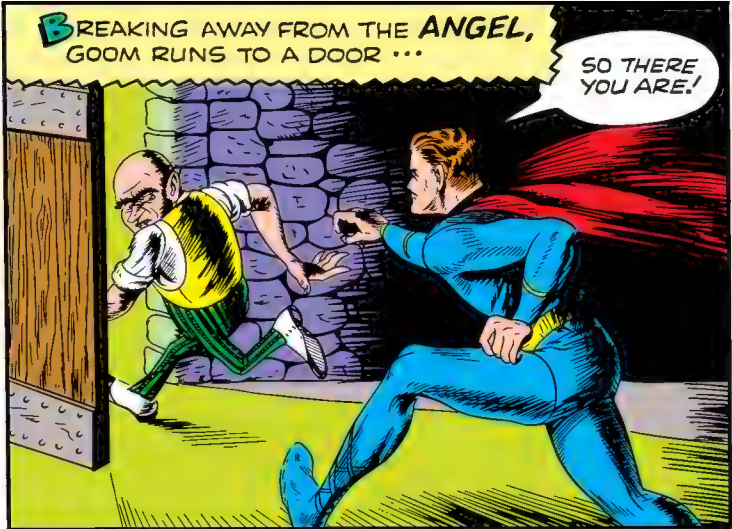


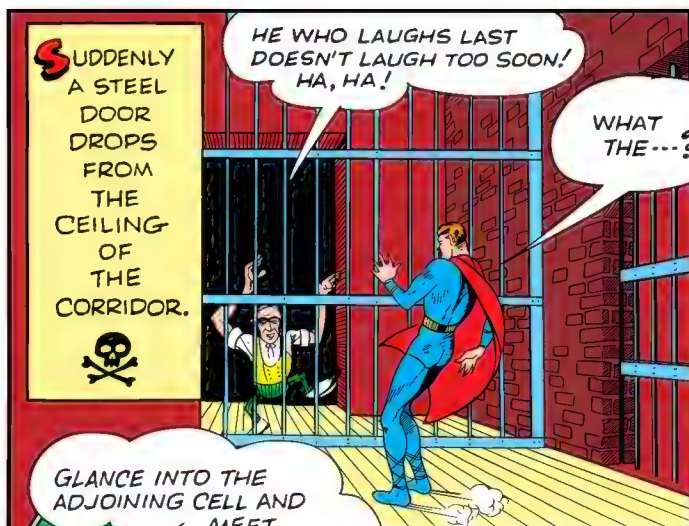
NOT A BAD
WAY TO PAY
MY RESPECTS
TO MR. GOOM!



THE **ANGEL** FLINGS HIMSELF THROUGH THE DARKNESS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GUN-FLAME AND POUNCES ON GOOM ...

BIFF! BANG! HELP! SOCK! LEGGO! DROP THAT GUN!





HE WHO LAUGHS LAST DOESN'T LAUGH TOO SOON! HA, HA!

WHAT THE...?

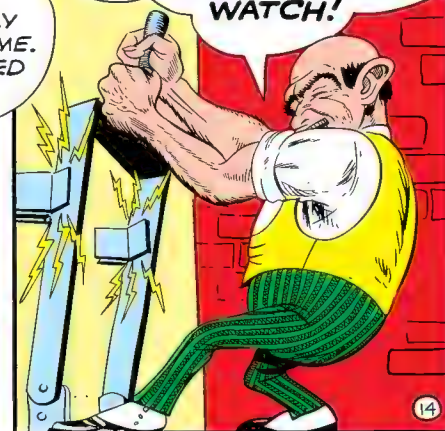


HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S GONE THROUGH HADES.

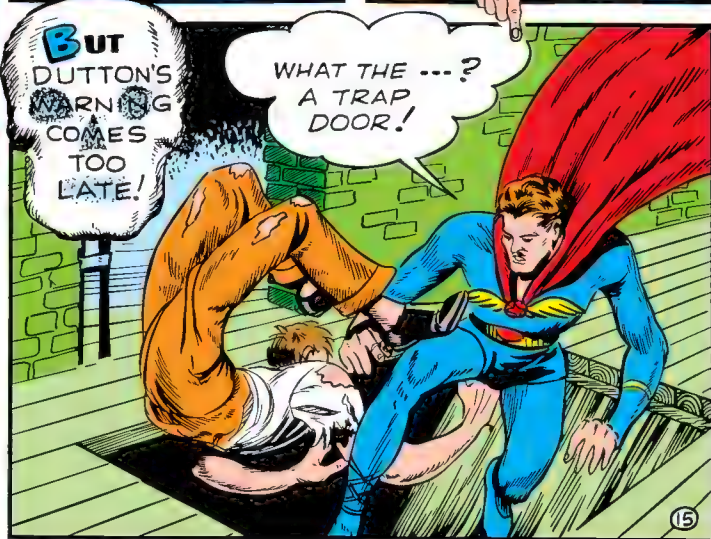
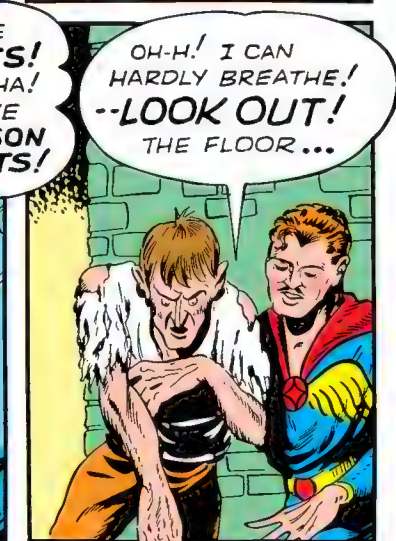
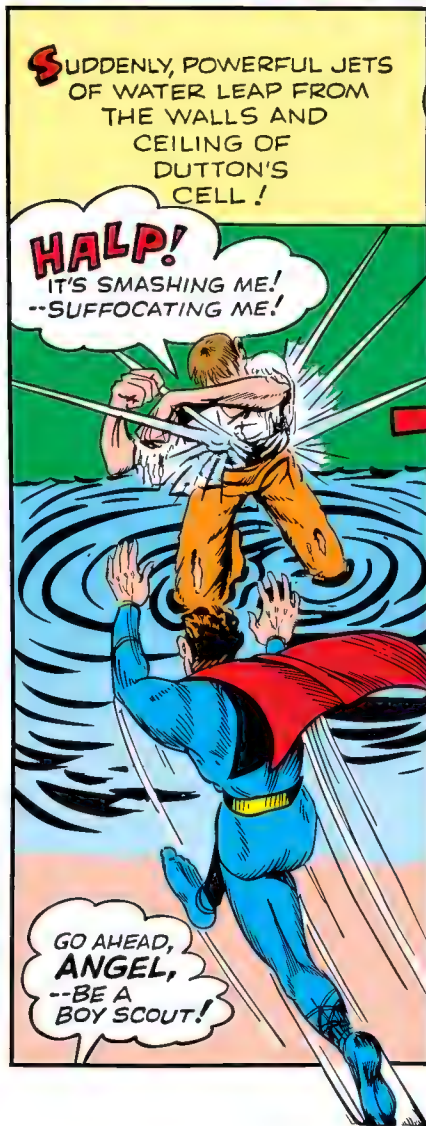
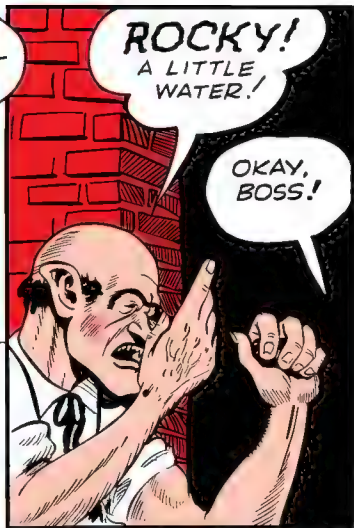
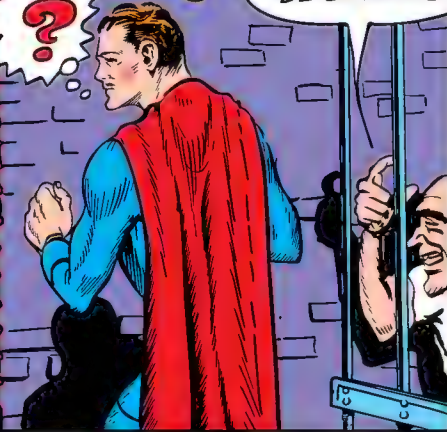


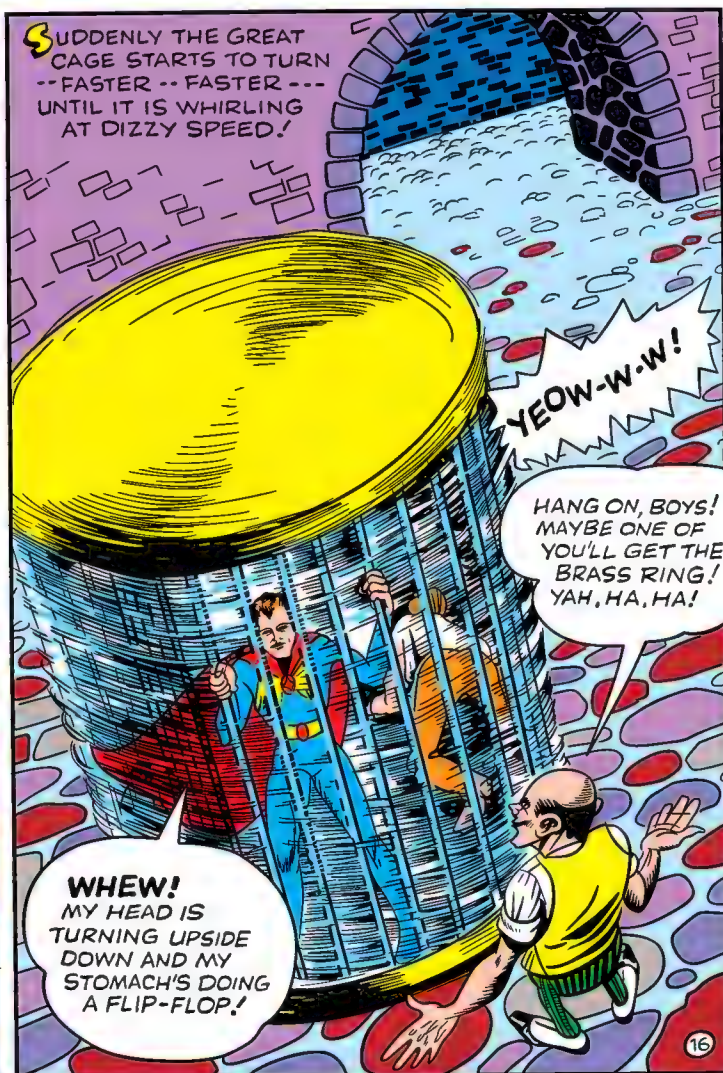
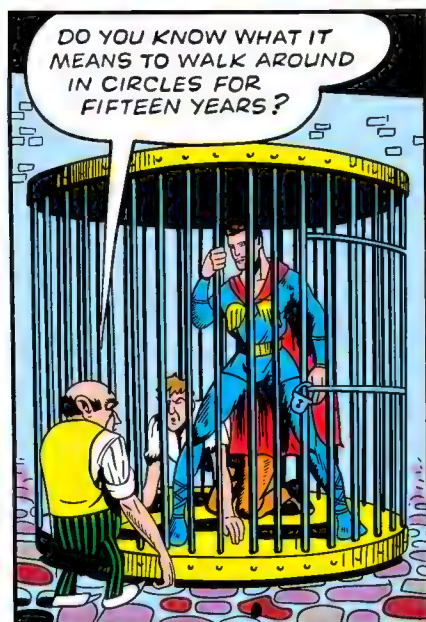
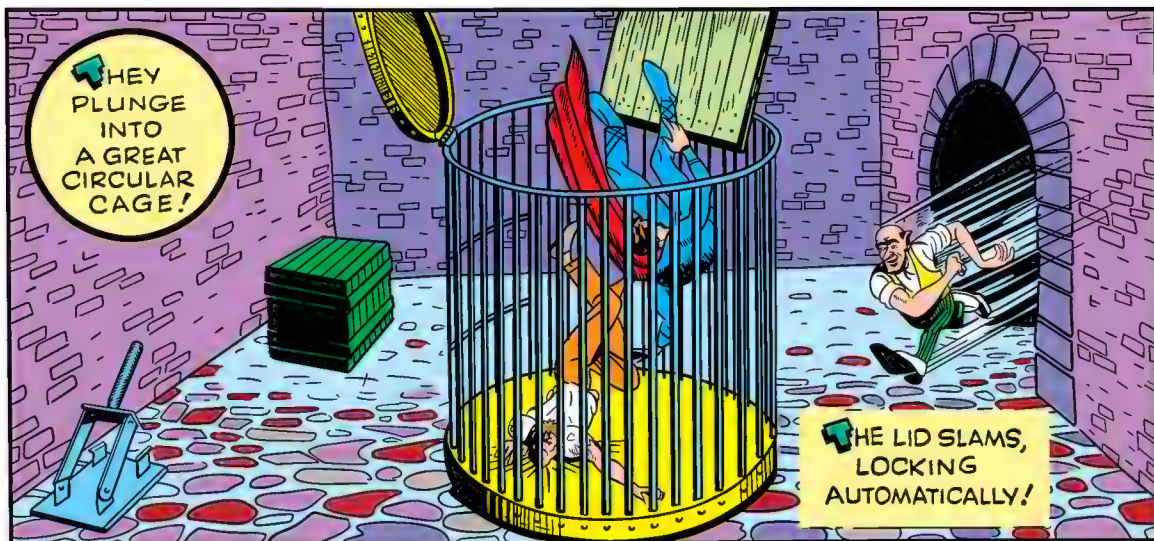
HE WAS THE RINGLEADER OF THE FRAME-UP. --- YES, I WAS AS GUILTY AS THE OTHERS-- BUT HE DELIBERATELY SACRIFICED ME. HE PLANNED IT!

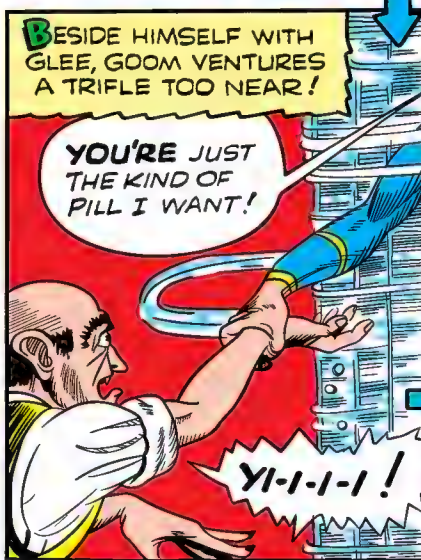
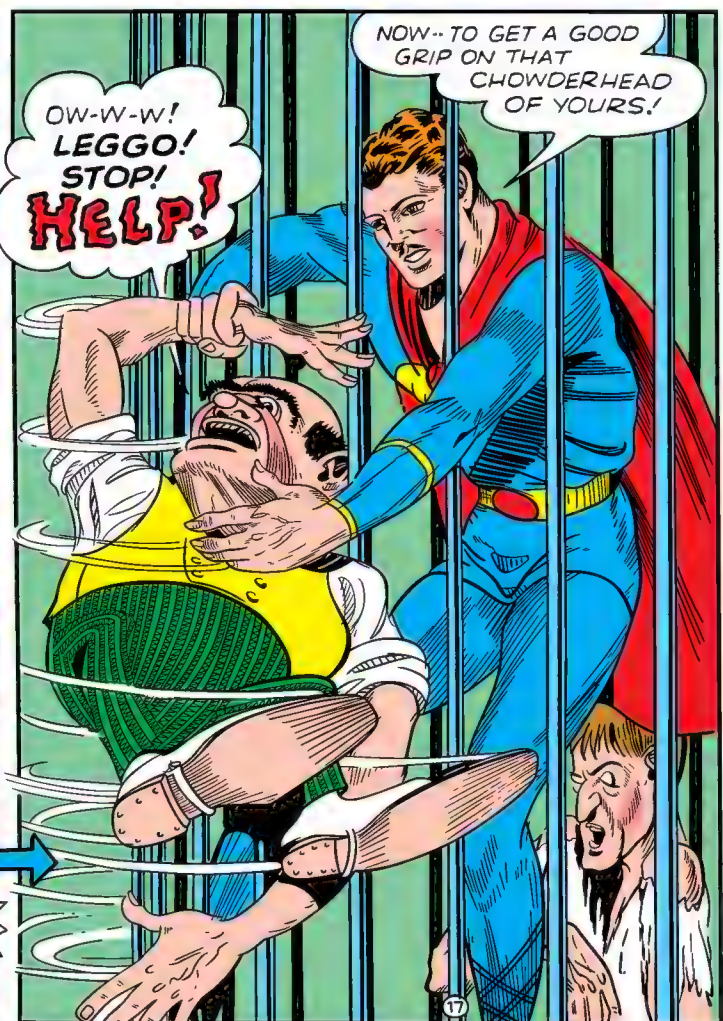
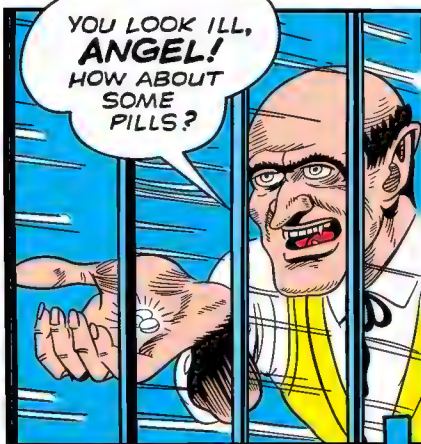
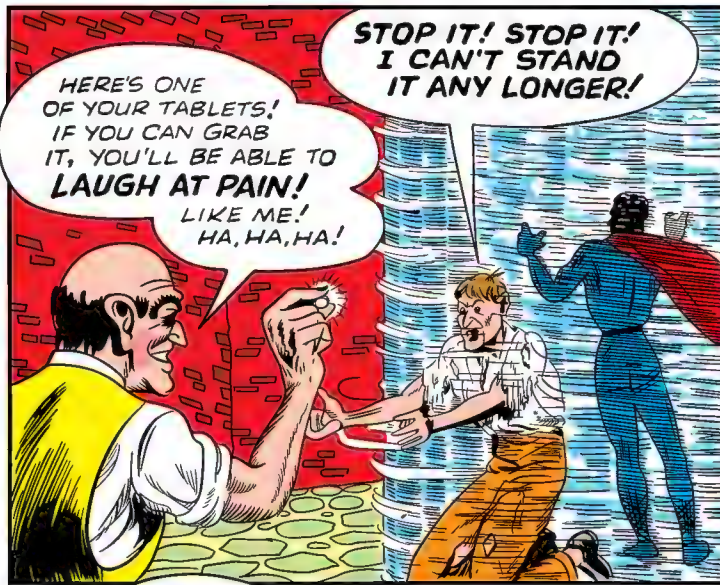
AS YOU'LL NOTE, THIS PLACE IS FITTED OUT LIKE A PRISON... HA, HA, HA! WE EVEN HAVE AN EXECUTION CHAMBER WHICH WILL BE USED NEXT WEEK! --- BUT FIRST, SOME FUN ----- **WATCH!**

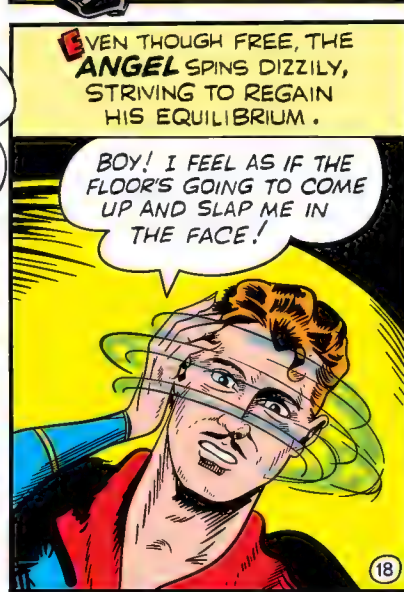
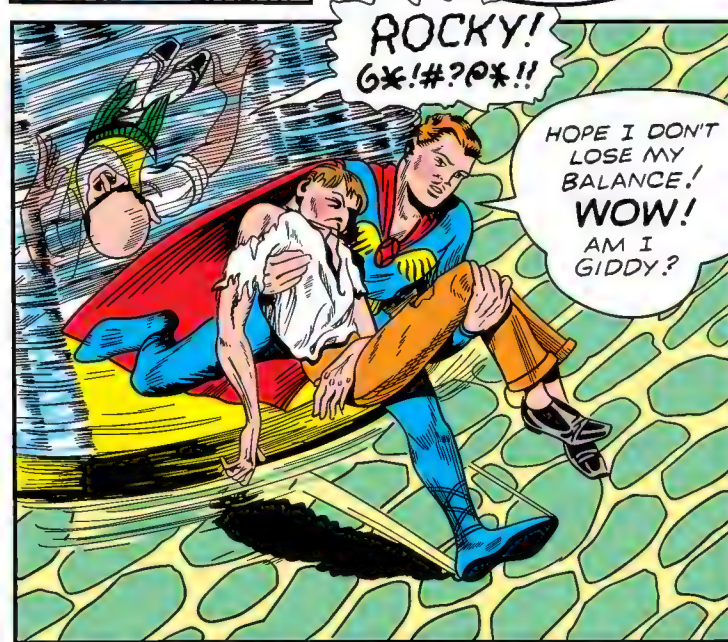
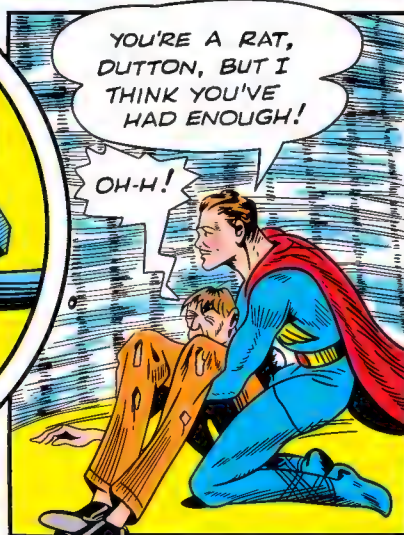
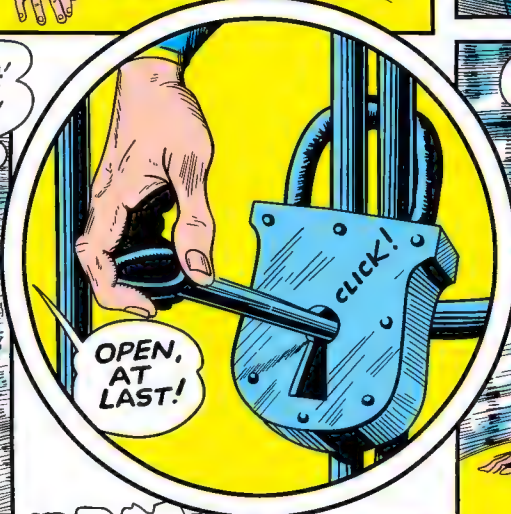
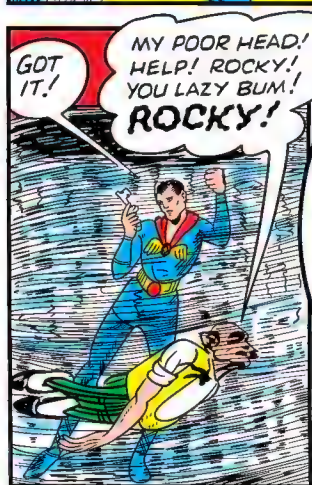
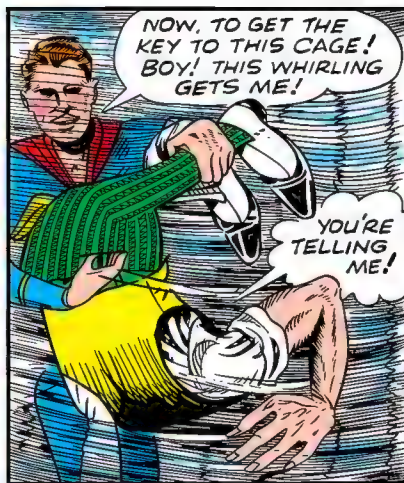
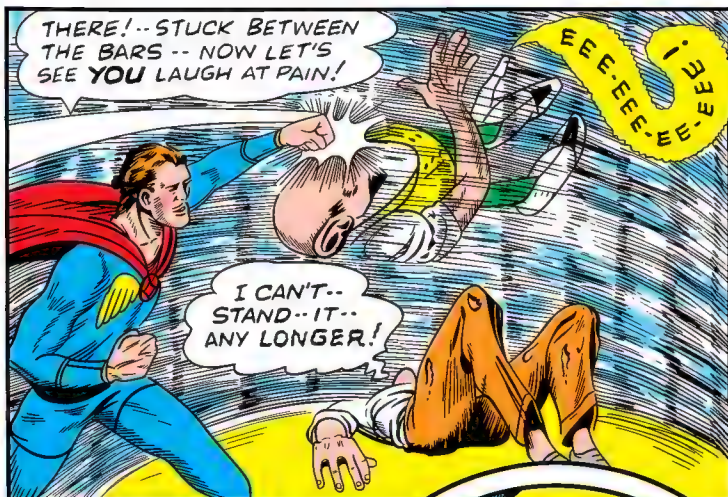


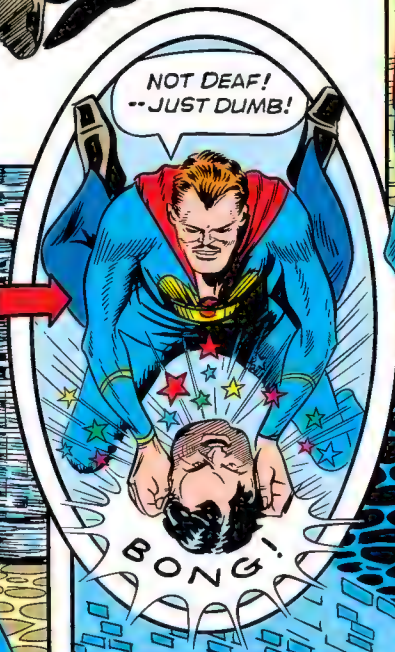
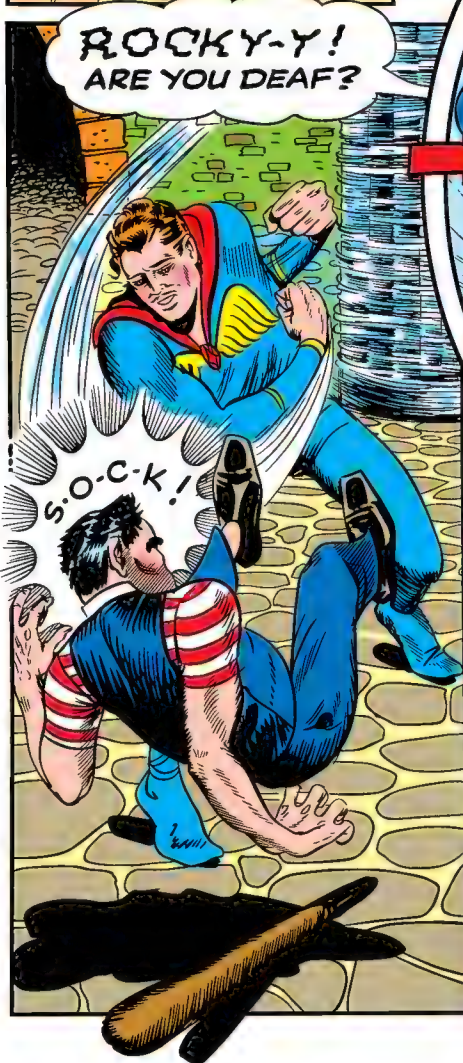
THE DOOR SEPARATING DUTTON AND THE ANGEL SLIDES OPEN ...



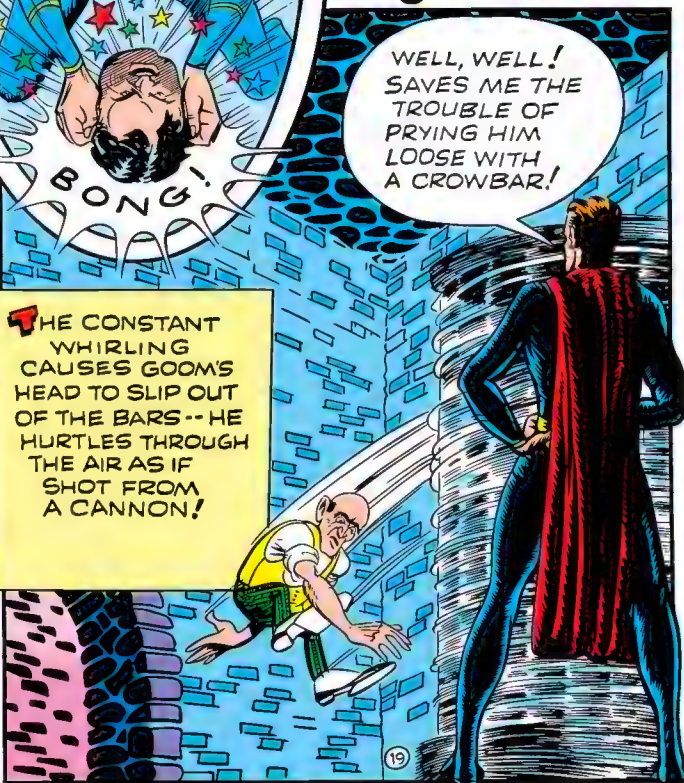


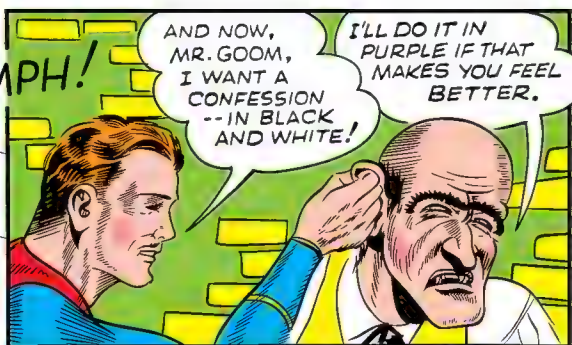
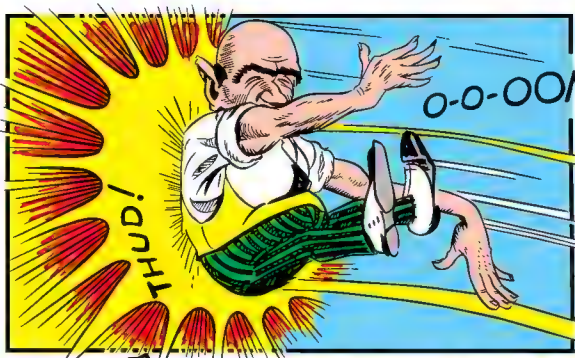






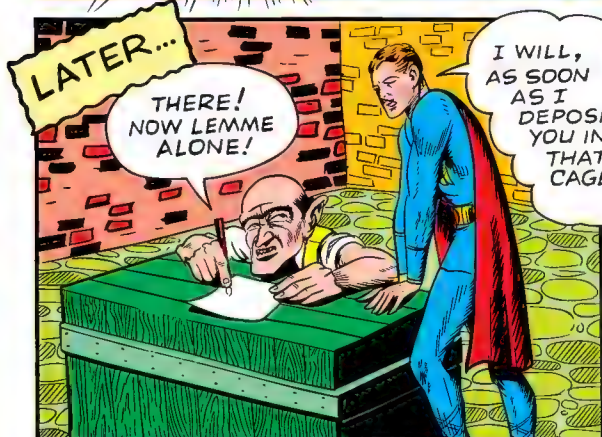
THE CONSTANT WHIRLING CAUSES GOOM'S HEAD TO SLIP OUT OF THE BARS-- HE HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR AS IF SHOT FROM A CANNON!





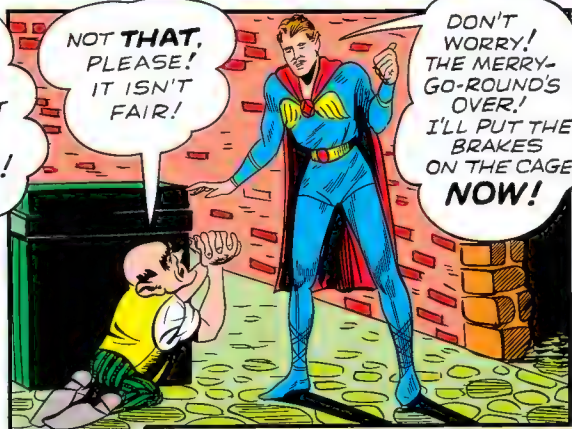
AND NOW, MR. GOOM, I WANT A CONFESSION -- IN BLACK AND WHITE!

I'LL DO IT IN PURPLE IF THAT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER.



THERE! NOW LEMME ALONE!

I WILL, AS SOON AS I DEPOSIT YOU IN THAT CAGE!



NOT THAT, PLEASE! IT ISN'T FAIR!

DON'T WORRY! THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'S OVER! I'LL PUT THE BRAKES ON THE CAGE! NOW!



HOLDING GOOM WITH ONE HAND, THE **ANGEL** THROWS THE OTHER TWO MEN INTO THE CAGE, THEN

WELL, I'VE GOT ONE SATISFACTION... DUTTON WILL ACCOMPANY ME BACK TO JAIL!

YES, BUT NOT TO THE HOT SEAT!-- GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE WARDEN!



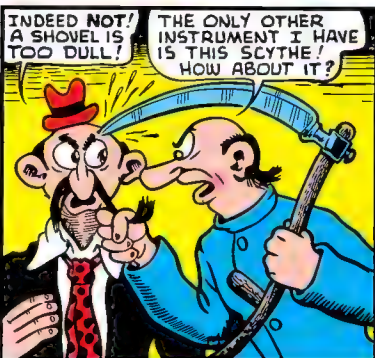
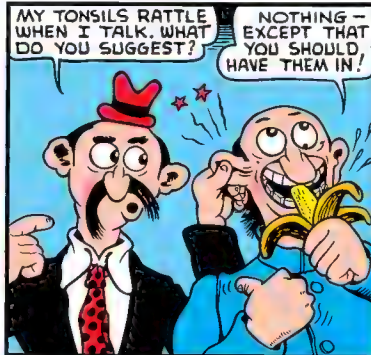
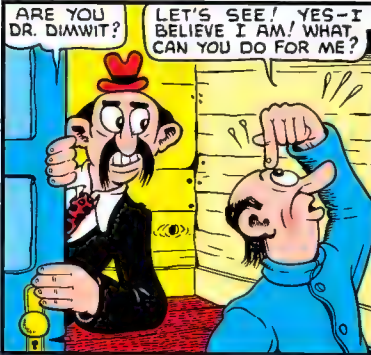
AFTER LOCKING UP THE CAGE AND NOTIFYING THE POLICE, THE **ANGEL** DEPARTS -- BUT HIS SHADOW SEEMS TO LINGER ON! ...

YESSIR! **THE ANGEL** CASTS HIS SHADOW ACROSS THE PATH OF CRIME AGAIN IN THE NEXT **MARVEL COMICS!**



DR. DIMWIT

by
BASIL
WOLVERTON



FLAMING

TO THE FRONT!

OUT FRONT-

FOR THRILLS...MYSTERY
EXCITEMENT AND ACTION!

OUT FRONT-

IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND -

HUMAN TORCH

COMICS NO. 6

THE MOST THRILLING COMIC MAGAZINE TO HIT THE NEWSSTANDS WILL BE YOURS WHEN YOU ASK FOR HUMAN TORCH COMICS NO. 6!

NOT ONLY IS THIS ISSUE CRAMMED FULL OF HUMAN TORCH ADVENTURES BUT ALSO FEATURES 20 RAPID-FIRE PAGES OF THE EXPLOITS OF THE FIGHTING, UNDER-SEA

SUB MARINER!

**WATCH
FOR**

THIS SENSATIONAL ISSUE ON SALE SOON!

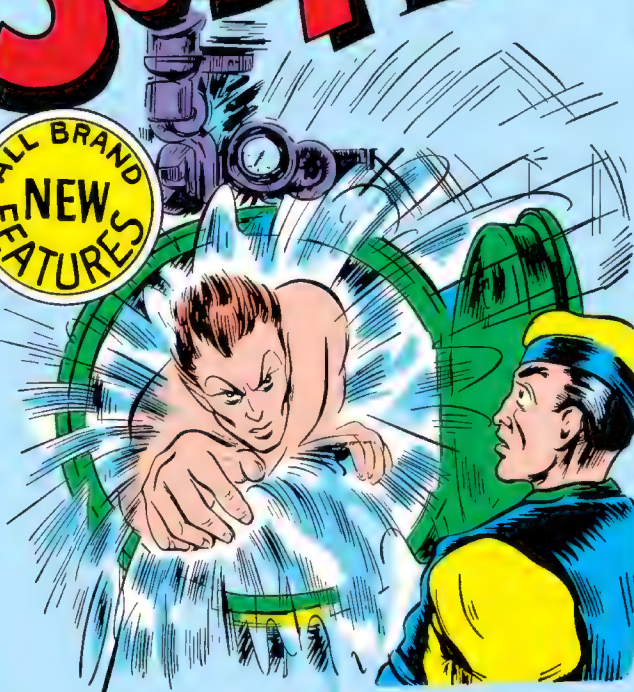
Sub-Mariner Comics #1 house ad
from Marvel Mystery Comics #18 (April 1941)

Ohoy Mates -

Spring Issue No.1.

SUB-MARINER

ALL BRAND
NEW
FEATURES



*coming
at you
like a*
TORPEDO
the
ONE AND ONLY
SUB-MARINER

FEATURED IN AN UNDER-SEA
BATTLE, TRAPPED BY RUTH-
LESS ENEMIES, FIGHTING
FOR HIS LIFE!

40 Terrific Pages
OF ACTION.

But that isn't All -

FEATURED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A 20 PAGE **THE ANGEL!**
SUPER EXTRA ACTION YARN IS THAT
RACKET-BUSTING, CRIME-CHASING, FEARLESS CHARACTER →
IN A BRAND-NEW FEATURE SPECIAL IN THIS ISSUE.



YOU ASKED FOR IT-NOW GO AND GET IT-

SUB-MARINER

SPRING ISSUE No.1. **10¢** EVERYWHERE

ON SALE
MARCH
1ST.

Sub-Mariner Comics #1 house ad
from Marvel Mystery Comics #19 (May 1941)

Gangway
HERE IT COMES!
By the Publishers who gave you
The HUMAN TORCH!

The
MAGAZINE
You asked for

All
BRAND
NEW
features

All Aboard
FOR ISSUE No. 1
Don't Miss

THE MOST
UNUSUAL COMIC
MAGAZINE EVER
PUBLISHED

Featuring
SUB
MARINER
and

ANGEL

IN ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE
STORIES OF ACTION



ON
SALE
Now!
Everywhere

You asked for it
Here it is!!
SPRING ISSUE 10¢

Sub-Mariner Comics #2 house ad
from Marvel Mystery Comics #24 (Oct. 1941)

**NOW ON
SALE!**

SUB-MARINER

NO. 2

READ 44 SIZZLING PAGES
OF SUB-MARINER ADVENTURES—PLUS 20 PAGES OF
The ANGEL--

SEE THE SUB-MARINER
HALT A WHOLESOME NAZI
ESCAPE FROM CANADA
TO THE UNITED STATES!

WATCH THE SUB-MARINER
AS HE BATTLES FOR LIFE
A THOUSAND FEET
UNDER THE EARTH!

Also, AS AN EXTRA THRILL
FEATURE, READ THE HAIR-
RAISING TALE OF THE ANGEL
AND THE SLAVES OF THE PYTHON!

GET WISE!

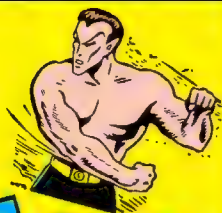
GET SUB-MARINER TODAY!



Sub-Mariner Comics #2 house ad
from Young Allies #1 (Summer 1941)

**BIG
NEW**

SUB-MARINER



SUB-MARINER COMICS

SUMMER ISSUE
No. 2

NO. 2

IS NOW ON SALE!



THRILL

TO THE BLOOD-CURDLING ADVENTURES OF THE MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SEAS IN 40 PAGES OF SLAM-BANG SUB-MARINER ADVENTURES!

ALSO

READ THE AMAZING TALE OF THE **SLAVES OF THE PYTHON** AS THE FIGHT-LOVING **ANGEL** BATTLES THE HUMAN SERPENT IN 20 FULL PAGES OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL COMIC ADVENTURE EVER PRINTED!

AND

**DON'T MISS
YOUR COPY
OF THE NEW**

MYSTIC COMICS

WE DARE YOU TO LOOK BETWEEN THE COVERS OF AMERICA'S MOST EERIE, SPINE-CHILLING COMIC THRILLER!

THE THRILL-A-MINUTE ACTION STORIES ARE FOR REAL, RED-BLOODED YOUTHS WHO LIKE THEIR EXCITEMENT IN LARGE DOSES!

SO GET A COPY AND FOLLOW THE DARING ADVENTURES OF THE **BLACK MARVEL**, **THE TERROR**, **THE BLAZING SKULL**, AND **THE CHALLENGER**—LED BY THE NEWEST AND MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE—**THE MIGHTY DESTROYER**.

COMING EVENTS...

SUB-MARINER

SUB-MARINER PUTS UP A FIGHT, BUT TWENTY TO ONE, AS YOU'LL ADMIT, IS JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH!

SAY CAN'T ANY OF YOU SANTY CLAUSES SPEAK ENGLISH?

NO SPEAK ENGLISH! BUT ONE OF THEM CAN SPIEL GERMAN ---

I'M SUB-MARINER -- MAKING AN INQUIRY FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

WAS WILST DU HEIR? (WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?)

MENTIONING THE BRITISH, AS SUB-MARINER LEARNS, IS LIKE WAVING A RED FLAG IN FRONT OF A BULL!

IT COMMENCES!

LITTLE MORE SLUGGING AND SOME OF THE STRENGTH OZZES OUT OF THE SUB-MARINER -- HE IS DRAGGED INTO A GREAT ROOM CUT OUT OF THE OCEAN BED...

THAT ALTAR LOOKS FAMILIAR -- WHY, IT'S LIKE THE ALTAR OF HUMAN SACRIFICE IN THE RUINED TEMPLE!

HE IS SECURELY BOUND WITH MASSIVE CHAINS ...

I FEEL LIKE A LAMB BEING LED TO SLAUGHTER! MARY'S LITTLE LAMB -- AND NOT A BLEAT OUT OF ME! TORCH SHOULD SEE ME NOW!

AS THE HELPLESS SUB-MARINER IS BORNE TO THE ALTAR, A STRANGE MONOTONE RISES --

DEATH MARCH -- DRUID STYLE!

WELL! I CERTAINLY **AM** IN A PICKLE NOW! ... I'M SORRY THAT I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, BUT YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW I ESCAPE, ALONG WITH READING ONE OF MY LONGEST AND MOST THRILLING ADVENTURES IF YOU GET THE

NO 3 ISSUE

of SUB-MARINER

COMICS WATCH FOR IT!

The BIGGEST EVENT OF THE CENTURY!

HERE'S **REAL NEWS**: THE WORLD'S
TWO MOST FAMOUS COMIC ADVENTURE
HEROES ARE NOW APPEARING IN THEIR
OWN, BRAND-NEW ADVENTURE MAGAZINE!

NOW ON SALE!

And here's an astonishing sur-
prise: in the HUMAN TORCH COMICS,
THE HUMAN TORCH ONCE AGAIN BAT-
TLES THE SUB-MARINER IN A FIGHT
TO THE FINISH! FLAMING MAN
AGAINST UNDERSEA PRINCE! -- 60 PAGES
OF THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT AS THE
HUMAN TORCH AND SUB-MARINER
GET MIXED UP IN WORLD WAR NO.2
AND FIGHT EACH OTHER AS WELL
AS THE DICTATORS!!

IN SUB-MARINER COMICS NO.3, FOLLOW
PRINCE NAMOR, MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SEAS AS HE
TACKLES HIS MOST AMAZING ENEMY IN THE MYSTERIOUS
MARSHLANDS OF ENGLAND! FOLLOW HIM AS HE BATTLES
THE BANSHEES AND A MENACE WHICH IS THOUSANDS OF
YEARS OLD--ALL AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PERIL AND
DESTRUCTION AS THE WAR RAGES ABOUT HIM!!

DON'T MISS EITHER ONE OF
THESE SENSATIONALLY THRILLING
COMIC MAGAZINES!

**NOW ON
SALE!**



Sub-Mariner Comics #4 house ad
from Captain America Comics #12 (March 1942)

SPLASHING WITH THRILLS!

FIND OUT WHY

SUB MARINER IS CALLED AMERICA'S
GREATEST COMIC HERO IN 40 SIZ-
ZLING PAGES OF EXCITEMENT AS
PRINCE NAMOR GETS HIMSELF INTO
THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS JAM!

Also

A FEATURE LENGTH TALE OF
MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE
WITH THE FASTEST MOVING
JUSTICE-SEEKER THIS SIDE OF
THRILLDOM!

THE ANGEL!



All this and more too!

WATCH FOR

SUB MARINER ^{NO} **4**
ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

Sub-Mariner Comics #4 house ad
from *The Human Torch* #6 (Winter 1942)

SHAKE!

The **SUB-MARINER**
IS OUR
PAL!

Plus 20 PAGES of THE "ANGEL!"

— NEVER LETS YOU DOWN —
— ONLY THE BEST STORIES —
— THE BEST ARTISTS —

SEE
- **NAMOR BATTLE**
- **"HORROR" IN THE NEXT**
- **ISSUE, NO. 4 -**
- **"PLUS - THE ANGEL!"**

FOR SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

10¢

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1941 newsstand photo displaying *Sub-Mariner Comics* #1 (top, second row, middle) among the other comics, periodicals and headlines of the day



This photograph of comic book auteur Bill Everett was shot shortly before he created his signature character, the Sub-Mariner

Courtesy Roy Thomas



THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS

ALSO AVAILABLE IN HARDCOVER

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-14
ANT-MAN/GIANT-MAN VOLS. 1-2
THE AVENGERS VOLS. 1-12
THE BLACK PANTHER VOL. 1
CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
CAPTAIN MARVEL VOLS. 1-4
DAREDEVIL VOLS. 1-6
DEATHLOK VOL. 1
THE DEFENDERS VOLS. 1-3
DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-5
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-14
THE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-2
THE INCREDIBLE HULK VOLS. 1-6
THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN VOLS. 1-7
IRON FIST VOLS. 1-2
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-4
THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-11
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-8

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-2
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-5
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!



THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS PROUDLY PRESENT THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS COMICS AND SUPER HEROES FROM THEIR VERY BEGINNINGS IN A SERIES OF PAINSTAKINGLY RESTORED ARCHIVAL VOLUMES.



COLLECTING SUB-MARINER COMICS #1-4